GOEBBELS
STRUGGLE FOR
BERLIN
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STRUGGLE FOR BERLIN

I dedicate this book to
the old Berlin party guard

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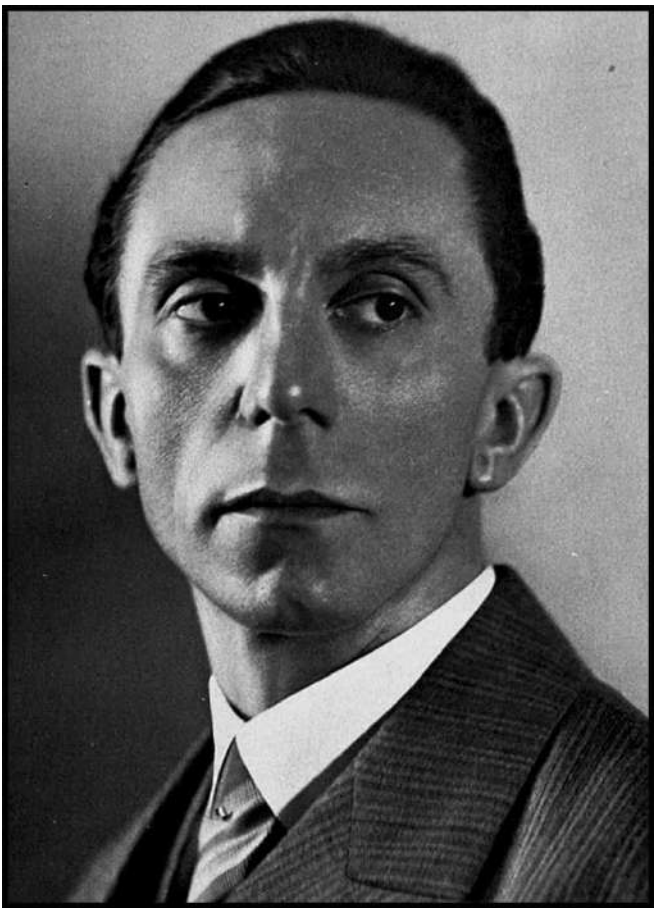

Dr. Fritz Thyssen.

STRUGGLE FOR BERLIN

JOSEPH GOEBBELS

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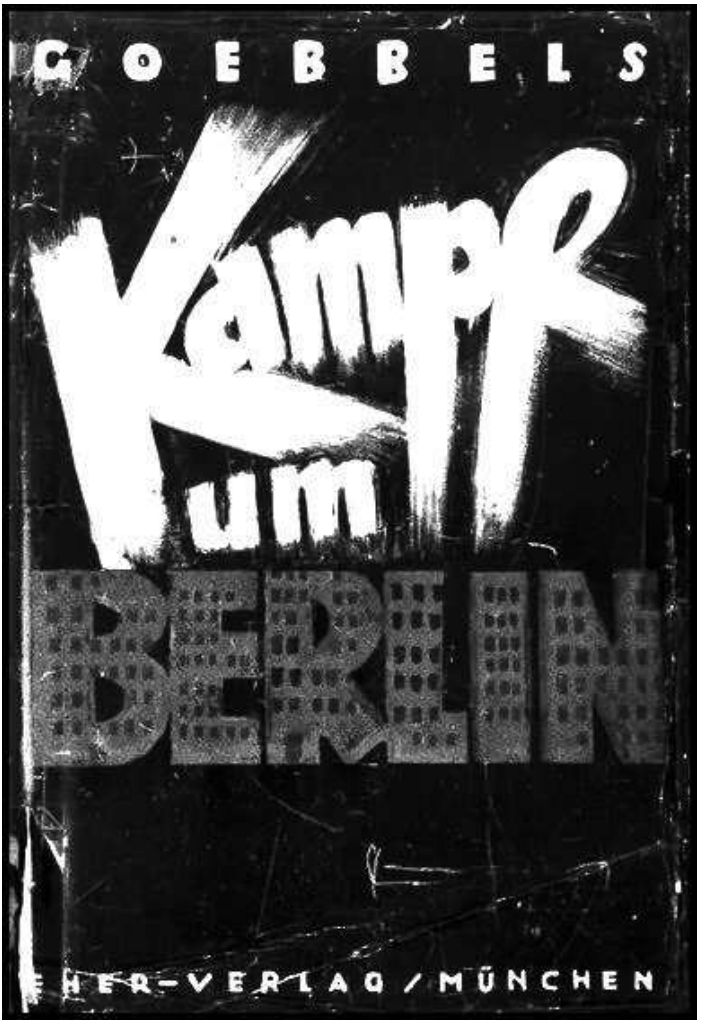
BOOK ONE:
FRESH START



Original German cover of *'Kampf um Berlin'* (Struggle for Berlin), 1934.

INTRODUCTION

The struggle for the capital always forms a special chapter in the history of revolutionary movements. The capital is a concept in itself. It represents the center of all political, intellectual, economic and cultural forces of the land. From it, their emanations reach into the provinces, and no city, no village remains untouched by them.

Berlin is something unique in Germany. The population of this city does not, like in any other one, consist of a uniform, united, homogenous mass. The Berliner: this type results from a deposit of old Berlindom, supplemented by admixtures from all provinces, all landscapes, classes, occupations and denominations.

Admittedly, Berlin is not, like Paris for France, decisive and leading in everything for all of Germany. But nonetheless, the land is inconceivable without Berlin.

The National Socialist movement did not emanate from Berlin. It has its origins in Munich. From there, it expanded first to Bavaria, to southern Germany, and only later, after it had the beginnings of its development behind it, did it build a bridge to Northern Germany and hence to Berlin.

Only after its collapse in the year 1923 does the history of the party north of the Main begin. But then National Socialism was taken up in Northern Germany as well with all the vehemence of Prussian tenacity and discipline.

This book has set itself the goal of portraying the history of the movement in the Reich capital. But it does not pursue any historical purposes in the process. To present the objective chronology of the course of its Berlin development will remain left to later historians. We lack the necessary sober dispassion to fairly allot light and shadow.

The person who wrote these pages has himself been involved in the course of the things, decisively and chiefly responsible. He is hence partisan in every sense of the word. He only harbors the

hope to write from the soul with this portrayal what in the five year struggle has rested upon it as heavy responsibility. It should be for those who participated in and won the splendid rise of the Berlin movement comfort and incentive, for those who stood off on the side, doubting and rejecting, admonishment and compulsion of conscience, and for those who opposed our triumphant march threat and challenge.

Today we are not yet able to celebrate the conclusion of this struggle in a victory along the whole line. May this book contribute to it that the marching battalions of the National Socialist rebellion receive hope and faith, so that the goal, today already recognized in all sharpness and consequence, is never lost sight of and at the end will be achieved despite everything!

AGAINST THE DECAY

The broad, empty hall of the main train station in Elberfeld still lies in the dawning November morning. Now it is time to say goodbye to a city that for two years was the starting point of the difficult and bloody fighting for the Ruhr region. We had established here the first north-western center of the growing National Socialist movement after 1923. The spiritual center of National Socialism in western Germany sat in Elbersfeld, and from here the ray of our passionate struggle emanated into the Ruhr region.

A couple friends had come to say goodbye. Indeed, this farewell was more difficult than one had thought. It is a thing in itself to be torn from an environment that has become dear to one through many memories of struggle and success. One had begun here. From here, the first assembly campaigns for the Rhine and Ruhr region had been organized. Here we had created the center point for the National Socialist strongholds forming sporadically in the whole province.

The station master is just now giving the signal to depart. A short wave, a firm handshake. My good Benno, a glorious German shepherd who had shared joy and sorrow with us, howls in complaint a final time upon departure, and then the train moves in

long lurches out of the train station hall.

We fly at a hurried tempo through the land lying in the gray rain twilight. Past sites of industriousness and activity, past jutting chimneystacks and billowing chimneys. How often has one traveled this stretch, back then, when we advanced into the Ruhr region evenings in order to smash a breech in whatever communist center. How often have we setoff for the attack from here, were repulsed bloody, came again, were again sent home with bruises and wounds, in order to the third time in stubborn breakthrough win a secure position.

Essen! Bochum! Düsseldorf! Hagen! Hattingen! Those were the first places we consolidated our positions. Back then, no assembly could be conducted to the end without bloody suppression of the Marxist terror. Had the opponent known how weak we were, he would have presumably beaten us to a pulp. Only to the bold daring of a few SA contingents is it owed that we could penetrate into these regions at all.

In the process, it was our intention to here and there, given favorable prerequisites, absolutely conquer a city and to expand it into a citadel of the growing movement, from which the struggle would then be carried into the surrounding land.

One of these citadels was the small industrial town lying between Bochumand Essen of Hattingen; there a series of favorable conditions created soil extraordinarily favorable for us, which we then ploughed with laboring industriousness and courageous tenacity and fertilized with the seed of our young idea. Hattingen is a central Ruhr city that lives exclusively from industry. The Heinrichshütte of the Henschel concern was here the first target of our concentrated propaganda attack, and in the two year struggle against Marxism of pink and deepest red color on the one hand, and on the other hand, leastwise in the earliest period, with the French occupation, we managed to bring the city totally into our hands, to push the Marxist front out of its firm positions and the ram the flag of National Socialism firmly into the hard West Palatine soil.

Shortly before my departure we still experienced the triumph that it was impossible to carry out Marxist assembly even with

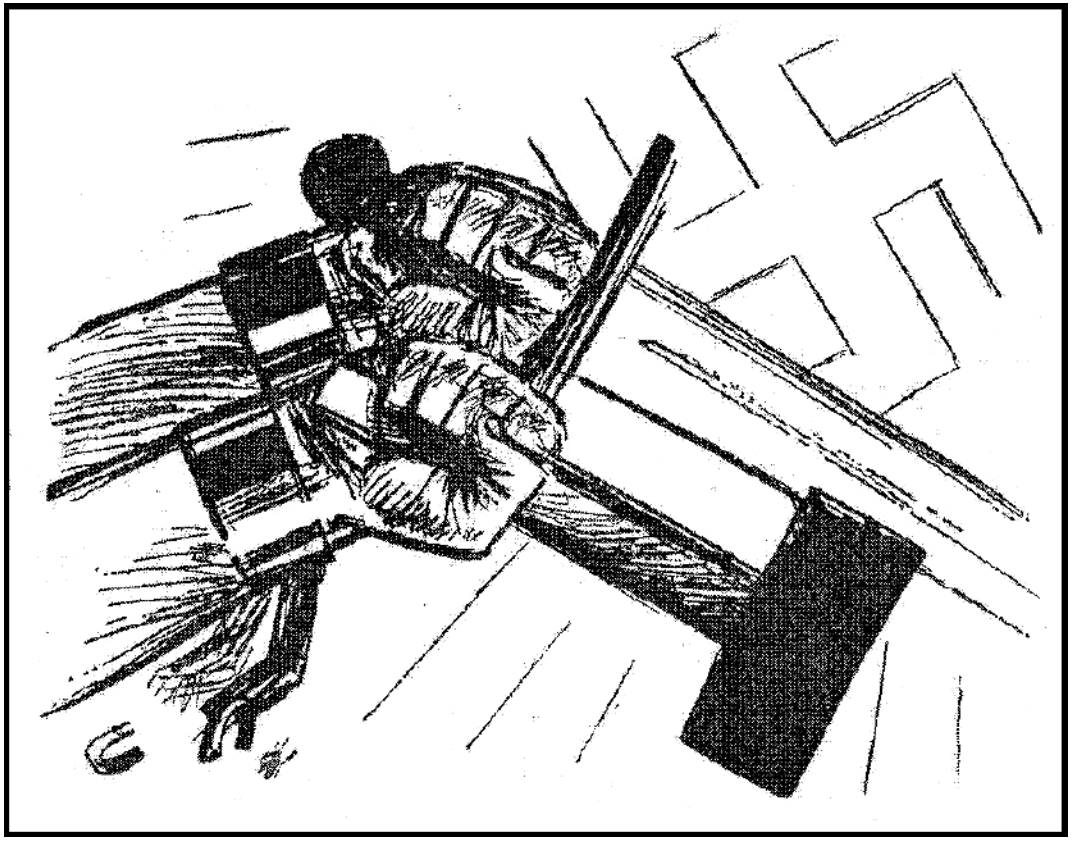
strong outside reinforcements. The enemy no longer came to us, and so we went to him. The Social Democratic Party no longer dared to challenge National Socialism. Instead it found us ready to stand man against man and be answerable.

That had certainly cost heavy fighting and bloody clashes. We had neither sought nor provoked that. Quite the opposite, we were determined to bring our idea into the Ruhr region in peace and without error. But on the other hand, we knew from experience that, if the advance of a new movement is threatened by the opponent's terror, one can counter it with neither fine words nor an appeal to solidarity and brotherhood. We offered our hand to anybody who wanted to be our friend, But if one struck us with clenched fist, then there was always only one means against it for us: to smash open the fist that rose against us.

The movement in the Ruhr had from the start a strong proletarian character. That was due to the landscape itself and its population. The Ruhr region, according to its whole nature and situation, is the land of work, However, the proletarian of the Ruhr region differs fundamentally and decisively from the average proletarian otherwise. The basic element of this stratum of the population is still provided by the soil rooted West Palatine, and the buddies who descend into the mines early in the morning are usually first or at least second generation sons of West Palatine small peasants.

There still lies in this human breed a healthy, native bond to the soil. The International would have never achieved a penetration here, if the social conditions in this province had not indeed screamed to heaven and the injustice that one inflicted on the workers for decades had not been so contrary to nature and justice that those affected by them were invariably driven into the front hostile to the nation and to all state preserving forces.

Here we set in with our work. And without us consciously putting weight on it, the struggle for the re-winning of the Ruhr proletariat took on a strongly socialist character. Socialism such we understand it is essentially the result of a healthy feeling of justice, tied to a consciousness of responsibility toward the nation, without regard for the "interests of an individual.



And since through the use of hostile terror one downright forced us to defend the movement with our fists and to drive it forward, our struggle received from the start a pronounced revolutionary note. The revolutionary character is admittedly decided less by the methods with which it fights than by the goals that it achieves. Here, however, goals and methods coincided.

That also found its expression in the intellectual documents of the movement on Rhine and in Ruhr. Here, in the year 1925, the *"Nationalsozialistische Blätter"* were founded and in them the attempt made to clarify the socialist tendencies of our movement. Admittedly, we were no theoreticians and also did not want to be that at all; but on the other hand, we had to give our struggle the necessary intellectual armament outwardly as well. And that then also very soon became for broader circles of the movement in western Germany much desired incentive for further and deeper work.

In the years 1925/1926, the necessity arose to blend together the broad branched organizational forms of the movement on Rhine and in Ruhr. The result of this process was the so-called Province [Gau] Ruhr, which had its center and its political seat in Elberfeld. The work in the industrial cities of the west was initially in essence a propaganda one. Back then, we did not yet have the possibility to somehow actively intervene into the course of political things. The political situation in Germany was so rigid and encrusted that this was downright impossible. In addition to this, the young movement still very much found itself in its beginnings, so that influence over larger politics was completely out of the question even for it.

Propaganda in itself does not have any fundamental method of its own. It only has a goal: and indeed, in politics this goal is always: conquest of the masses. Every means that serves this goal is good. And every means that misses this goal is bad. The propagandist of theory is totally useless, who thinks up an ingenious method at his desk and then at the end is absolutely amazed and hurt, if this method is not applied by the propagandist of the deed or, used by him, does not lead to the goal. The methods of propaganda develop causally from the daily struggle itself.

None of us was a born propagandist. We learned the means and possibilities of an effective mass propaganda from daily experience and elevated them to a system through repeated application.

Modern propaganda was well rests in essence on the effect of the spoken word. Revolutionary movements are not made by great writers, rather by great speakers. It is a mistake, if one presumes that the written word would have greater effect because it reaches a larger public through the daily press. Even if the speaker can usually reach only a few thousand with his words — whereas the political writer often finds tens or hundreds of thousands of readers — the spoken word actually influences not only the person who hears it directly, it is also passed on and spread by him a hundred and a thousand-fold. And the suggestion of an effective speech always towers over the paper suggestion of a lead article.

We were hence in the first phase of the struggle on Rhine and in Ruhr also in the main part and almost exclusively agitators. We possessed in mass propaganda our sole primary weapon and were all the more compelled to its use since at the time we lacked, after all, any publication weapon.

It was unavoidable that the first successes that we won in the Ruhr region very soon found expression in the conflicts that the movement had to wage at the same time in the whole Reich. The party found itself in a desperate condition back then, shortly after the collapse and Adolf Hitler's release from Landsberg fortress. It had made a daring charge for ultimate things and had then been hurled from the tallest height into the deepest abyss. In the year 1924, it was filled with exhausting personal petty fighting. Everywhere, the sure and firm leader's hand of the one who sat behind bars in Landsberg was missing.

That certainly changed, when Adolf Hitler left the fortress around Christmas 1924. But what small and petty spirits had smashed in one year, the brilliant mind could not rebuild again in such short time. Far and wide, one saw only shards and ruins; many of the best fighters had turned their backs on the movement and stood off at the side discouraged and hopeless.

The movement on Rhine and in Ruhrhad been largely spared

these internal conflicts by fate. It stood, insofar as it existed at all around this time, under the pressure of the enemy occupation. It had been forced into the defense and had to fight for its most primitive existence. It hence had little time for programmatic debates, which excessively concerned the movement in non-occupied Germany. Very small, discretely established strongholds formed its backbone as long as the enemy sat in the land. And when the French withdrew, these strongholds were in the shortest period expanded into powerfully aspiring local units, which viewed to conquer *the* terrain that had already been long taken in the rest of the Reich, and in which the comrades wrestled in personal and probably also professional, but mostly very hard and unfriendly conflicts.

Nobody can describe the happy satisfaction that filled all of us when, with great sacrifices, we were able to give the Rhine and Ruhr movement in Elberfeld a solid center through the establishment of a permanent office. It was indeed still primitive and no way up to the demands of a modern mass movement. But we had a seat, a support, a center, from which we could advance out into the land to our conquests. Soon the whole province was laced with a closely woven organizational net; the first beginnings of the storm troops started to develop; suddenly new life began to blossom out of the ruins.

How difficult did it have to be for me to give up these hopeful beginnings and to move my activity into still totally unknown work region! I had begun here. I believed I had found my firm seat for always here. Only with reluctance could I think about giving up this battle position and to exchange it for a still vague and uncertain hope for other successes.

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All that passed by my mind's eye in confused and disordered sweep while the train, hissing and howling, raced through the gray fog past the sites of my previous work, and entered West Palatine land. What awaited me in Berlin? Today was November 9"! A fateful day for Germany itself, as well as quite especially for our own movement! It was three years ago when the machine-guns

rattled at the *Feldherrnhalle* in Munich and the advancing columns of a young Germany were mowed down by the reaction. Should that be the end? Or does not hope and guarantee lie in our own strength and in our will that Germany despite everything is again resurrected and through us receives a different political face?

Heavy and gray, the November evening already rests on Berlin as the train pants its way into the Potsdam train station. Hardly two hours have passed before I stand for the first time at that podium that so often in the following period should become the starting point for our further political development. I speak before the Berlin party.

A Jewish paper, which in later years so often had to reproach me, takes as sole organ in the Reich capital any notice at all of this virgin speech. "A certain Mr. Göbels, one says he comes from the Ruhr region, produced himself and blabbed the old well-known phrases."

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The Berlin movement that I was now supposed to take over as leader found itself in a hardly favorable condition back then. It has also had to pass through the straying and confusions of the overall party, and like every crisis, this one as well had played out in Berlin with especially devastating results. Leadership quarrels had deeply shaken the structure of the organization insofar as it existed at all. It seemed impossible for the time-being to again establish authority and discipline. Two groups confronted each other in bitter hostility, and experience had shown that it was impossible for one to triumph over the other. The party leadership had long hesitated to intervene into this confusion. One had correctly proceeded on the premise that, if this condition was supposed to be eliminated, the re-organization of things in Berlin had to be undertaken in such a way that they at least guaranteed a certain stability of the party for a good time. Inside the Berlin organization, however, no leader personality showed himself, from whom one could expect the strength to restore the lost discipline and build up a new authority. In the end, one found the

solution of transferring me for a certain time to Berlin with the task of again providing the party with at least the most primitive work possibilities.

This idea first popped up at the Weimar Party Day in the year 1926, was then pursued further and finally took shape during a shared vacation with Adolf Hitler and Gregor Strasser in Berchtesgaden. I had been in Berlin at various times and during these visits took the opportunity to study the conditions in the Berlin organization, until I finally decided to take over the difficult and thankless task.

In Berlin, it was like everywhere, when an organization goes through a crisis: opportunists popped up everywhere, who thought their time had now come. Each gathered around himself a clique or a following with which he sought to gain influence, or, if they were traitorous elements, endeavored to increase the confusion. It was totally impossible to examine the party's situation in calm and objectivity and to come to firm decisions. If one included the various groups and tiny groups in the negotiations, then one immediately saw oneself surrounded and boxed in by all the comrades, and in the end no longer found one's way through.

I had long wavered whether I should take over the thankless office at all; until finally goal and duty made me decide to bravely attack the job, of which I knew from the start that it would cause me more worry, aggravation and vexation than it could bring me joy, success and fulfillment.

The crisis that threatened to shake the Berlin movement was basically of a purely personal nature. There were neither programmatic nor organizational differences. Each of the two feuding groups just wanted to put *their* man at the top of the movement. So there was nothing left than to put a third there, which by all appearances neither of both rivals could achieve without the gravest damage to the party.

Is it surprising that I as newcomer, who did not even come from Berlin and back then was only scantily familiar with the character of this city and its population, from the beginning on was exposed to much personal and professional hostility? My authority, which back then was not yet supported by any accomplishments, could

be employed nowhere in important decisions. For the time being, and in the main thing, it was first about establishing this authority at all.

However, at the moment no opportunity yet existed to lead the movement to visible political successes. For what called itself party in Berlin deserved that title in no way. It was a wildly thrown together band of a few hundred National Socialist thinking people, each of whom had formed his own and private opinion about National Socialism; and in most cases, this opinion had right little to do with what was generally understood by National Socialism. Fistfights between the various groups were daily occurrences. Thank God, the media took no notice of it, since the movement even purely numerically was still so insignificant that even the yellow press, which otherwise left nothing about us unreported, went about its business with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders.

This party was un-manoeuvrable. One could not employ it in the decisive political struggle, totally aside from the number, due to its quality. One had to first uniformly shape it, had to give it a common will and infuse it with a new, ardent impulse. One had to strengthen it numerically and expand beyond the narrowly drawn boundaries of a political sect. One had to hammer its name and its goal into public thought and to win for the movement itself, if not love and respect, than at least hate and passionate rejection.

The work began with me trying to bring the loose elements of the organization together at least for a joint assembly. A few days after my assumption of the Berlin leadership, we held our first general membership assembly in Spandau, where we had the movement's most solid stronghold back then. This assembly then indeed provided the sorriest picture of the conditions that had developed in the Berlin movement over the course of the crisis. The membership, which only sparsely occupied the hall, fell into two parts, One part was pro, the other was contra, And since one had fought and raged among and against each other, the common rejection was directed against me myself and against the new course proposed by me, of which the trouble-makers seemed to surmise that it would in the shortest time put an end to the whole

undisciplined activity.

I issued the slogan: The past will be closed and a new start made! Anybody who was not willing to work for this slogan will be expelled from the movement without ado. We hence lost already at the first appearance about a fifth of the whole party membership in Berlin. But I had the firm confidence that the organization, after it had merged together and no longer exhibited any elements that threatened its existence, in the long run through the solidarity of its appearance promised more energy, even purely numerically, than a larger organization that was always and eternally threatened by the disruptive activity of a handful of professional anarchist elements.

Many of my best party comrades did not want to understand that back then. They believed we should not do without this handful of members, who now turned their back to the party and threatened their mortal hostility. The later development has shown that the movement itself, as soon as it is led against the enemy, sweats out such crises without any danger, and that what we lost back then numerically, was brought in ten-fold, a hundred-fold, a thousand-fold through a healthy and internally solid fighting organization.

The Berlin movement already back then had has its firm seat. But it was of the most extreme primitiveness. It occupied a kind of dirty cellar hollow in a rear house on Potsdamer Strasse. A so-called office manager domiciled there with a financial ledger in which he entered the daily income and expenditures with the best intentions. Piles of papers and newspapers sat around in the comers. In the vestibule, groups of unemployed party comrades debated, who killed time with smoking and fabricating rumors.

We called this office the “opium den”. And this designation indeed seemed absolutely appropriate. It could be illuminated only with artificial light. As soon as one opened the door, one was struck by clouds of bad air, cigar and cigarette and pipe smoke. Solid and systematic work was obviously totally inconceivable here.

The administration of a party must never rely solely on the good orientation of its officials. Orientation should be obvious

prerequisite in the professional party work and hence does not need to be specially stressed. Along with good orientation belongs a second thing, and that seemed totally lacking in the "opium den": serious will and ability to perform something. An incurable chaos prevailed here. An organization hardly existed. The finances were in a desolate state. The Berlin Gau [Gau = provincial level organization] back then possessed not much else other than debts.

It was one of the most important tasks of the organization to first put the party on a sound financial basis and to provide it with the means with which it could perform orderly work at all. We National Socialists take the standpoint that a revolutionary fighting party, which has set itself the goal of smashing international capitalism, may and can never take from precisely the same capitalism *the* financial means that are necessary for its expansion. It was hence clear to us from the start that the young movement in Berlin, which I now had the honor to lead, had to raise from itself the means for its initial establishment. If it did not have the energy and will for that, then it was incapable of life, and then it appeared to us a vain effort to devote time and work to a task in which we could have no confidence.

It requires no special emphasis that the administration of a movement must work as cheaply as possible. On the other hand, there are certain prerequisites that must exist for a goal-conscious organization; and to acquire the necessary financial means to secure them, was goal and purpose of my first work.

I appealed to the willingness for sacrifice of the party comrades themselves. On the day of repentance in the year 1926, close to six hundred party comrades assembled in Viktoriagarten in Wilmersdorf, in a meeting-hall that should later often become the site of our propaganda triumphs, to whom I portrayed in a somewhat long speech the necessity of a healthy financial basis of the Berlin organization. The result of this gathering was that the party comrades obligated themselves in monthly donations to provide fifteen-hundred marks, with which we were put in the position to give the movement a new seat, to engage the necessary administrative personnel and to begin with the struggle for the

Reich capital.

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The city of Berlin, seen in political and population terms, had been a total mystery to me up until then. I knew it only from occasional visits, and it had always seemed to me as a dark, mysterious puzzle, as a city monster of stone and asphalt, which I usually preferred to leave than enter.

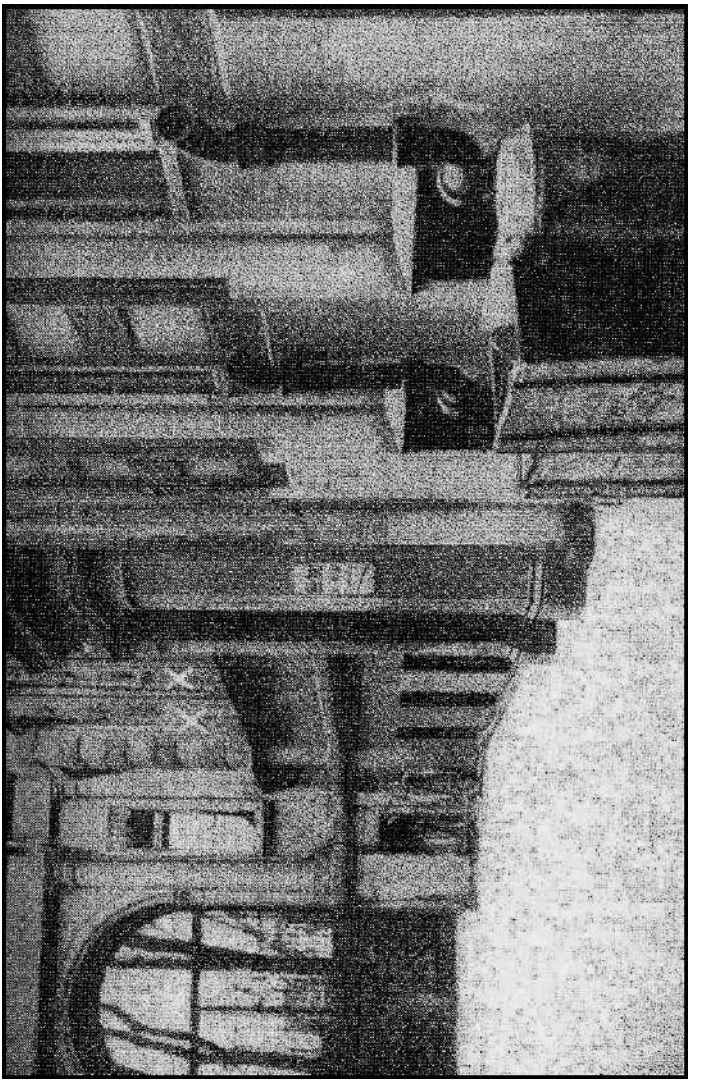
One only becomes familiar with Berlin, if one has lived there a few years. Then the dark, mysterious something of this sphinx-like city suddenly dawns on one. Berlin and the Berliner enjoy a worse reputation in the land than they deserve. At fault for this are mostly those nomadically rootless, international Jews, who have nothing else to do with Berlin than that they have their parasitic existence there at the expense of the industrious, soil-bound populace.

The city of Berlin has an unequalled intellectual agility. It is vibrant and energetic, industrious and courageous, it has less sentiment than reason and more joke than humor. The Berliner is active and vital. He loves work, and he loves pleasure. He can devote himself with the whole passion of his mobile soul to a cause, and nowhere is stubborn fanaticism, above all, in political matters, so at home as in Berlin.

However, this city also has its dangers. The rotary presses daily churn out in millions of newspaper copies the Jewish poison into the Reich capital. Berlin is torn back and forth between a hundred secret powers, and it is difficult to gain a sure footing in this city and to assert a sure intellectual position.

The asphalt provides the ground upon which Berlin grows and enlarges itself at a breathless tempo. The city does not nourish itself from its own supplies, neither materially nor intellectually. It lives from the soil of the province; but it knows how to give back to the province in tempting forms what the province willingly gives.

Each political movement has in Berlin a fundamentally different character than in the province. In Berlin, German politics have been fought over with blood for decades. That makes the



The “opium den” (XX).
First office of the NSDAP in Berlin, Potsdamer Strasse 109

political type here harder and uglier than elsewhere. In Berlin, it is: bird, eat or perish! And whoever does not know how to use his elbows, winds up beneath the wheels here.

Berlin needs its sensation like the fish water. This city lives from it, and any political propaganda that has not recognized that will miss its target.

All German party crises have emanated from Berlin; and that is also explicable. Berlin judges politics with reason, not with the heart. Reason, however, is subjected to a thousand temptations, while the heart always beats at its same tempo.

Weal so learned to grasp that only very late and after many bitter experiences. But then we based all our work on it.

We had now with effort and distress put the finances of the Berlin movement in order and could now go about re-building the decayed organization. It was for us a favorable circumstance that we initially had to reckon with no kind of resistance from the outside. One did not yet know us at all, and insofar as one knew of our existence at all, one did not take us seriously. The name of the party still slumbered in anonymity, and none of us as well had previously managed to make his own name known to the broader public. That was also good so. For we thereby gained time and opportunity to put the movement on a healthy foundation so that, when the struggle would one day become unavoidable, it was up to all storms and hostilities.

The Berlin SA back then already existed with a significant strength. It traced its glorious, fighting tradition back to the Frontbann. The Frontbann was the actual bearer of National Socialist party history in Berlin before the year 1926. However, this tradition was determined more by feeling than by knowledge. The SA man, insofar as he marched in the Frontbann, was a soldier. He still totally lacked the political characteristic. It was one of the most difficult tasks of the first weeks to transform the SA man in to the *political* soldier. However, this task was eased by the willing discipline with which the old party guard, insofar as it marched in the SA, integrated itself into and subordinated itself to the new course of the Berlin movement.

CAPITOL
ROMANISCHES
CAFE

The SA man wants to fight, and he also has a right to be led to battle. His existence first wins its justification in the struggle. The SA without combative tendency is senseless and purposeless. When the Berlin SA man had realized that we knew no other goal than to fight with him for the movement for the Reich capital, he placed himself unconditionally behind our slogans, and it is owed primarily to him that already so soon a new impulse arose out of the movement's chaotic confusion and the party could then, in triumphant advance against its enemies, conquer position after position.

That was more difficult back then with the political organization. It had only a little tradition, and the leadership in most sections was weak, compromising, without inner support and without strength of will. We had to spend many evenings driving from one section premises to another and to shape a solid structure out of the resisting organization fragments. Then it also occasionally came about that one encountered a local unit whose whole bearing more resembled that of a patriotic bowling club than that of a revolutionary fighting organization. Then ruthless intervention was necessary. A kind of parliamentarian democracy had developed in the political organization, and one now believed one could make the new leadership the will-lacking toy ball of the majority decisions of the various cliques.

An end was immediately put to that. We indeed again lost a series of unusable elements which had crystallized onto the party. But they did not belong to us at all inwardly.

That Marxism and the Jewish yellow press did not take us seriously back then, was our good fortune. If, for example, the KPD in Berlin even just surmised what we were and what we wanted, they would have pitilessly and brutally crushed the first beginnings of our work in blood. That on Bülowplatz one did not know us at all, or where one knew us, only smiled over us, they must have later often and bitterly regretted. For although we initially also limited ourselves to consolidating the party itself and hence our work was directed more inward than outward, then it in no way seemed self-serving to us, rather only as means to an end. For us, the party was not a jewel that we wanted to lock away in a

The banner is up!

silver shrine; it was instead a diamond that we honed in order to later use it to pitilessly shred the hostile front.

Much incendiary material that had been stored in the Berlin movement had already been eliminated, when after a short time the leadership called together the whole organization for the first Gau day. There the personnel crisis was finally liquidated and the slogan issued for the whole party: We start from the beginning!

Party crises in Berlin can never be avoided in the long run. The question is only whether in the end the crises shake the party's structure or whether the organization sweats them out. The Berlin movement has gone through many personal, organizational and programmatic crises. They usually did not hurt it at all, but they often helped a lot. In the process, we always gained the opportunity to expel outdated and unusable materials and elements from the organization and to immediately restore the party's threatened health through radical cure.

That was how it also was already the first time. After the party had overcome the crisis, it was purified of all disease matter and could now approach its actual task with courage and energy.

The first terror already began back then, which, however, made itself more noticeable on the street than in the offices. Not an evening passed without our party comrades, returning home, being attacked by the red street mob and sometimes badly wounded. The organizational itself, however, had already so consolidated itself that the blood spilled just bound us more closely than it drove us apart in fear and dread.

We still could not hold any large fighting assemblies, because the organization did not have the inner strength for it. We had to limit ourselves to gathering the party comrades with sympathizers and fellow travelers in small halls week after week and in our speeches delve less into relevant daily issues than to explain the programmatic fundamentals of our worldview and to so hammer it into the heads of the party comrades that they could so-to-speak recite it in their sleep. The first core of the party thus came together into a solid structure. The organization had a support, the idea was deepened in incessant enlightenment work. Each knew what was

at stake, the goal was set, and now the whole strength could be concentrated on it.

Back then, there were already a lot of critics who from their theoretical desk criticized every decision and always knew better in theory than we did in practice. We did not concern ourselves much with that. We figured that the superior performance would silence them in the end. We could do nothing without it being thoroughly damned by the fellow travelers and know-it-alls. Back then, that was like today. But the same people who before any decision always knew better than those who had to make a decision on their own responsibility, were also the ones who, when the decisions made had led to successes, had predicted it and in the end acted as if they had actually been the ones who had made the decision and could hence claim the success for themselves.

We ignored it and got down to current business. While the critics practiced their pens and mouths on us, we worked and toiled often until late into the night. We shunned no effort and no burden. In tenacious struggle, we established a solid authority in an organization that had just been in danger of falling into anarchy. Unconcerned by the babble of the all-too-many, we hoisted the flag of the idea and put fanatical and unconditionally fighting people on the march for it.

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I still remember today with deep, inner feeling one evening when I, totally unknown, with a few comrades from the first period of struggle, sitting on the roof of a bus, drove diagonally through Berlin to an assembly. On the streets and squares the ant-like teeming of the big city. Thousands and thousands of people in motion, apparently without goal and purpose. Above everything the flickering ray of light of the city monster. Back then, one person asked with concerned worry whether it would ever be possible to force upon and hammer into this city, whether it wanted it or not, the name of the party and our own names. Even before we could believe and hope that in that hour, this fearful

question had received an unmistakable answer through the facts themselves.

BEGINNING ORDER

The movement in Berlin had now been put on its own feet. The organization, even if it was initially numerically still rather insignificant, found itself in a satisfactory condition. The financial conditions were more and more orderly; the party displayed in the individual organizational forms useable leader material and was hence in the position to begin the struggle toward the outside, even if initially only in restrained forms.

For us, it was certain from the start that the party had to have a new center. The office space in which it had previously been housed proved itself inadequate and all too primitive. Orderly and systematic work was impossible in it. We hence very soon went on the search for suitable new space. But even these first hesitant steps that the young movement took, encountered much distrustful criticism back then, even within the party itself. In every organization, there are always these petty minds, who cannot and do not want to understand that, with changed conditions, other means and methods are also necessary, and that, when party has first grown out of the tiniest and most modest beginnings, the primitiveness of its organization and makeshift means are not an end in themselves, rather only means to an end. A party will always only be judged by the outside world by how it presents itself to the outside world. The public usually has no other opportunity to check its inner spirit, its effectiveness, the activity of its supporters and leadership. It must hence necessarily cling to what is visible to all.

The National Socialist movement as well must orient itself accordingly, above all, in regard to the fact that it had not entered into politics, after all, in order to participate in parliamentarian benefices and minister seats, rather to conquer the Reich and overall power. If it was obsessed with this daring ambition, then its struggle for power must play out in forms which allow for the outsider as well the belief that the party would indeed reach its

goals in the end.

The last weeks of the closing year 1926 were totally filled with the internal build up work within the party itself. Everywhere, there was much and enough to do. Here one had tore-inspire a hesitant party comrade again, whose breath had been taken away by the party's fast new tempo. There one had to put down cheeky critics. Then an incompetent section leadership had to be removed and replaced by a new one. The bad symptoms of the just overcome crisis also still manifested themselves in the party body in detrimental manner.

We had issued the slogan that the past should be closed and a new start made. Thus we could do nothing better than to silence all the internal quarrels that had lasted for several months of the most recent past and to occupy the party comrades with new work. But in the process, we encountered much criticism and hostility even within the political leadership. The party comrades had become so embroiled in the personal antagonisms that they believed they had to be waged to the end without regard for the organization itself. The leadership, on the other hand, took the standpoint that the crisis had to be viewed as finished and there were more important things to do that carrying out purely personal fighting, which could lead to nothing else than to gradually alienate and drive the best and most selfless party comrades out of the organization.

Adolf Hitler had sent me to Berlin in October 1926 with special powers, and I was also determined to apply these powers in a ruthless manner. The Berlin organization had had to do without a firm and unerring leading hand for so long that it had already become totally accustomed to the undisciplined conditions, and now any sharp and compromise-hostile intervention was now naturally felt as annoying arrogance. I also might not have had the energy and endurance for it at all, if | had not from the start been assured the absolute trust and unrestricted approval of all my decisions on the side of the Reich party leadership and especially on the side of Adolf Hitler himself.

Already back then and later very often, one had wanted to believe in a political and personal opposition between Adolf Hitler

and myself. Neither at that time nor today and ever can there be any talk of such an opposition. I have never practiced politics on my own and would also not dare or even just attempt that today under any circumstances. Not solely party discipline motivated and motivates me, of which | am convinced that it alone gives us the strength and the determination to achieve great things; beyond that, I feel so deeply bound, politically and personally, to the Führer of the movement since the day when I had the great good fortune to personally become acquainted with him and — I may probably say — learned to treasure and love him, that it never comes into question for me to undertake something without his approval, let alone against his will. That is the great chance of the National Socialist movement, that within it a firm and unshakeable leader authority, embodied in Adolf Hitler, has developed. That gives the party in all its often very responsibility-laden political decisions a sure support and a great firmness. The belief in the Führer within the National Socialist following is — one almost wants to say — surrounded by a mysterious and puzzling mysticism. Totally aside from the purely psychological value that this fact represents, it gives the party itself such a tremendous political energy and sureness that it thereby indeed stands head over heels over all associations and political organizations.

Adolf Hitler is not just *viewed* within the party as it first and supreme leader, he also is that in fact. National Socialism without him or even against him is totally inconceivable. He has himself justifiably stated that in the year 1919 anybody was free to take up the fight against the ruling regime and form a movement that should topple the tribute system. That he alone felt himself called upon for this mission and in the end also began to fulfill it, visible to the whole world, that is the most irrefutable proof that fate has chosen him for it. Only the feeble-minded and professional mutineers can claim otherwise and act accordingly. For me, such action has never come into question. And since fate also allotted me the good fortune to win Adolf Hitler not only as political leader, rather also as personal friend, my path was clear from the

Adolf Hitler and Joseph Goebbels, Hattingen, 1927

start; I can ascertain today with deep satisfaction that I have never and nowhere deviated from this path.

Adolf Hitler entered politics as unknown corporal. He did not receive his name as a gift of birth. He has conquer edit in hard and self denying fighting against the powers of the environment. From his experience, he has the deepest and broadest understanding for the political conflicts as well that must with inescapable logic now come in Berlin. He has been one of the few who has always maintained cool head and calm nerves in all the later crises in the struggle for the Reich capital. When the press mob howled against us, when one attacked the movement with band and persecutions, when defamation and lies rained down upon it, when even the hardest and strong character party comrades here and there became discouraged and desperate, he always and everywhere stood loyally at our side, was our leader in conflict, defended our cause with passion, when it was attacked even from circles within the party, had an encouraging word in every danger and happily agreeable words in every success for the fighting front, which, under the most severe deprivations and rising from the smallest beginnings, set itself into motion against the Marxist enemy.

The more our unstoppable advance gained publicity, the more I personally as well was moved from the shadows of anonymity into the spotlight of public observation. The National Socialist movement represents the personality principal in sharpest form. It does not, like the democratic-Marxist parties, blindly offer mass and number. Mass for us is shapeless form. Only in the hand of the state artist does mass become folk and folk become nation.

Men make history! That is our unshakeable conviction. Since Bismarck, the German folk has lacked men; and hence there have no longer been any great German politics after his departure. The folk also senses that in its dull and dark surmising. Precisely in the period after 1918, the thinking of the masses filled itself more and more with the yearning for strong leader personalities. If democracy nourishes among the masses the illusion that the sovereign folk wants to govern itself, then they themselves have only been able to believe that for the brief span of time when Germany fell into the lunacy of making equal, because the men

who really governed it were not ideal representatives of the high art of politics. The folk always wants to govern itself, if the system by which it is governed is sick and corrupt. The folk has no such demand, neither for a certain right to vote not for a so-called democratic constitution, as long as it is permeated with the conviction that the leading stratum is a good one and practices honest politics. The folk only wants to be governed decently; but a system that lacks the will and the ability for that must whisper into the ears of the naive masses the seductive ideologies of democracy and thereby numb and deaden the growing dissatisfaction in city and land.

The National Socialist movement has undertaken the gamble to declare war against these glacial illusions in a time in which that was unpopular and made unpopular. We have opposed the blind and irresponsible worship of the masses with the principle of personality. It was just logical result of this view that gradually within the party itself strong and stubborn characters developed who claimed and fulfilled the thinking of the whole movement more and more.

That has nothing at all to do with personality. One has often accused us in the hostile press of paying homage to a Byzantinism that is supposedly more repulsive than it existed before the war under Wilhelmism. This reproach is totally unjustified. It comes from the inability of the others to establish the same authorities in the parliamentarian swamp and to imbed the masses with the same belief in these authorities.

A popularity that is artificially created by the press usually lasts only a short time; the folk also bears and tolerates it only involuntarily and with inner opposition. It is not the same thing, whether a democratic big-shot is artificially built up by the Jewish press into a popular figure, already permeated with skepticism, or whether a genuine folk leader acquires through struggle and devout self-sacrifice the trust and the unconditional loyalty of the folk masses supporting him.

But it would be over-stretching the authority principle, if one wanted to always throw it onto the scales with every decision that must be made. The less an authority is employed, the longer it

lasts. The clever and insightful political mass leader will use it only rarely. He will, quite the opposite, let himself be guided by the effort to logically justify to the masses what he does and does not do, and only when all arguments have proven ineffective, or certain conditions initially force him to keep the most important and convincing arguments secret, enforce his decision with the help of his authority itself.

Authority is not effective in the long run solely because it is covered and supported from above. Above all not then, if it is forced more and more to make unpopular decisions and does not have talent in the process to give the masses the necessary justification. It must always and constantly nourish and preserve itself from its own energy. The greater the accomplishment is that the authority can display, the greater it is then itself as well.

The party organization in Berlin back then pushed for deeds in a period when the movement was not yet at all capable and strong enough for it. We resisted that with all our strength and even with the acceptance of a temporary unpopularity. The party following had imagined the further development as if with the establishment of a new leadership the struggle would begin along the whole line. One also did not understand that first certain prerequisites had to be fulfilled, if one did not want to run the risk that this struggle would very soon be broken off as impossible.

It was impossible to step before the public with an organization that could not pass public inspection. First, the organization had to be solidified internally, then we could take up the struggle for Berlin externally.

Every organization stands and falls with its leadership. If one finds in a certain city or in a province a good, useable and insightful leader who energetically takes the movement in hand, then the party will very soon ascend to heights despite the worst conditions. But if that is not the case, then even the most favorable conditions will provide no special impetus. Our main objective hence had, above all, to put at the front of the organization in Berlin a well trained, decisive middle-level officer corps, and where this did not exist, to train it for its task from the human material standing at disposal.

Our monthly Gau meetings, held on Sunday afternoons with ever growing number of participants, served this purpose in the first period. At these Gau meetings, there assembled the whole officer corps of the organization, and indeed the political and the SA together. In basic lectures, the worldview principles of our movement were expounded here, the essence or propaganda, of organization, of political tactics were clarified and illuminated from all sides in pros and cons. These Gau meetings became of growing importance for the whole organization, At them, direction and path were given, and the fruit of this laborious educational work would then very soon mature as well in the political struggle of the movement externally. The character of the party in Berlin had to be a different one than in any other big city or in the countryside. Berlin is a city of 4 % million. It is extremely difficult to awaken this stubborn asphalt monster out of its lethargic rest. The means that are applied for this must correspond to the whole hugeness of this city. When one appeals to millions of people, then that must only happen in a language that is also understood by millions of people.

Propaganda in the old Early Victorian style did not come into question for the movement. We would have made ourselves ridiculous with it, and the party would have never grown beyond the boundaries of a sect existence. Up until the re-organization, the media had viewed us only with a certain pity. One considered us harmless crackpots whom one best left alone without inflicting harm on them.

Nothing is harder to bear than that. May one scold and defame us, beat us bloody and throw us into prisons. That seemed downright desirable to us. But that one overlooked us with a provocative indifference and at most had pitiful smile left for us, that drove us to think up ever new means of public propaganda, to leave no opportunity untried to escalate the party's activity to a degree that, in the end, it took the breath of even this huge city, even if only temporarily: the enemy should stop laughing!

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The means of propaganda are different in Berlin than in the rest

of the Reich. The leaflet, which in the province is often used to great effect in the political struggle, appeared totally out of place here. Quite aside that the money was lacking to produce and distribute leaflets in *the* quantity that they made any impression at all on this huge city, Berlin is so overfed printed paper that a leaflet is accepted at whatever street corner at most out of pure mercy and the next moment lands in the alley.

Poster and assembly propaganda doubtlessly promised a better effect. But they as well, applied in the same style as the other parties were accustomed, would have hardly brought successes of significant magnitude. For the other parties were firmly anchored in the masses, after all. The political camps had already become so encrusted toward each other that it was hardly possible to chip parts off from them. We hence had to make the attempt to replace the lack of financial means and numeric following with amusing originality adapted to the thinking of the Berlin populace. It was about appealing as much as possible to the fine understanding of the Berlin populace for pointed formulations and effective slogans. We started with it early and, as the later development showed, it did not remain without success.

Certainly, we initially had to be satisfied with the theoretical knowledge of these connections, since we initially still lacked the means to put them into practical execution. At our monthly meetings, these issues were the great topic that was thoroughly discussed from all sides. It was amazing how alert and lively the understanding for these things was in the old party guard. There were only isolated timid people and spoilsports who criticized these projects as well. The bulk of the party following, however, willingly went along and had only one desire, to put the organization into shape as soon as possible in order to be able to begin with the practical work.

I had the great good fortune already during this preparation work to find a series of friends and comrades who not only had the greatest understanding for my plans, rather who seemed by character and abilities inclined to effectively supplement what I tried to achieve through word and text, be it with paint brush or with drawing pencil.

In this context, I must not leave unmentioned one man who from the first day of my Berlin activity to this hour has bravely and selflessly stood at my side, and whom a God given artistic talent gave the ability to show new paths to the party and its still unclear and only vaguely formulated artistic style. I mean our artist Mjölnir, who back then had just finished his first series of National Socialist battle posters, and now, through the newly reinvigorated activism of the Berlin organization, was pulled into the middle of the whirlpool of a movement charging ahead at a daring tempo. He is the one who, for the first time and at all and uniquely, brought the type of the National Socialist SA man to artistic portrayal in exciting and inciting mass posters. Just as Mjölnir cast the SA man in charcoal and paint in passionate portrayals on paper and canvass, so will he go down immortal into the thinking of coming generations. It was indeed the beginning of the young movement's new style, vaguely surmised by us, which here found its first moving and exciting form of expression without command, simple, great and monumental.

This young artist has the rare talent to master not only the pictorial portrayal, rather also the effective word formulation with brilliant virtuosity. With him, picture and slogan rise in the same unique intuition, and both together produce a sweeping and stirring mass effect, which in the long run neither friend nor foe can escape.

In this regard as well, I have learned much since the assumption of my work in Berlin. I came from the province and was still totally caught up in provincial thinking. The mass was for me initially only a dark monster, and I myself was not yet obsessed by the will to conquer and to master it. Without that, one does not succeed in Berlin in the long run. Berlin, seen in terms of population politics, is a conglomerate of mass; whoever wants to become and to mean something here, must speak the language the mass understands, and so arrange and base his action so that the mass can summon up sympathy and devotion for it.

Invariably, with me as well, under these abrupt impressions a new style of political speech developed. If I today compare the shorthand notes of my speeches in the period before Berlin with

those of my later speeches, then the first seem almost tame and humdrum to me. And as with me, so did it go with all the agitators of the Berlin movement. The tempo of the 4 million city trembles like hot breath through the rhetorical declamations of the whole Reich capital propaganda. A new and modern language was spoken here, which no longer had anything to do with the old, so-called folkish forms of expression. The National Socialist agitation was tailored to the masses. The modern life view of the party also sought and found here a modern, compelling style.

Aside from the Gau Days, our regular mass meetings took place week after week. These were usually held in the large hall of the Kriegervereinshaus [war veterans house], which for our later development has gained almost historical significance. However, they deserved the designation mass meeting only to a limited degree. Only in exceptional cases were masses put into motion in the process. The audience, about a thousand to fifteen hundred men and women, recruited itself from the Berlin party comrades coming from all of Berlin with a few fellow travelers and sympathizers. That was quite fine for us at the start. We thus had the opportunity to thoroughly discuss things among ourselves without the danger existing that right from the start we would be put off balance through confusing and dangerous discussions with party political opponents. Here we introduced the broad masses of the party following to the basic ideas of National Socialism, which had very often been recognized only indistinctly and muddled. Here they blended together into a uniform system of the political worldview. Later it was proven how tremendously important this work was, which we systematically carried out in those weeks back then. If in the following period the party itself, and especially its old guard, was immune against all external hostilities and effortlessly overcame any crisis coming to the movement, this is owed to the fact that the party comrades were trained in a uniform and firm dogma and hence were hence up to any temptation into which the enemy wanted to manoeuvre them.

This is the place to talk about the enduring credit that the old party guard deserves in building up the Berlin movement. Indeed, there were only a few hundred men who affirmed our flag as

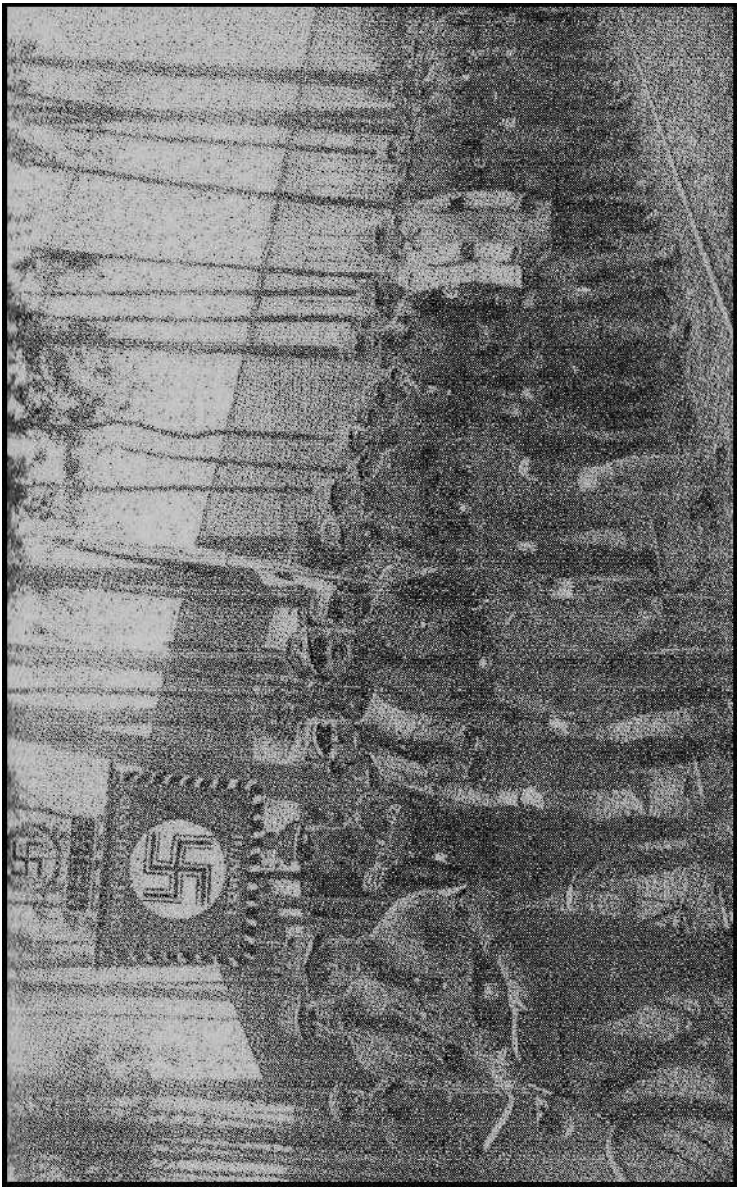
Berlin ahead!

ridiculed sect. They were subjected to all slanders and persecutions and hence grew even beyond their own strength through the strength of their overcoming. The first National Socialists in Berlin did not have it easy at all. Whoever affirmed us back then, had to overcome not only terror or naked violence, he also had to endure, day after day, in the offices and workshops the icy scorn and smiling contempt of an indolent and excessively arrogant mass. The little guy usually suffers much more from this than the one at the top of the organization. He always has direct contact with the opponent, he is his neighbor on the joiner's bench and at the office stool. He sits with him in the bus, in the streetcar, in the subway. Back then, it was already a daring exploit to appear in public in Berlin just with our party badge or one of our newspapers.

But there is more. As long as the little guy is permeated with the conviction that a mass organization stands behind him, and thus his cause is in good hands, that victory after victory and triumph after triumph are won by his movement, for so long can mockery and scorn and smiling contempt be endured silently and with pride. But all that was in no way the case back then. Quite the opposite! We were ridiculously small club. One did not even know us by name. One considered us intellectually somewhat backward sectarians; the movement had no successes to show, rather now setbacks and failures were added to the severe suffering.

In addition to this, a few hundred party comrades had to make unprecedented and hardly bearable material sacrifices for the rising young movement. It is obviously much more difficult to get something into motion that to keep it in motion. The most primitive foundations for our movement had to be laid. All that cost a lot of money, and the money had to be collected from the meager starvation pennies of the little people.

We would have perhaps often gotten desperate from our task back then, if the admirable devotion of our party comrades, shunning no sacrifice, to the shared cause had not filled us again and again with new courage and new faith. Today many party comrades recently joining the party often consider it too much, if



SA Spandau

they must pay regular, in most cases quite bearable, monthly dues. Back then, each party comrade willingly and gladly sacrificed ten percent and more of his whole income for the party. For we proceeded from the conviction that, if under the compulsion of the law we gave ten percent of our income to the present system, we had to be ready to sacrifice at least as much under the compulsion of a moral duty for a party of which we believed and hoped that it would return to the German nation honorand to the German folk its bread.

The old party guard forms still today the backbone of the whole movement. One finds the comrades of back then again everywhere in the organization. Today as well, like back then, they do their duty quiet and silent. The one as section leader, the other as SA leader, the one as street overseer, the other as factory cell overseer, and many, like back then, as simple party comrades or unknown SA men. Not their names are immortal. They have probably long accepted that. But as party guard, which took up and held high our tottering flag when it threatened to sink down, they will, as long as one speaks of National Socialism in Germany, always remain unforgotten.

We brought this party guard together in a special, strictly disciplined small organization. This organization had the name "Freedom Federation" ["Freiheitsbund"]. Already the name brought to expression that the people who stood together in this organization were ready to sacrifice everything for freedom. They met monthly and through a whole year, aside from their contribution in blood and life, also put the financial means at the party's disposal which it needed for the initial build up.

Spandau was back then one of the first strongholds of the political organization and SA. One indeed says that the Spandauer is baptized with different water than the Berliner. Andin fact, this strongpoint had its difficult traits. But when it got down to it, when the party got ready to strike, be it to defend itself or to advance its positions on the attack, then this stronghold stood as one man. From this section, we fought out the first battles of the Berlin movement. In Spandau, the first highly publicized National Socialist mass meetings in the Reich capital were carried out.

Lützowstrasse 44 (XX): Second Office of the NSDAP in Berlin

From here, the movement reached out to Berlin itself in unstoppable development.

Still today, it also causes joy and satisfaction, if one of the old party guard comes and, man to man, just among the two of us, criticizes this or that abuse in the party. One then knows from the start that this criticism is dictated by concern for the existence of the party and that the person who presents it in no way wants to make himself important, rather only the interest for the party causes his action. The same man who, just among the two people, criticizes real or imagined abuses in the party, would rather bite off his tongue than to publicly harm the party through careless action. He has also earned the right of criticism, after all, in that for years he stood at the foremost front and was always ready to prove that, if it is necessary, he also stands in *front* of the party with his whole person.

How pitifully, on the other hand, do those rowdies and big mouths act, who always only appear after successes beckon, and who see their task, above all, in critically chewing up what others have accomplished without them and often despite them. Back then, when among us it was about working and fighting, to act and to just act oneself, when there was still nothing there that one could criticize, the critics were far away. They let us do the dirtiest work; and only after the cart had been pulled out of the mud, then they appeared at the edge of the party, were on hand with their good advice and did not tire of taking the field against us with bourgeois platitudes.

For me, a small, long serving party member, who for years has silently done his duty and obligation to the movement, without claiming glory and honor for it, even if he often does not know how to master words as elegantly as the cunning style acrobat, is a hundred times more preferable than those bourgeois whiners who now, when the movement has become the largest German mass party and already knocks on the door of power, suddenly discover a warm heart for us and in sacrificing concern endeavor for the movement to prove itself worthy of the responsibility which it has taken upon itself through the mandate of the folk.

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On January 1, 1927 we took our departure from the "opium den" on Potsdamer Strasse and moved into our new office on Lützowstrasse. Compared to today's scope, it indeed still seemed quite small, modest and primitive, and the work methods as well which were introduced here still corresponded overall. But for back then, that was a daring jump. From the cellar hole we climbed into the second story. The smoke-filled debating premises became a firm, uniformly organized political center. The movement could be prudently administered here. The new office initially also offered the opportunity to bring new additions into the party and merge them into the organization. The necessary personnel was engaged, however, often after difficult and bitter fighting with the party comrades themselves, who had already become so accustomed to the old humdrum manner that they considered it indispensable and figured any violation against it was a sign of capitalist bragging and self-importance.

Our goals were set high, but in the end the development went even faster than even our lofty plans. The movement's victorious advance was begun and should very soon become unstoppable. With rising success, the masses gained more and more trust in us. The party also grew numerically.

In these nine rooms, it had for the time being a first seat and support. Here one could work, here one could organize and hold the necessary conferences. Here a calm and orderly course of business was assured. From here, the new work methods were introduced in the movement. The administration gave the organization itself the impulse that bestowed upon it the energy to march forward unstoppable and to continue to advance.

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In the weeks back then, the Gotz play *"Neidhard von Gneisenau"* was performed many hundreds of times on the Berlin stage with great success. It was for me the first big theater experience in the Reich capital. A statement by that lonely general, who did not understand the world and whom the world

did not want to understand, has always remained unforgettable for me: “God give you goals, regardless which!”

God had given us goals. It was no longer all the same, which. We believed in something. It was no longer all the same, what. The goal was recognized, the faith in it, that we would reach it, anchored in us unshakeable; and so we set off full of courage and self-confidence on the path without surmising how much care and distress, how much terror and persecution awaited us in the process.

TERROR AND RESISTANCE

If a political movement is numerically small, and if it lacks agitation sharpness and propaganda activity, then it will, regardless of the goals it pursues, be ignored by its enemies. But as soon as it has passed a certain stage of its development, and hence begins to occupy the media to a broader extent, its enemies become compelled to deal with it; and in that they previously all too much neglected the movement in a manner harmful to them and have gotten rather behind, they now try, through excess in hate, lie, defamation and bloody terror, to catch up with what they had neglected.

In politics, the ideas one champions never solely decide, rather also lo a decisive degree the means of power than one is willing and able to employ for their realization. An idea without power, even if it is correct, will always remain theory. Its bearers must therefore aim all their political sharpness at conquering power, in order to then, through use of power, to realize the idea.

The National Socialist movement was now, after we had in two months rebuilt the organization’s inner structure, past the first stage of its development. It was internally solidified and could be publicly employed for the struggle. But to the same degree in which its organization was perfected and the propaganda began its first hesitant steps outwardly, the enemy became aware of it; and he very soon recognized that it was not smart to ignore the movement all too much even in its initially primitive development. The party had already established itself in certain

power positions. Its worldview had been clarified, the organization firmly anchored; it was now difficult to dislodge it from the positions it had in all silence taken and reinforced.

As soon as Marxism, which naturally tried to awaken the faith in the public that it now had for all time the mandate of the Reich capital in its possession, noticed what we did and planned and with what intentions we proceeded, what we more or less had up our sleeves, namely to put an end to the slogan "Berlin remains red!", which at this time was still correct, it moved against our movement with the whole massive might of its party organization. The defensive battle which was hence ignited against us along the whole line was by no means waged only by communism. Social democracy and Bolshevism were in total agreement here for a change, and we hence had to resist a double front: against the Bolshevism that dominated the street and against social democracy, which sat firm, and, as it seemed, ineradicable, in the public offices.

The fight with lie and defamation began. The slop of party political demagogy spilled over the young movement as if on command. Marxism wanted to keep its party people, who had begun to doubt, from visiting our meetings, which began to enjoy growing interest. It gave them an unworthy and lying distortion as surrogate for the actual facts. The movement was portrayed as a collection of criminal and rootless elements, its followers as hired ruffians and its leaders as base and vile agitators who, standing in the service of capitalism, had no other task than to divide and bring discord and disunity into the ranks of the Marxist workers front, which wanted to overthrow the bourgeois class state.

Thus party political agitation of never seen magnitude took its start. Not a day passed without the papers reporting about National Socialist misdeeds. Usually the *"Vorwarts"* or the *"Rote Fahne"* set the tone, and later the whole Jewish press orchestra played the desolate and demagogic agitation symphony to the end.

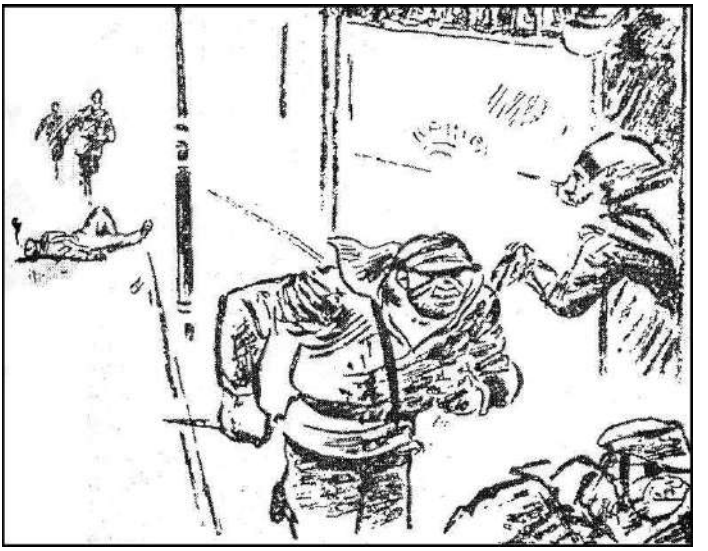
The bloodiest red terror on the street went hand in hand with it. Our comrades, when they returned home from meetings, were stabbed and gunned down in the dark of night. One attached them with ten and twenty-fold superior numbers in the rear courtyards

of the big apartment buildings. One threatened their lives in their own meager residences, and when we asked for police protection, we usually just wasted our breath.

One became accustomed to treating us like second class citizens, as unworthy agitators and slanderers who deserved nothing better than for some dark subject out there in the proletarian suburbs to thrust the dagger of brotherly love into our back.

The period was difficult for us and hard to bear. But despite all the bloody sacrifices that were forced upon us, this struggle also had its good side. One began to talk about us. One could no longer keep silent about us or ignore us with icy contempt. One had, even if unwillingly and with furious rage, to name our names. The party became known. It suddenly stood at the center point of public interest. Like a hot storm wind, it had swept into the lethargic calm of political Berlin, and now one had to take a position on it: with Yes or with No. What in the beginning had seemed to us as tempting and unattainable yearning, was suddenly reality. One spoke of us. One discussed us, and it was unavoidable that the public asked more and more who we actually were and what we wanted.

The press had achieved something with that which was certainly not its intent. We would have had to work and fight for years in order to accomplish the equivalent: the movement was no longer unknown. It had a name, and where one did not love it, one opposed it with open and fresh hatred. Previously, one had just smiled over us. Two months work sufficed to wipe the laughter off the enemy's face. This harmless same became bloody serious. The enemy made series of psychological mistakes in the process. By persecuting leaders and followers in (he same manner, he only brought both together in a shared front of passionate defense. If one had spared the higher ups and only struck the lower downs, then that would have been unbearable in the long tun, and unsteadiness and dissatisfaction in the own ranks would have been the unavoidable result. But this way, a comradeship for better or worse, sworn together and grown together, quite naturally formed out of our desperate band, which could then for all future



withstand any hostility.

Police and court summons suddenly piled up on my desk. Not as if I had suddenly become a bad citizen. But whoever looks, also finds. And when one makes the decision to declare war against the ruling regime, then he can soon hardly take a step without putting himself in conflict with whatever law.

Very soon, after many friendly invitations, I had to set off on the path to Moabit. I appeared for the first time in this large, red Berlin court building, in which I should later so often perform my guest performances as if on an assembly line. To my great amazement, I learned here that I had made myself guilty of qualified high treason. I was squeezed like a lemon and very soon noticed none of my written or spoken words had remained unnoticed by the high officials.

The actual fight in the media began in our most solid stronghold, Spandau. We organized there in the last days of January our first mass meeting, which in fact bore this title rightly. We had appealed to the Marxist media, and this appeal had not echoed unheard. Over five hundred Red Front fighters, skillfully scattered throughout the hall, were our audience, and now the

witches' Sabbath was supposed to begin. They obviously did not come to let themselves be taught by us. Instead, they had the goal to smash up the meeting, as they put it.

This praiseworthy intention, however, was thwarted and nullified by the virtuous tactics that we practiced in the course of the assembly. We declared from the start that we wanted to openly debate with every honest folk comrade, that each party should be given ample time, but that the organization of the assembly was determined by us, who possessed the house right, and anybody who did not comply would be ruthlessly thrown out into the fresh air by the SA.

That was a language that one had previously spoken in Berlin only in Marxist meetings. The red parties felt all too sure in their power. They did not take the bourgeois clubs, which organized clever discussions about Marxism, at all seriously. Among the Reds, one tended to laugh at them and did not consider it worth the effort to honor bourgeois meetings with Marxist mass visits at all.

Among us, that was different from the start. Among us, the language was spoken that the Marxist also understood, and questions were brought up that most passionately interested the little guy from the folk.

The proletarian has a pronounced, finely reactive feeling for justice. And whoever manages to grab him there, will always be able to be certain of his sympathy. We declared we wanted to discuss, we honestly put ourselves on the same level as the proletarian, man against man; and hence it was made impossible from the start for the red agitators to break up the meeting through unprincipled demagogy. But already that could suffice for us; for we knew that if we got to talk *at all* before these straying and seeking people, then we have already won.

The lecture in this first large worker meeting took over two hours. 'The topic of socialism was up for debate, and during my speech I experienced the great joy that these five hundred people, who had come, as the "Rote Fahne" wrote, to smash us in two with hard proletarian lists, became quieter and quieter, that indeed at first a few paid agitators tried to disrupt the smooth course of the

meeting through skillful heckling, but even *they* fell more and more silent under the icy rejection by their own following, and at the end a solemn calm of collected tension laid over the whole meeting.

The discussion began. A red agitator mounted the podium and Wanted to start inciting physical violence with bloody phrases, when the alarming news came from outside that red raiding parties had at lacked, beaten bloody and stabbed two of our party comrades returning, home early; one had to be taken to the hospital, where he was Wresting with death at this moment. I immediately got up, informed the assembly of this monstrous event and declared that the NSDAP held it for beneath its dignity to continue to allow to speak in its own meeting the representative of a party whose following out there in the cowardly dark of night had tried to replace with club and dagger what it seemed to lack in intelligent arguments.

If the portrayal of the base and vile attack had already put the whole assembly into passionate outrage, in which even the last communists, probably depressed by their own guilty conscience, began to fall silent, then the categorical announcement that the NSDAP was not willing to let itself be mistreated like this ignited among all decent listeners roaring applause and enthusiastic agreement. Without this having been intended by us, the red agitator flew down from the podium, still stuttering some protest phrases, and was then, passed hand to hand, put out into the fresh air.

In my closing statement, I declared again with sharpness and firm- Hess that we are always and everywhere willing to speak an open manly word with every honest political fighter, above all, with a decent worker; but that we would oppose any attempt to treat us with bloody terror with precisely the same means, and that where the others had arms and fists, we did not have liver sausages.

The meeting ended with a victory along the whole line. The red disruption squads withdrew silently and with hanging heads; our own party comrades, however, had on this evening for the first time the happy feeling that the movement in Berlin had now burst

the chains of a party political sect, that war had been declared and now had to ignite on all fronts. There was no longer any stopping. We had challenged the opponent, and everyone knew that he would not leave this challenge unanswered.

So was the echo the next day in the Marxist press. We knew from the start that, in the slop kitchens on Bülowplatz and on Lindenstrasse, one would twist the truth into the exact opposite, that one would denounce us as cowardly agitators and murderers of workers, who had brutally beaten down harmless proletarians simply because they had demanded apolitical discussion.

In bold headlines, the red press screamed into the Reich capital: "Nazis cause a bloodbath in Spandau. This is an alarm signal for the whole revolutionary proletariat of the capital!" And beneath that the unmistakable threat: "You'll pay dearly for that!"

Now there were still only two possibilities for us: either give in and thereby forever throw away the party's reputation among the proletariat, or to strike again anew with double force into the notch created and for our part to again challenge Marxism to a discussion, which — this we knew — would for now decide the further fate of the movement.

"The bourgeois state is approaching its end. A new Germany must be forged! Workers of mind and fist, the fate of the German folk is placed into your hands. On Friday, February 11, Pharussäle! Topic: 'The Collapse of the Bourgeois Class State.'"

That, however, was a provocation such as one had previously not yet experienced in Berlin. As is known, Marxism already considers it arrogance, if a nationalist thinking person openly displays his orientation in a workers district. And even at Wedding?! Red Wedding belongs to the proletariat! That is what had been said for decades, and nobody found the courage to oppose that and to prove the opposite through the deed.

And the Pharussäle? — That was the uncontested domain of the KPD. It generally held its party days here, here it collected, week after week, its most loyal and most active following. Here one had previously spoken and heard only the phrases of world revolution and inter national class solidarity. And the NSDAP located its next mass meeting precisely there.

‘That was an open declaration of war. So meant by us and so understood by the opponent. The party comrades cheered. Now everything was at stake. Now the fate of the Berlin movement would be daringly and boldly thrown onto the scale. Now it meant: win or lose!

The decisive February 11th approached. The communist press went head over heels with bloody threats. One would prepare a warm welcome for us, one wanted to make us not want to return. In work offices and unemployment offices, it was openly announced that we would be smashed to pieces this evening.

Back then, we were not at all aware of the danger we were in. I, at any rate, did not yet know Marxism well enough to predict the possible consequences in detail. I ignored the dark declarations of the red press with a shrug of the shoulders and waited the decisive evening with tension.

Around 8 o‘clock, we drove off in an old, bumpy automobile from the center to Wedding. A cold, gray fog drizzled down from the starless sky. The heart pounded, almost bursting out, from impatience and expectation.

Already while driving through Müllerstrasse, we noticed that something bad was in the works this evening. On all the street corners, groups of Bassermann figures loitered. One had obviously planned on giving our party comrades a bloody lecture even before they entered (he meeting hall at all. Black throngs of people stood in front of the Pharussäle, who with loud and fresh threats gave air to their rage and their hatred.

The leader of the Schutzstaffel made his way to us and reported with concise words that the meeting had already since 7:30 been closed by the police and was two thirds filled with Red Front fighters. That is what we wanted. The decision had to fall here. One way or the other. And we were ready to risk the ultimate for it.

Upon entering the hall, we were met by hot, breath-taking haze of beer mist and tobacco. The air was explosively hot. A crazy, hollowing, jumble of voices raged through the room. The people sat perched ‘Wop and in each other, and only with effort could one make a path to the podium.

Hardly had I been recognized, when a howl of revenge and rage from many hundreds of voices slammed into my ears. “Blood dog!” Worker murderer!” Those were the tamest words of affection that one shouted at me. But the storms of welcome from our own party comrades and SA men responded full of trembling passion. Encouraging battle cries rang down from the platform. I realized immediately: here we are indeed a minority, but this minority is determined to fight, and it will hence pass the test.

Back then, it was still the custom among us that all public meetings of the party were led by the SA leader. So here as well. Tall as a tree, he stood up front, full-size, on the ramp and requested quiet with raised arm. But that was easier said than done. Mocking laughter was the reply. Curses flew from all the hall’s corners up to the stage. One growled and screamed and roared; among the individual groups sat partially drunk world revolutionaries, who had apparently drank the necessary courage for this evening. It was totally impossible to quiet down this hall. The class-conscious proletariat had not come to discuss, rather to hit, to disrupt, to put an end to the Fascist specter with callous worker fists.

We were not unclear about that for moment. But we also knew that, if we managed this time to overcome, and if the opponent did not get to smash us to bits, as he had threatened, the further triumphant course of the movement in Berlin would be unstoppable.

In front of the stage stood about fifteen to twenty SA and SS men, in uniform with armband, for every Red Front fighter a fresh and impertinent provocation. Behind me on the state stood a select troop of reliable people, ready at any moment of the critical situation to strike back at the charging red mob in defense of their own lives, if necessary, with naked violence.

The communists had obviously made a mistake in their tactics. They had guided only scattered groups individually through the whole hall and otherwise, concentrated in a thick clump, held the right rear part of the hall occupied. Here — I recognized immediately — was the center of unrest, and hence here, if at all, one had to intervene first and ruthlessly. Each time the master of

The Pharsussäle

ceremonies started to open the meeting, a dark individual there stood up on a stool and shouted stereotypically with a shrieking voice: “To business!” And that was then roared and howled by many hundreds in unison.

It one takes from the mass its leader or even its seducer, then it is masterless and can be overcome with ease. Our tactics hence had to aim, under all circumstances, to silence this cowardly agitator, who felt safe and un-threatened in the rear of his comrades. We made this attempt a few times with kindness. The master of ceremonies screamed with already hoarse voice into the growing noise: “There will be an opportunity for discussion at the end of the lecture! But we decide the course of the meeting!”

But all that was an unsuitable attempt aimed at an unsuitable object. The shouter, through his repeated interruptions, just wanted to make the meeting restless and in the end put it into rage-filled passion. Then the violent disruption attempt would come quite spontaneously and without command.

When all our attempts to quiet the meeting through kindness proved unsuccessful, I called the leader of the SS aside and immediately afterward his people moved in scattered groups right through the middle of the raging communist mass; and before the extremely amazed and dumbstruck Red Front fighters were aware of it at all, our comrades had pulled the agitator down from the stool and brought him right through the middle of the raging mob to the stage. That had never happened before; and what I had expected, now also prompted happened: a beer glass flew into the air and fell to the floor with a crash. And thus the signal was given for the first big meeting hall battle. Chairs broke, legs were pulled off tables, massed batteries of glasses and bottles mounted in seconds on tables like guns, and then it broke out. The battle waged back and forth for almost ten minutes. Glasses, bottles, table and chair legs flew through the air randomly and without aim. Anear-deafening roar arose; the red beast had been unleashed and now wanted to have its victim.

At first it seemed as if all of us were lost. The communist attack had commenced so spontaneous and explosive that, even though we had been prepared for it, it came totally expected for us. But

Der Bürgerstaat geht seinem Ende entgegen!
Mit Recht! Denn er ist nicht mehr in der Lage Deutschland frei zu machen.
Ein neues Deutschland muß geschmiedet werden
das nicht mehr Bürger- und nicht mehr Klassenstaat ist
Ein Deutschland der Arbeit und der Disziplin!
Für diese Aufgabe hat die Geschichte Dich auserlesen
Arbeiter der Stirn und der Faust!
In Deine Hände ist das Schicksal des deutschen Volkes gelegt!
Denke daran! Steh' auf und handle!
Am Freitag, den 11. Februar, abends 8 Uhr, spricht in den
Pharus-Sälen, Berlin N. Müllerstraße 142
Pg. Dr. Goebbels über:
Der Zusammenbruch des bürgerlichen Klassenstaates!

Poster for the meeting hall battle in Pharsussäle[1]

hardly had the SA and SS troops, scattered in the whole hall and primarily in front of the stage, recovered from the first stunned surprise, than they launched a counterattack with bold daring; and in the process, however, it was shown that the communist party indeed has masses standing behind it, but that these masses, at the moment they encounter a firmly disciplined and sworn opposition, become cowardly and are seized by the hare's panic. In the shortest time span, the red mob that had come to smash up our meeting was beaten out of the hall and the quiet that could not be achieved with kind means was now forced through naked violence.

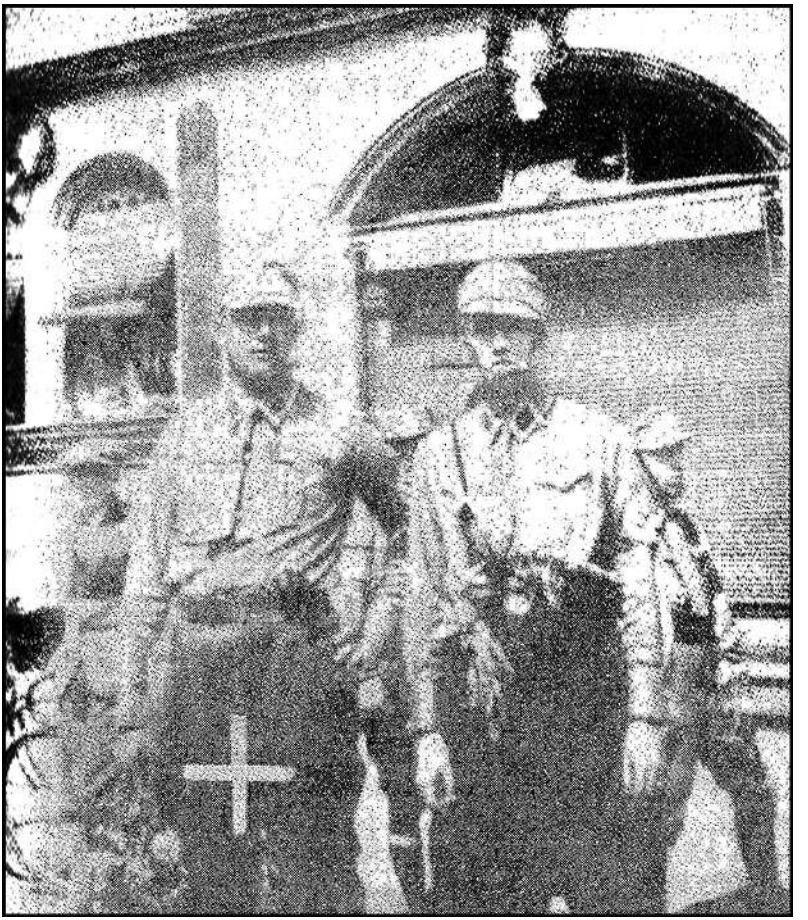
Usually, during the course of a meeting hall battle one is hardly aware of the individual phases of such an action. Only later do they surface again in the memory. I see before my eyes still today the picture that will remain unforgettable for me for my whole life: on the stage stood a young SA man, previously unknown to me, and hurled for the defense of the assembly leadership his projectiles into the charging red mob. Suddenly, he is struck on the head by a beer glass thrown from far away. Blood runs down his temples in a bread stream. He sinks to the floor with a cry. After a few seconds, he gets up again, reaches for a water bottle sitting on the table and hurls it in a wide arch into the hall, where it then smashes with a crash on the head of an Opponent.

The face of this young man remains with me. It has implanted itself in my memory in this episode playing out as fast as lightning. This SA man, seriously wounded in the Phärussale, would very soon and then for all time become my most reliable and most loyal comrade.

Only when the red mob, howling, growling and cursing, had cleared the field, could one ascertain how difficult and rich in casualties this conflict had been; mostly forehead and head wounds and two with severe concussions. The table and the steps that led to the stage were covered with large puddles of blood. The whole hall resembled a single field of ruins.

And in this blood and shard-strewn desert, as tall as a tree, the SA leader stood at this place again and declared in stony calm:

"The meeting continues. The lecturer has the floor."



Provincial SA Leader Daluege (X) and his adjutant

Never before and never again have I spoken under such exciting accompanying circumstances. Behind me, moaning in blood and pain, the badly wounded SA comrades. Around me shards, broken chair legs, splintered beer glasses and blood. The whole assembly petrified in icy silence. Back then, we still lacked a trained medic corps; we were hence dependent, since we found ourselves in a proletarian suburb, after all, on having our badly wounded transported by so-called worker Samaritans. And then there played out before the doors of the assembly room scenes that in their heartless repugnancy are downright indescribable. These animalized people, who allegedly fight for brotherhood in the whole world, let themselves be drawn to cursing our poor and defenseless badly wounded and to assailing them with expressions such as: “Hasn’t the swine croaked yet?”

Under these circumstances, it was totally impossible to hold a coherent speech. Hardly had I began, when a medic unit again entered the hall and a badly wounded SA man was carried down the stage and outside on a swaying stretcher. One of them, whom these coarse apostles of humanity at the door showered with the most nasty and vile ex pressions, called in his desperation with a voice that reached up the speaker’s podium loud and discernible to me. I interrupted the speech, walked through thehall in which scattered, isolated communist disruption squads still sat — but they silently and shyly pulled aside under the impression of this unexpected beating — and took departure from the badly wounded SA man outside.

At the conclusion of my talk, the word of the unknown SA man was spoken aloud the first time.

An amusing experience, which nonetheless still gave this bloody collision a conciliatory conclusion, should not remain unmentioned. When after the lecture discussion was called for, a feeble philistine reported, who presented himself as a member of the Jung deutscher Orden. He admonished brotherhood and peace between the classes with pastoral pathos, presented to us in lively complaints the doubtless immorality of this bloodshed and declared that unity alone makes strong. When he then after a deep bow wanted to start with the presentation of a patriotic poem

before the assembly in order to thereby end his hollow, noble babble, another SA man responded to him, amidst the stormy laughter of the whole assembly, with the, however, very appropriate, heckle: “Scoot, you little birthday poet!”

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With this amusing intermezzo, the battle in the Pharsussäle came to an end, The police had cleared the street outside. The departure of the SS an SS proceeded smoothly. A decisive day in the development of the National Socialist movement in Berlin was behind us.

No words suffice to describe the words that stood to be read in the Jewish press the next day. The scum on Bülowplatz, which derives its whole political existence firm bloody agitation, suddenly felt called upon to play the harmless persecuted party and to indict our movement, which had only defended its naked existence, for worker murder.

“Berliner Morgenpost” of Feburary 12, 1927:

“In the Pharsussäle at Müllerstrasse 142, it came yesterday evening around 9 o’clock to severe clashes between communists and members of the German Social Workers Party, which held a meeting there. Ina brawl that unfolded between the parties, numerous persons were significantly injured. The ambulance service brought four injured people to the Virchow hospital, the others, about ten people, received emergency bandaging on site.

“The German Social Workers Party had scheduled a political meeting for yesterday evening in the Pharsussäle in Berlin’s north, Several hundred communists had gathered in front of the premises at the be winning of the lecture, of whom a large number gained admittance into the hall. Constant heckling resounded from the ranks of the audience, Suddenly, it came to a great tumult, which soon degraded into a brawl. The parties went at each other with chairs, beer glasses and other objects. The interior of the hall was demolished. A large police contingent finally separated the combatants and undertook several arrests.” The “Welt am Abend” on February 12, 1927:

“Yesterday evening it came to bloody clashes between

provocative National Socialists and police on the one side and workers of Wedding, on the other. The National Socialist Workers Party had announced a meeting in the Pharsussäle, in which Dr. Goebbels was supposed to lecture about the collapse of the bourgeois class state. The assembly, which was attended by about 2,000 people, among them numerous communists and social democrats, took a stormy course right from the start.

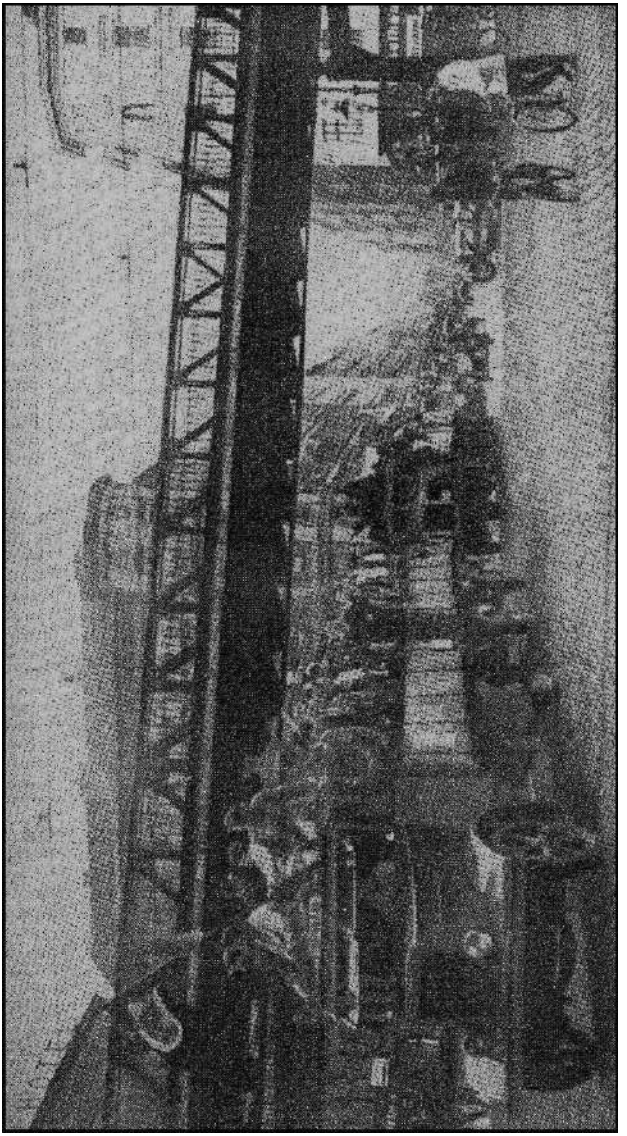
“The National Socialists were out to provoke from the start. The master of ceremonies Daluege declared, when communists announced themselves, that with us there are no discussions. Thereupon it came to sharp protests, during which the about 300 man strong swastika meeting hall guard proceeded against the workers in the most brutal manner, There were severe beatings, the fascists threw chair legs and beer glasses at the workers. In the course of these clashes, several workers were badly injured. The communist and social democratic workers were finally forced onto the street by the swastika guys, where a huge crowd had gathered.

“The police came, who tried to clear Müllerstrasse from both sides und struck out wildly at the workers. It came to severe clashes, especially at Amrumer Strasse, where altogether 17 arrests were made.

"The events in and around Pharsussäle spread like wildfire through the whole district. Ever new masses of workers arrived, the outrage wis directed, above all, against the continuously provocative Hitlerian hall guard.

“The police tried to divert the masses, and the reinforcements brought in accompanied the swastika boys to the train station at Putlizstrasse. At the corner of Torfstrasse and Triftstrasse, it came to new clashes. The police claim that stones were thrown at them. At any rate, the cops fired a series of shots, another 20 arrests were made and those arrested taken to the police presidium.

“But the riots did not end with that. At the corner of Norduferstrasse and Lynastrasse, there were again wild scenes, when here as well the departing swastika guys attacked the workers. Here, too, six people were seriously injured. Altogether, six badly wounded and thirty lightly wounded have been



Truck propaganda

ascertained so far."

"Rote Fahne" on February 1927:

"National Socialists attack workers. "Prepared attack in the Pharsussäle. "Yesterday evening, a meeting of the National Socialists took place in Pharsussäle, which had been announced on public posters. Hence many workers had also appeared, so that the assembly was full. The topic was supposed to be the decline of capitalism, whereby it was self-evident that at the beginning of the meeting a worker presented himself and wanted to speak to the assembly's leadership to request a discussion. The assembly leader declared that in this assembly there would be no discussion. That was the signal for a monstrous and vile attack by the National Socialists.

"Thugs specially brought in from Schöneberg had dragged a lot of chairs and beer mugs into the gallery before the meeting, so it was obviously a planned attack. At the moment when the chairman refused discussion of the topic, the National Socialists began to bombard the workers who had turned up from the gallery with chairs and beer mugs. It came to severe clashes. Numerous workers were wounded, among them some very seriously, there are even supposed to have been dead, for which, however, confirmation is still awaited.

"The news of the National Socialist attack spread at lightning speed in Wedding, where workers hurried to the streets in order to protest in large protest columns against the National Socialist murderers. Although the cops proceeded rigorously against the workers, ever new groups formed.

"We raise the sharpest protest against these cowardly and murderous attacks. 'Workers, join together against the fascist murderers!"

That was the reply of the communist-Jewish press to a defeat that came for it so unexpected that it seemed to initially lose all reason over it.

Soon and in the following period, we very often knocked the term "worker murder" back into their own trap. We were not silent. We tried to show the public in years of enlightenment work where the real worker murderers are to be sought and found.

Cottbus 1927

That one now called us “bandits”, from the mouth of the Jews in Karl-Liebknecht-Haus, that was just a title of honor for us. And that they called me the “top bandit”, that was taken up by us faster than they had expected and very soon became a household term in our own ranks, not only in Berlin, rather in the whole Reich.

Quite suddenly, the leading and bearing authority, which we had not yet possessed in our Berlin organization, was established and solidified through successes. A fighting movement must be lead to the fight; and if the follower sees that the leadership strides ahead not only in theory, rather also in practice, then he will soon take trust in it and subordinate without protest. The leadership, on the other hand, thereby comes into the fortunate position of being able to throw its increasing fund of authority onto the scale in all critical decisions. So that was the case here. The Berlin movement now had a central middle point. One could no longer artificially talk it apart. It was attuned to itself in leadership and following and sworn together and hence also manoeuvrable for great political actions. Back then, we could not yet fully measure this gain in its whole weight. It would be of service to us very often at times when the movement was subjected to the most difficult stress tests, and when, at decisive moments, it came down to giving it a firm support and secure, unerring course.

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Back then, I also established the first contact to the so-called intellectual spokesmen of nationalism. But I must admit that this acquaintanceship satisfied me very little inwardly. I found among these writing champions of our cause hardly one who was able to summon up even a trace of understanding for the struggle for nationalism such as it had to be fought through in the proletarian districts. One sat there together in intellectual circles, split the nationalist worldview into a hundred thousand atoms just to then laboriously and artificially mend it together again. One lost oneself in verbal acrobatics, which indeed seemed suited to radiantly reflect their inventors in their own mirror, but could give no kind of comfort and no kind of encouragement to the fighting nationalist front, which stood out there, bleeding and sacrificing,

in smoke-filled meeting halls.

Nationalism is a matter of the deed, not of the word. The intellectual champions of this cause must guard against decaying in the debate. We are not there to copy Jewish civilization literati in glistening style and sparkling reason fireworks. Nationalism may make use of these means in case of emergency or need; but that should never become an end in itself for it.

The National Socialist movement has become great through its speakers, not through its journalists. If one used the pen for it, then he did it in order to thereby put it into the service of the organization. Among nationalist writers, I usually had the impression that, quite the opposite, they wanted to put our organization into the service of their pens. And hence for me, the verdict over them was pronounced from the start. Above all, they seemed to lack the necessary civil courage. One was afraid to discredit oneself among the civilization literati. It is the fear of the education philistine, who does not dare to protest against whatever Jewish insanity out of fear of appearing not modem and being ridiculed as untimely.

Nationalism will always be decried by the civilization literati as reactionary. One must then simply summon up the civil courage to shout it into the hacks in the editorial offices: if nationalism is in their opinion reactionary, then we are just in God's name reactionaries. But we are in no way ready to allow our worldview to be prescribed for us by egotistical, excessively arrogant cattle of the pen.

One should also not believe that it impresses men of Jewish pen, if one tries to copy their radiance of word and fineness of style. In the end, they are impressed only by power, and they will only then fall silent, when one puts the fist under their nose.

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To our great joy, the struggle for the Reich capital, with its risk of blood, now began to claim the interest of the overall movement to a growing degree. It passed like a sigh of relief through the whole Reich. What one had up until then considered impossible and ridiculous, namely to seek out the enemy in his own camp and

to challenge him to a fight, became reality here. The movement of the whole Reich stood behind us in the process. From all corners and ends of the land, financial donations for the wounded Berlin SA men came in. We were hence put in a position to at least provide them with the most primitive protection and the most necessary care. The hard fighting front had the satisfying awareness that behind it a huge movement stood, which pursued its cause with ardent, pounding hearts.

And now there was blow after blow. In long truck columns, the Berlin SA drove out into the province. One march followed the other. A National Socialist freedom day was organized in Kottbus, which ended with a bloody police massacre. In Berlin, one meeting followed the other. Once more, we challenged the KPD to a fight. Four days after the meeting hall battle in Pharsussäle, we called for a new mass demonstration in Spandau. Once more, the *"Rote Fahne"* raged with sobbing indignation and declared anew that it would finally be put to an end.

But now that was too late! The dam had been broken. Down to the last man, the Berlin SA held the meeting hall occupied. It did not help the Red Front Fighter Federation at all that it distributed its disruption troops throughout the streets. Indeed, a few faint-hearted spirits in our own party tried to convince us to refrain, leastwise at first, from continuing to provoke the KPD, which was already boiling mad. But those were lost words.

With six automobiles, we drove from Berlin up the Heerstrasse, since it had come to our ears that individual troops of the KPD already wanted to prevent the drive in. In an isolated restaurant in the middle of the forest behind Spandau, we had set up our headquarters, and from there we sneaked toward the city. The planned disruption of the meeting could not be carried out. Only after the meeting did the KPD manage a bloody shootout on Putlitzstrasse. Indeed, we again had a series of badly wounded, but victory was ours!

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The attempt to suffocate in blood the young, rising National Socialist movement in the center of Marxism, had failed along the

whole line. We had learned much in this struggle. Here again, the whole unity front of all of international Jewry, which we had long recognized, had shown itself against us. Whoever in the following days compared the *"Berliner Tageblatt"* with the *"Rote Fahne"*, could hardly find any difference. Both saw in us the disturbers of the peace. Both felt threatened by us in their cowardly power. Both summoned the police against us. Both screamed, in accordance to the method "Stop the thief!", in uniform chorus for the power of the state, which now, since the means of terror and bloody persecution had failed, was supposed to intervene, helping and rescuing.

But the movement had passed the test by fire. It had sought out the enemy in his own citadel, had forced him to the fight and, when the fight had become unavoidable, had not cowardly evaded it, rather had carried it out in brave desperation.

SA man! This term, up until then still totally unnamed and unknown in Berlin, was now suddenly surrounded by a mystical magic. Friends named it with admiration and enemies with hatred and fear. The daring offensive spirit of this small troop conquered for it in the shortest time span rank and prestige. It had proven through the deed that one can succeed with a cause even under the most unfavorable circumstances, if behind it stand political passion, bold daring and smiling contempt. The terror, insofar as it had dared its way into our meetings, was broken for the time being, Bolshevism had lost its reputation of invincibility, the slogan "Berlin remains red!" made to totter and shake.

We had won a starting point. In the bloodiest terror that one employed against us, we affirmed resistance.

It should not last much longer before this front of resistance, which defended its first positions, advanced to the political attack along the whole line!

Poster for the second large Spandau meeting against the KPD

BOOK TWO:
BANNED

THE UNKNOWN SA MAN

The unknown SA man! This term, first uttered in the Pharsussäle after a bloody meeting hall battle, spread like wildfire through the whole movement. It was the plastic expression for that fighting political soldier who emerged in National Socialism and defended against the threat to the German folk.

There were only a few thousand in the whole Reich back then, and especially in Berlin, who undertook the bold gamble to put on the brown-shirt and hence mark themselves as pariah of political life. But these few thousand decisively paved the way for the movement. It is owed to them that its first beginnings were not suffocated in blood.

Later the debate arose, whether SA is the abbreviation for sports department or storm department. That makes no difference in this respect. For the abbreviation has become a concept in itself. One means by it that type of political soldier through whom the new Germany was first represented in the National Socialist movement.

The SA man tolerates in no way a comparison with the member of any other paramilitary formation. Paramilitary formations, by their nature, are non-political, in the best case generally patriotic, with clear political direction. Patriotism, however, is a matter that we must overcome. The SA man does not have a predecessor in the old Germany. He has emerged from the explosive political forces of the post-war period. It was and is not his task to perform collection services for money powers on the edge of politics or to watch bourgeois safes as guard or security officer. The SA man has emerged from politics and is hence for always determined for politics.

He differentiates himself from the common party comrade in that he takes upon himself more of certain duties for the movement, above all, to protect the movement when it encounters naked violence, and to break the terror applied against it. Marxism, as is known, has grown up with terror. It has conquered

the street by terror, and since nobody from the bourgeois parties opposed it, also dominated the street until the appearance of the National Socialist movement. In bourgeois circles, one considered it not fine and hardly distinguished, to go to the street and demonstrate and stand up for political ideals.

But the street is the characteristic of modern politics. Whoever can conquer the street, can also conquer the masses; and whoever conquers the masses, he also thereby conquers the state. In the long run, only the manifestation of strength and discipline impresses the man from the people. A good idea, championed with the right means and achieved with the necessary energy, will in the long run always win the broad masses.

The SA man is chosen to show to the whole world and to the public the plastic strength and the folk-bound energy of the National Socialist movement, and where one proceeds to attack it, to defend it with all means. That was at the time back then indeed easier said than done; for Marxism raised for itself alone the right to claim the street, and it already considered it a fresh provocation, if any view even dared at all to openly affirm itself. The bourgeois parties had over the course of time, cowardly and without complaint, bowed to this arrogant presumption. They gave Marxism clear field and for their part satisfied themselves with defending the tottering positions of liberal democracy in the parliament and in the economic associations. They hence lost any aggressive note, and it was not difficult for Marxism to overrun them in bold and daring mass elan and hence force them for all time onto the defensive.

The attacker, as is known, is always stronger than the defender. And if a defense is furthermore carried out with inadequate and half means, as is the case with the bourgeoisie, then the offensively advancing opponent will very soon, on the attack, conquer position after position and forcibly expel the defender from his last positions.

That was the situation in the Reich since the revolt of 1918; above all, in Berlin, this condition had formed as a self-evident fact accepted without complaint. It seemed as if the Marxist parties alone had the right to claim the street. At every opportunity

Horst Wessel! A dead man calls to action!

offering itself, it summoned the masses, and then they came by the tens and hundreds of thousands to the Lustgarten, in order, before the eyes of the public, to produce a plastic picture of their numeric strength and unbroken folk energy.

It was clear to National Socialist agitation that it could never conquer the masses, if it did not proclaim for itself the right to the street and then also wrestled this right from Marxism with bold daring. That, we knew, had to cost bloody fighting; for the public organs, which were, after all, represented primarily by social democracy, were in no way willing to enforce this right for all by means of the power of the state, even on the street, as was guaranteed in the constitution.

We hence saw ourselves compelled to provide ourselves *the* protection that the organs of the state denied us. We furthermore stood before the necessity of guaranteeing the undisrupted execution of our public agitation through a special defensive formation. For Marxism had very soon recognized in National Socialism its sole serious and potential opponent, and it also knew that, in the long run, we would manage to take from it the proletarian masses still marching behind the international class ideology and to integrate them into the nationalist and socialist front to be built anew.

From out of all these considerations, the SA idea emerged. It sprang from the natural need for protection of the National Socialist movement. The SA man was its political soldier. He declared himself ready to defend his worldview with all means, and if force was employed against it, then to employ counter-force against force.

The emphasis lies here on political. The SA man was and is a *political* soldier. He serves politics. He is neither mercenary nor rowdy. He himself believes in what he defends and for what he employs himself.

The SA organization belongs to the structure of the overall organization of the National Socialist movement. The SA is the backbone of the party. The movement stands and falls with it.

Elements that have come to the movement only later have tried to exclude the SA organization from the organization of the

overall party, to so-to-speak degrade the SA to an organization instrument, which is placed at the disposal of the party according to need, on request or even by the free decision of its leaders. That means turning the actual SA idea into the exact opposite. Not the party has emerged from the SA, rather the reverse, the SA from the party. Not the SA determines the politics of the party, the party determines the politics of the SA. It cannot and must not be tolerated that the SA practices private politics or even makes the attempt to dictate to the political leadership the course of politics. The SA, however, has the task of engaging itself for the execution of these politics.

It is hence necessary that the SA man already early is instructed and trained in the worldview that he serves. He should not, without will and without thought, stand up for something that he does not at all know and understand. He should know what he fights for; for only from this knowledge does he receive the strength to totally devote himself to his cause.

The Jewish papers have persecuted the SA organization in particular with an unequalled hatred; and since in seriousness it could not be doubted that the SA employed itself with blind fanaticism and heroic sense of sacrifice for the National Socialist worldview, the yellow press tried again and again to attribute to this heroic action false and falsified motives. One wanted to make the public believe that the SA man was just a hired rowdy and paid mercenary, who just for money and kind words was ready to put his life on the line. The medieval mercenary idea, it was claimed, had been resurrected in the SA again. The SA man himself, after all, supposedly only served the one who promised and gave him the best forage and the highest wages.

Impure elements, which had sneaked into the National Socialist movement and for a while assumed high and highest positions in the SA, had downright aided these lies through an unscrupulous agitation. They tried to unleash from out of the SA an ambitious struggle against the party and always based their insidious and unworthy goals and purposes on material claims and demands of the SA. Through this, the impression has widely arisen in the media that the SA man is paid for his service by the party, and that

the party possesses in the SA a combat instrument, a hired and daring troop of mercenaries, which is ready to do anything. There is no opinion that is more false and wrong than this one. The SA man is not only not paid for his dangerous and often bloody party service, he must make substantial material sacrifices for it; above all, in times of political tension, he is underway for the movement evening after evening and often whole nights. Here he must protect a meeting, there put up posters, here distribute leaflets, there recruit members, here collect subscriptions for his newspaper, there bring a speaker to a location and safely back home again. It is not a rarity, if during very tense election periods a SA man does not get out of his cloths for weeks. Around 6 o'clock in the evening they assembly for duty, which lasts through the whole night. One or two hours later, when this duty is at an end, they stand again at the machine or sit on the office stool.

This political heroism indeed does not deserve to be publicly soiled with the blemish of paid service. It would also be simply impossible for people to summon up such a huge sense of sacrifice for money. lor money, one is indeed ready to live, but rarely ready to die.

The National Socialist movement later on did well to ruthlessly remove from the organization those elements who publicly brought the SA the stench of hired service; for they inflicted on the overall organization the worst insult that one could inflict on it. They actually bear the blame that today every writing individual believes himself justified to be allowed to insult the brave political soldier of our movement as hired rowdy.

We knew very little of all these considerations back then, when the SA idea just began to establish itself in the Reich capital. The political leadership summoned for battle, and the SA unconditionally placed itself at the disposal for this battle. Yes, the SA became the actual bearer of the decisive conflicts, which beyond ban and persecution should lead to the radiant rise of the movement in the Reich capital.

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The SA wears a uniform: brown shirt and brown cap. One has

believed to be able to deduce from this that the SA is supposedly a military formation. This view is wrong. The SA neither carries weapons nor is it trained in warfare. It serves politics with the means of politics. It has nothing to do with the many paramilitary formations that have emerged, above all, out of the Freikorps. These paramilitary formations are still primarily rooted in the old Germany. The SA, however, is the representative of the young Germany. It is consciously political. Politics is its meaning, its goal and its purpose.

In the SA, the National Socialist movement also created its most active propaganda troop. It could resort to it in all propaganda actions, and it hence had a tremendous head start on the other parties, which had to pay for every propaganda campaign with huge means. Due to this circumstance, the National Socialist party leadership was later on often reproached. One declared that in propaganda service the revolutionary troop of the movement was degraded to a bourgeois postering column. These reproaches completely miss the whole essence of propaganda. A modern political struggle is also fought out with modern propaganda means. It is basically also the most dangerous weapon that a political movement can bring to application. Against all other means, there are counter-means; only propaganda is in its effect unstoppable. If, for example, a Marxist following is once shaken in its ability to believe, if it loses trust in Marxism, then it is thereby already defeated; for it immediately gives up its active strength of resistance. Whatever one no longer believes in, one no longer defends, and even much less is one ready to attack for it.

When the SA carries out propaganda actions, it hence thereby just applies a modern political means of struggle. That also in no way stands in contradiction to its actual meaning and, above all, not to the goal that it champions.

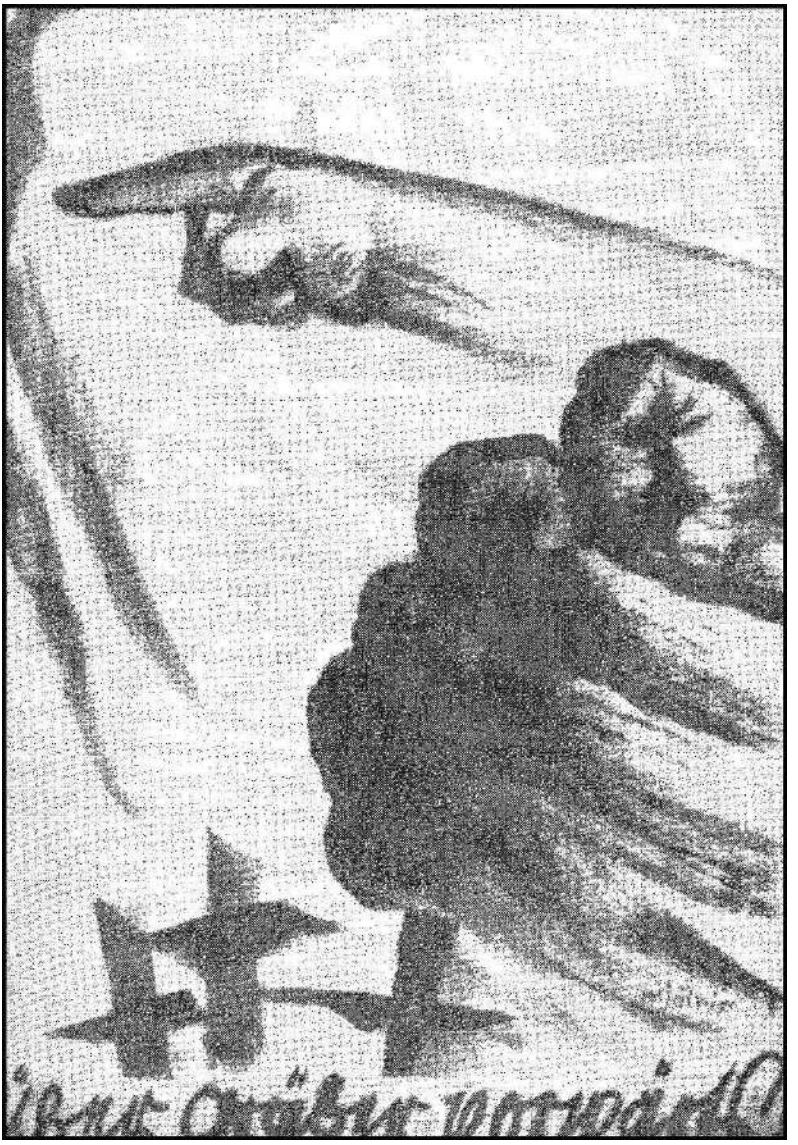
It was also widely declared that modern propaganda work contradicts the Prussian military spirit, whose final bearer is the National Socialist SA. It would have often been very advantageous for the old Prussia, if it had made use of the weapon of political propaganda more often and more goal consciously than was the case. Old Prussia tried to convince the world only

through accomplishments. But how does the best accomplishment help, if in foreign countries it is reviled and slandered, and the lie spoils what industriousness and ability have done well! We had to feel that, above all, during the war, much to the detriment of the German nation. Against all the weapons that the enemy invented and used against us, our engineers developed counter weapons. We had gas masks and anti-aircraft cannons. But we had no world propaganda generously organized by the state leadership, which could have defied the shameless campaign of lies of the Allied Powers. We were helpless there against the agitation propaganda of the allied enemy states. For years, Belgian children were shown in foreign countries "whose hands had been cut of by German soldiers", or the "atrocities" of German officers were again and again presented to a tearful public in film, theater and press. In this mass psychosis, American finance could agitate the union into the war, the enemy alliance could inoculate its fighting soldiers with the conviction that they took to the field for civilization and humanitarianism and against barbarism and the looming overthrow of culture.

If the National Socialist movement has learned from the bitter consequences of our neglect on the German side, it simply proves by it that is it far from being reactionary, and that it no way pays homage to the past in blind ignorance, simply because it is past. If the SA from early on is taught to ruthless apply and use the weapon of propaganda, that in no way contradicts the combative character of this formation. Propaganda is only a new form of expression of the modern political struggle, such as it has necessarily become since the rise of Marxism and since the organizing of the proletarian masses.

Better, however, than all theoretical portrayals, success proves how correctly we acted by making use of this means. From the howl of rage of Marxism, we could very soon recognize that we closed in on it with our massive propaganda and inflicted horrible wounds on its organizations.

Naturally, the Marxist parties did not take that without fight and complaint. They defended themselves against it, and since they have no intellectual arguments to oppose our sharply thought out,



Across graves forward!

logical political presentation of evidence, they had to appeal to raw violence. The movement was threatened by a bloody terror that, to the present day, has not only not diminished, rather intensifies from month to month and from week to week. Above all, back then, when the party in Berlin was still small and unimposing, the SA as bearer of the active struggle of our movement had to bear the unbearable. The SA man, already by putting on the brown shirt, was marked for the public as political free game. One beat him bloody on the streets and persecuted him wherever he just dared to show himself. Already the walk to a meeting was synonymous with risk to health and life. Each evening, red apostles of mankind attacked our comrades, and soon the hospitals filled with badly wounded SA men. One had stabbed out the eye of one, indented the skull of another, the third has bedridden with a gunshot wound in the stomach. Silent, heroic bleeding had entered the ranks of the Berlin SA. And the more firm and unshakeable we rammed our revolutionary flag into the asphalt of the Reich capital, the greater and more unbearable became the sacrifices that the whole organization, and especially the SA, had to make for it.

One must not blame us, if we glorified this heroic struggle through our propaganda and surrounded the SA man with the nimbus of a brave political soldiery. Through that, we could only give him courage for continued stubborn perseverance. And we then also did not get tired of showing our followers that it is a great cause for which they risked themselves, and that this cause is indeed worth the tremendous sacrifices that were made for it.

Many times and often, the Berlin SA drew out of Berlin on crystal cold winter Sunday. Then it marched in closed columns in snow and rain and cold through hidden, isolated provincial spots and villages in order to recruit and agitate for the National Socialist movement in Berlin's surroundings as well. If lodgings were denied us in village, then a cattle stall by a friend was quickly cleaned out; and our speakers then talked there before the amazed village populace. And we never took our departure without leaving behind a first, firm stronghold of the party.

In those weeks, our artist Mjölnir drew his charming SA battle

Make a path for freedom!

series. Six postcards of passionately moving portrayal. Artistic impressions of the bloody struggle that we waged for the Reich capital. Back then, the famous charcoal drawing of a wounded SA man with the caption: "Remember us! – SA Berlin!" emerged. That struck the overall movement like lightning. All eyes looked at the heroic struggle of the Berlin SA. The struggle for the Reich capital suddenly became popular in the whole land. The movement of the Reich took the most ardent interest in it and followed, with trembling heart the breathtaking advance of the party in Berlin.

"The banner stands!" This enchanting slogan on one of the six postcards now had its justification. We had carried forward the flag of the National Socialist idea against terror and persecution. It now stood firm and unshakeable amidst us, and never more — that was our inalterable decision — should it succeed to lay it down.

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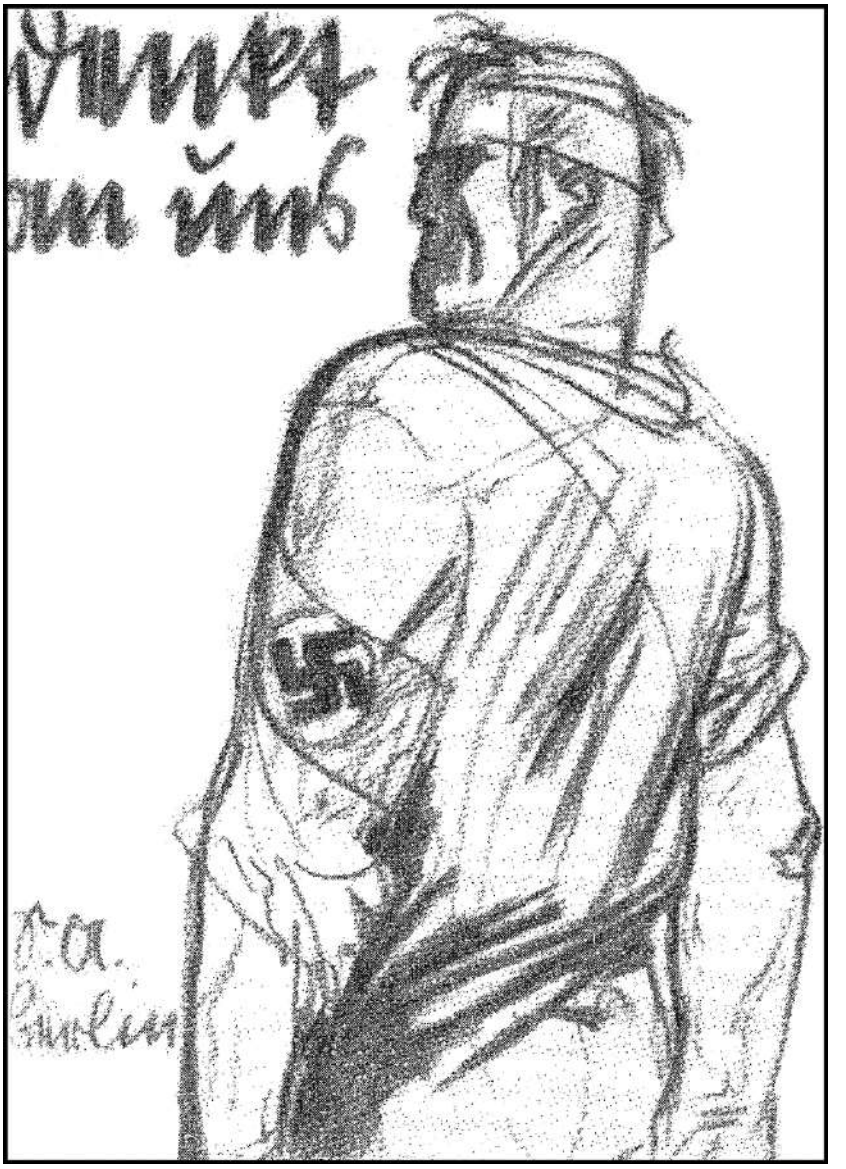
It was very difficult to house our wounded comrades and to provide them with appropriate care and attention given their serious wounds. The public hospitals in Berlin are mostly municipal and, leastwise insofar as our personnel are concerned, heavily Marxist saturated. We had had few happy experiences with our wounded in these hospitals. The care was usually very bad, and many comrades felt totally abandoned by God and the whole world under the hands of a social democratic attendant or Jewish doctor. It must not be forgotten here that some of the bravest daredevils no longer got the white bandage off their head so-to-speak. It was not rare that a single SA man, over the course of two, three, four months, was wounded three, four, five times and spent most the time in the hospital. We tried to help ourselves at first by housing our endangered wounded in our own quickly established sick room and gave them the most necessary care and medical treatments from our own means, which for the most part came in as donations from the Reich.

Soon already, a firm, fighting tradition developed in the SA. Whoever belonged to the SA, was thereby a part of the party elite.



Remember us! – SA Berlin

The SA man had a tough battle to fight through, but he was also, and by right, proud of it that he could and had to employ his whole person for the party. The SA hence became the selection of the whole movement.

It consisted back then, and probably still today, mainly of proletarian elements; and among these, the unemployed represented the main contingent. It lies in the nature of the worker to not just believe in a political idea, rather to also fight for it. The worker lacks possessions, and the person who lacks possessions is always more quickly ready to also risk everything for a cause. He indeed has nothing to lose but his chains; and hence his struggle for a political conviction is filled with a totally different devotion and enthusiasm than that of the bourgeois feeling person.

He is subjected to much greater inhibitions. Upbringing and education already hinder him from standing up for a political ideal with the same unreserved consequence.

The SA man must do that. He is daily compelled to stand up for his cause and to sacrifice even his last drop of blood for it, if necessary.

He must be aware of being beaten down in the dark of night by political opponents and the next morning landing not at his workplace, but on the operating table. Only daring and thoroughly convinced people summon up the strength for that.

The actual strength of the SA rests in that it consists primarily of proletarian elements. But this fact is also a guarantee that the SA and hence the whole movement will never drift into a compromising bourgeois current. The proletarian elements, above all, the SA, again and again give the movement that unbroken, revolutionary elan, which, God be praised, it has preserved to this day. Many parties and organizations have arisen since the end of the war and, after brief ascent, again sank into bourgeois lowlands. Compromise rotted all of them. The National Socialist movement possessed in the revolutionary activity of its SA men the guarantee that its fighting spirit remained unbroken and the great political passion of its first beginnings have been saved to the present say.

From the spirit and the character of the SA, there also develo ped over the course of the years a very distinct life style and style

This is how red murder works![2]

of relations. The SA man is a new political type, and he has also created for himself in language and bearing that outward form that corresponds to his inner nature. Admirable and exemplary for the whole party is the spirit of comradeship that reaches into the last link of the SA. In the SA, workers and burghers, peasants and city people, young and old, high and low march in the same rank. There are no class and social position differences there. All serve a common ideal, and the standard uniform is expression of the same orientation. The student offers his hand to the young worker here, and the prince marches next to the poorest peasant's son. Dangers and deprivations are born together, and whoever excludes himself from the spirit of this brave comradeship, has no place in the SA in the long run. Leadership positions are acquired through accomplishments, and they must be earned again daily through exemplary courage.

The language of the SA is hard and rooted in popular sentiment. One only uses the familiar form of address. That new front of the folk community forms here that, so we hope, will later be guiding and exemplary for a new, folk co-operative organized German nation.

In the course of March, the first march into the Reich capital was now supposed to be dared. The SA was assembled on a Saturday evening in Trebbin for its first great Brandenburg Day. In the vicinity of a mill, a huge stack of wood was set afire, and under the hanging, star studded night sky, the Berlin SA took the oath not to leave the common cause, to continue to champion it, however difficult and threatening the dangers may be. The Sunday was filled with the great rallies of the SA in Trebbin itself, and then the formations traveled by special train to the train station Lichterfelde-Ost, from which the march toward the Berlin West was supposed to begin in the evening hours.

None of us even surmised that in the course of this rally it would come to such heavy and fateful bloodshed.

By sheer coincidence, large formations of the Red Front Fighter Federation, which were returning from a political rally in Leuna, sat in the same train that was supposed to transport the SA from Trebbin to Lichterfelde-Ost. The I A , which is otherwise so

SA Spandau (banner-bearer)

quickly at hand, if it is about watching National Socialists or checking one of our speeches for legal violations, had made itself guilty of the punishable neglect of letting the most extreme political opponents being squeezed together in the shared train for an almost hourlong trip. Hence bloody clashes became unavoidable given the great tension of the political atmosphere in Berlin. Already upon boarding the strain in Trebbin, the SA had been fired on by the Red Front Fighters from cowardly ambush; and during the trip, a fateful guerrilla war now raged from compartment to compartment, which at the train station Lichterfelde-Ost became an open fire fight.

Without any idea of these events or even their possibility, I had driven ahead with a few comrades from Trebbin in order to help prepare the smooth transport of the SA from the train station Lichterfelde-Ost. In front of the train station, black masses of people already stood, who awaited the approaching SA in order to flank and accompany them on the sidewalks on their march into Berlin West.

Shortly before the train rolled in, the Spandau SA, which had participated in the march in Trebbin on trucks, reached the square in front of the train station and assembled itself nearby for the departure march. The train rolled into the train station hall, and while the sympathizers outside still awaited the arriving SA, there developed on the train platforms themselves lively pistol fire, which we heard outside with amazement and without any idea what its actual cause could be.

Right after that, a badly wounded SA comrade was already carried out of the train station, and the horrified masses of people learned that the SA came under heavy fire, at the moment the train set off in motion, from the Red Front Fighters who traveled on to the Anhalter train station and apparently felt completely safe in their compartments. At that same moment, a stout-hearted SA man jumps into a compartment of the departing train, pulls the emergency brake and brings the train to a halt. A SA leader lies on the platform pavement with severe stomach gunshot wound, others have gunshot wounds in pelvis and legs. The SA formations themselves are boiling made and take an admittedly brief, but all

the more effect, revenge on the cowardly assassins. Fate has it than one of their own provincial parliament delegates its in the middle of the communists. Hence this time not only the seduced, rather also one of the cowardly seducers, is affected by the judgment of the persecuted. It cost effort to stop the raging mass from letting itself be drawn to irresponsible actions. Accompanied by cries of rage and indignation, the communists left the train station under police protection. In a few moments, order returns to the SA ranks, the column assembles for the departure march, and a few minutes later it draws silent and grim through the dark part of the city toward Berlin West.

That was the first time that the pavement of the Reich capital echoed from the marching step of the SA battalions; the SA was fully aware of the greatness of this moment. Diagonally through Lichterfelde, Steglitz, Wilmersdorf, the column reached the center of the west and it rush hour flowed into the center of the Jew metropolis at Wittenbergplatz.

At late evening hour, a few fresh Hebrews, who obviously could not keep their unwashed traps shut, were honored with an ear boxing. And ihe next day that provided the Jewish press with a welcomed opportunity for an uninhibited and repugnant agitation campaign. The yellow press downright outdid itself in rage and crazy defamation. The *"Berliner Tageblatt"* already spoke of a pogrom. Back then, the harmless passer by of Jewish appearance" popped up for the first time in the columns of the stock-market press. That harmless passer by, of whom one wanted to believe that he was beaten bloody by crude scoundrels simply because he looked Jewish. Woeful eye-witness reports filled the columns of the excited Jewish press. One called for self-defense, one screamed, threatened and kicked up a row, one appealed to police and state and turbulently demanded that an end be put io the shameless activity of the swastika guys. One declared the Reich capital was not Munich, one had to offer resistance to the beginnings; what spread on the streets here was no longer politics, that was organized criminality, and criminals had to feel the severity of the law. The *"Rote Fahne"* was of the same heart and soul as Mosse and Ullstein. Jewish interests were threatened, and

then the only artificially drawn up party differences disappeared; all of Israel, in trembling indignation, raised the demand: Up to here and no further! Ban! Ban!

Difficult days began for us. The fate of the movement hanged by a thread. It was about existence or non-existence. Indeed, this time an open ban could still be avoided. But we now knew that we were ripe for ban and were convinced that at the first best opportunity the ban would also be practically pronounced.

But on the other hand, we also believed that the movement in itself was so firm that it would, after all, ultimately also outlast any resistance, even the terror of the ban. Unerring and goal-conscious, we continued the struggle for the Reich capital without letting ourselves be somehow inhibited and held back by fear of an imminent ban.

The SA had passed its first great test. Much earlier than the party itself, it had overcome the crisis and began the struggle. Already in a few weeks, the party boundaries of a formerly small sect had been burst, the movement now possessed name and rank. Indeed, the wounded filled the hospitals, and there were plenty of badly wounded in our own sickroom. Some wrestled with death. Dozens of SA men were arrested without reason and thrown into the prisons. After long, exhaustive investigation, it came to trial, and the SA man who had defended his life was always the accused, and the cowardly communist agitator witness and accuser in the same person. Neither in the police nor in the government did we find the protection constitutionally guaranteed us, What remained for us but to help ourselves! We were still no mass party that impressed with number. The movement was a small, lost band, which in unbroken desperation charged against the evil Jewish spirit of the Reich capital.

Despised, ridiculed and mocked, drenched with the slop of a cowardly, party political defamation, degraded to pariah and branded political free game, so did the Berlin SA men march behind the glowing, red swastika flag into a better future.

It is impossible to name all the names of those who earned immortal credit in the advance of the Berlin movement. They will not be listed individually in the book of our party history, those

who risked blood and life for it. But the SA as a whole, as political battle formation, as the most active movement of will, its brave and upright action and work, its silent, non-pathetic heroism, its disciplined heroism, all that will be immortal in the history of the National Socialist movement.

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Bearer of this proud bearing is not an individual. It is the organization as a whole, the SA as troop, the brown army as movement. But overall that, there arises the fighting type of this spirit, the unknown SA man, silent, admonishing and demanding his eternal face. It is that political soldier who stood up in the National Socialist movement, in the service to an idea silently and without pathos does his duty, obeying a law that he often does not even know and only embraces with his heart feeling. Before him, we stand in silent reverence.

BLOODY ASCENT

Terror as political instrument was totally unknown before the rise of Marxism. It was first reserved for social democracy to apply it to fight through political ideas. Social democracy is the first party political organization of the Marxist class struggle ideology. It stands on the ground of pacifism. But that does not hinder it from propagating the bloodiest civil war idea in its own land. When social democracy appeared politically for the first time, the bourgeois class state opposed it united. The parliamentarian parties had already petrified and encrusted themselves, and it seemed impossible to reach the masses on the parliamentarian-democratic path. If the bourgeoisie had from the start recognized the Marxist danger and combated it not only in the symptoms, rather also in the cause, then it would have been impossible for Marxism in Germany to win a significant following. The German worker, by his nature and inclination, thinks neither internationalist nor pacifist. He is, after all, *also* a son of the national, valiant German folk. Only because Marxism taught him that the dictatorship of the proletariat can be achieved

exclusively on the path of pacifist internationalism, did the German worker put up with this ideology actually alien to him. Social democracy, in its beginnings, has not at all, as ili name probably wants to say, been democratic. In its period of opposition, it sought the exact same goals with the same means as today communism; and only after the stock-market revolt in November 1918, when it firmly had power in its hands and could entrench itself in it with parliamentarian means, did it suddenly become democratic.

Its past, however, proves the exact opposite. Then the talk was of blood and civil war, of terror and class struggle, one wanted to scatter the capitalist parties, then one did not get tired of soiling the ideals of the nation and freshly and arrogantly mocking the great past of the German folk. One ruthlessly combated the bourgeois state with the goal of erecting the dictatorship of the proletariat on its ruins.

Party political terror has played a decisive role in this struggle. It was put into application with such unscrupulousness that the bourgeois parties did not have the slightest possibility of defending themselves against it from their own strength.

There remained nothing else for them than to meet this threatening anarchy with the means of the state in police and army; and then they also provided social democracy before the war with the willing object of a base and mean agitation and defamation. The guards lieutenant, the spiked helmet, the brutal, thoughtless cop, the army, whatever standing in the service of capitalism suppressed an intellectual movement, stirred the ever recurring abuses of the Marxist press, which Imperial Germany tolerated without complaint.

It was the fault of the bourgeoisie, if Marxism in this manner gnawed at and undermined the foundations of the state without the state preventing its wanton action. The state leadership proceeded from the standpoint that one had to tolerate Marxism; in case things got serious, social democracy would not be able to refuse the demands of the nation. The political bourgeoisie was systemically kept under this illusion. And only so it is to be understood that the last representative of Imperial Germany in the

decisive hour offered his hand in alliance to professional traitors with the words: "I no longer know any political parties, rather still only Germans!" and thereby in fateful manner opened the gates to Marxist anarchy even during the war. On the unholy day when Scheidemann was named Imperial State Secretary, the history of monarchist Germany actually already came to an end. A sixty year base and irresponsible party agitation had thereby produced the success that the old Germany collapsed, and social democracy climbed down from the barricades and moved into the public offices.

From then on, moderate Marxism has changed its tactics. The bloodthirsty revolutionaries, who up to the collapse of the old Reich had organized the revolution under the Jacobin cap, suddenly became well-situated, fat political citizens in tuxedo and cylinder hat. Those who previously sang the International now declared the *Deutschland lied* the national anthem. They learned very soon how to move skillfully on parliamentarian-diplomatic parquets; but they did not in the least have the intention of giving up their actual goals.

Social democracy will forever remain what it always was. At most, it will declare itself ready to temporarily change its party political tactics and to switch the means it puts into application in the daily struggle. As longas it sits in power, it will swear by calm and order and admonish the limited reason of its subjects to respect state authority. But at the moment that it is removed from power, it again returns to the opposition, and the methods with which it then combats the government resemble down to the hair those that it made use of before the war.

The state idea, behind which it today hides itself hypocritically and as sham, is for it only a pretext. The state, for a Marxist party functionary, that is always just the social democratic party. This identifies its party-egotistical interests with the interests of the state, and if such payday strategist speaks of "defense of the republic", then he just means his party perch, which he wants to remove with state laws from public criticism. Marxism has never changed, and it also will never change. How its actual nature is constituted, if always shown, if a young political movement stands

up against it and declares war against it. Then, even in social democracy, its old past suddenly becomes awake, and the same means of struggle that it today pretends to reject for the political opponent and feels to be contemptible, are just wood enough for it to ruthlessly put to use against precisely the same opponent.

Terrorism has grown up with social democracy; and as long as there is sill a Marxist organization in Germany, it will no longer disappear from the political battlefield. But if Marxism so ruthlessly makes use of political terror, then its opponent must never declare from the start, (hat even for its own defense it rejects any naked force. For it is then totally delivered to the arbitrariness of Marxist terrorism. In the long sun, that becomes all the more unbearable, since Marxism since 1918 sits tight in the public offices and in the government and thus has the possibility to put a second, far more dangerous side to the *party* political terror; for now not only the club-wielding bands of communism strike down violently on the open street against any national orientation and any opposing views, on the other hand, the public offices and the government willingly help them in the process. The result is that the German orientation is helplessly surrendered to the terror of the street and of the administration.

How often did we have to experience it that our SA men, who claimed just the most primitive right of self-defense that belongs to everybody, are brought to trial and sentenced to severe prison and forced labor sentences for disturbing the peace. One can understand that under these conditions in the long run the outrage in the nationalist opposition increased to the boiling point. One took from nationalist Germany the weapons with which it could have defended itself against the terror. The police denied it the right to life and health due every citizen; and if the peace-loving person eventually, in final desperation, defends his life with his bare fists, then he is dragged in front of a judge on top of it.

No objectively feeling person can doubt that the Marxist press had no mandate whatsoever to apply the principle of calm and order against National Socialism. Marxism proceeds against any uncomfortable view with terror; only, where it defends itself, the yellow press screams according to the old, well-known slogan:

March through Neukölln

"Stop the thief!" for the judge. One then tried to make the public believe that National Socialism threatened calm and security, that it brought discord and hatred into the classes and social positions, and it was hence not possible to judge it politically at all, it belonged to the state prosecutor.

One day, it will be reserved for a coming, nationally conscious state leadership to again proclaim for German Germany the most primitive right of self-defense. Today it is so that anybody who still dares to affirm Germandom is thereby branded as political free game; a Marxist subject derives already from this the right, or even the duty, to go at the bearer of this orientation with dagger and revolver.

The bourgeois parties still suffer under the delusion that there exists a fundamental difference between social democracy and communism. They are guided by the effort to de-radicalize social democracy and to integrate it into state-political responsibility. That is meaningless and purposeless, an inadequate attempt on an inadequate object. Social democracy will be responsible toward the state so long as it dominates the state. But if it loses its right of co-determination in politics, then it rejects state authority and tries to disrupt calm and order with terrorist methods and to so overthrow hostile government.

The cowardice of the bourgeois parties toward Marxism is unequaled in the party history of the whole world. The bourgeois parties no longer have the strength at all to mobilize the folk and to put the masses into motion. The burgher will, when things get lively, be ready to vote for his party; but nothing can cause him to go onto the street for his party and its political goals.

Different with National Socialism. It has from the start not fought in the parliaments. It made use early on of modern propaganda means; of the leaflet, of the poster, of the mass meeting, of the street demonstration. In the process, it very soon had to encounter Marxism. The necessity invariably presented itself of having to challenge it to a fight; and in the end, there was nothing else for us to do than to make use of the same means that Marxism put into application, if we wanted to successfully wage the fight to the end.

SA marches!

The National Socialist movement, for its part, had no reason at all to begin with party political terror. Its goal was to conquer the masses, and it felt so sure in its own right that it could have renounced any violence with clear conscience. The application of violence only became necessary when one employed violence against it.

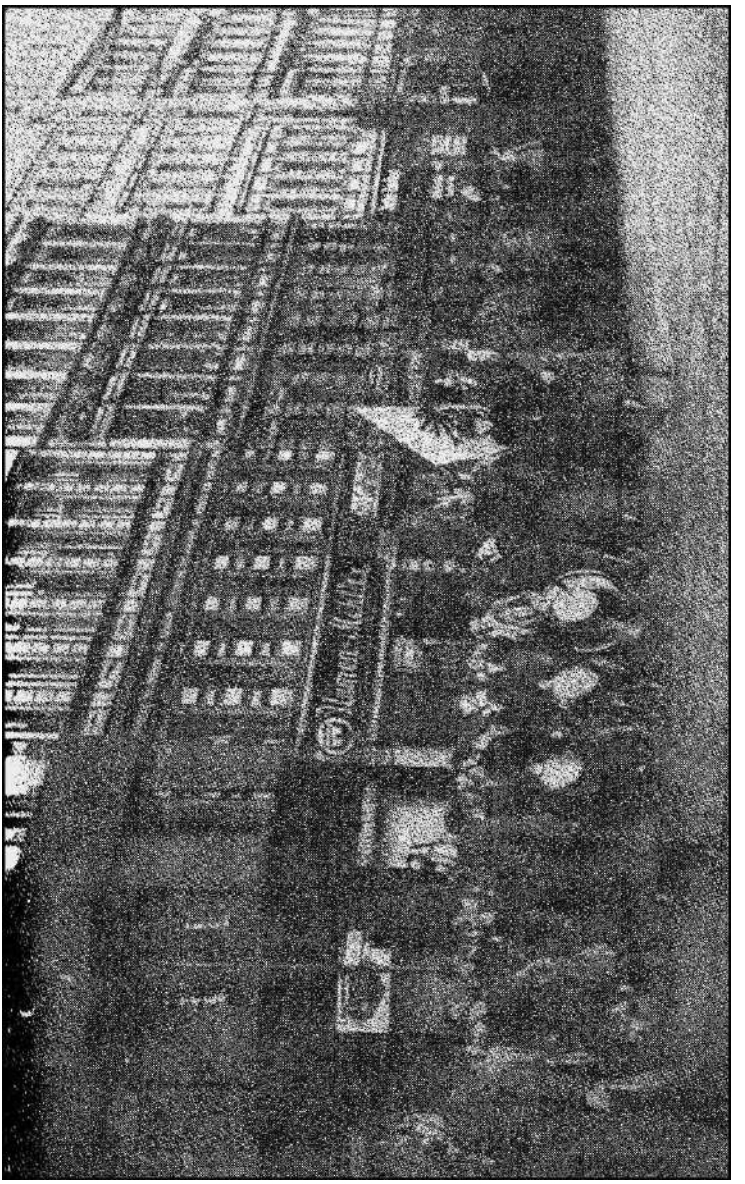
And that was the case; above all, in those years when the National Socialist movement was still small and the opponent could hope to be able to suffocate its beginnings in blood, when one struck down its followers on the streets in the belief to thereby be able to disperse and dissolve the movement from the outside. Marxism had the intention to force National Socialism to its knees with the same means that it previously applied with such great success against the bourgeois parties.

But it greatly deceived itself in this. National Socialism correctly recognized Marxism as principle from the start. It was clear about it that Marxism, at the first danger threatening it, would again bring to application the old method popular with it of naked force; it thus had to finally decide for the same means on its part as well.

The path of the National Socialist movement is marked with blood tracks. The blood shed, however, is not the fault of the party itself, rather of those organizations that have made terror a political principle and have acted for decades according to this principle.

Marxism already feels it to be fresh arrogance, if a non-Marxist appeals to the masses at all, holds folk assemblies at all, goes to the street at all. The mass, the folk, the street, they, as Marxism wants to believe, are uncontested privileges of social democracy and of communism. One leaves to the others parliament and economic associations. The folk, however, should belong to Marxism.

Now Marxism turns precisely to this folk. It appeals to the man on the street, it speaks his language, talks about the distresses and worries than afflict him, makes the cause of the folk its own cause in the hope that the folk will also make its cause the folk's cause. And hence a threatening danger immediately exists for Marxism.



The Hitler Youth marches

Hence National Socialism has touched the wounded spot of social democracy and of communism and attacked it at the position where it can be beaten. Social democracy has passed through a socialist law and hence had the experience than one cannot suppress a spiritual movement in the long run by mechanical means. Quite the opposite, that force always produces counter-force and that the greater the pressure becomes, the greater the counter-pressure as well.

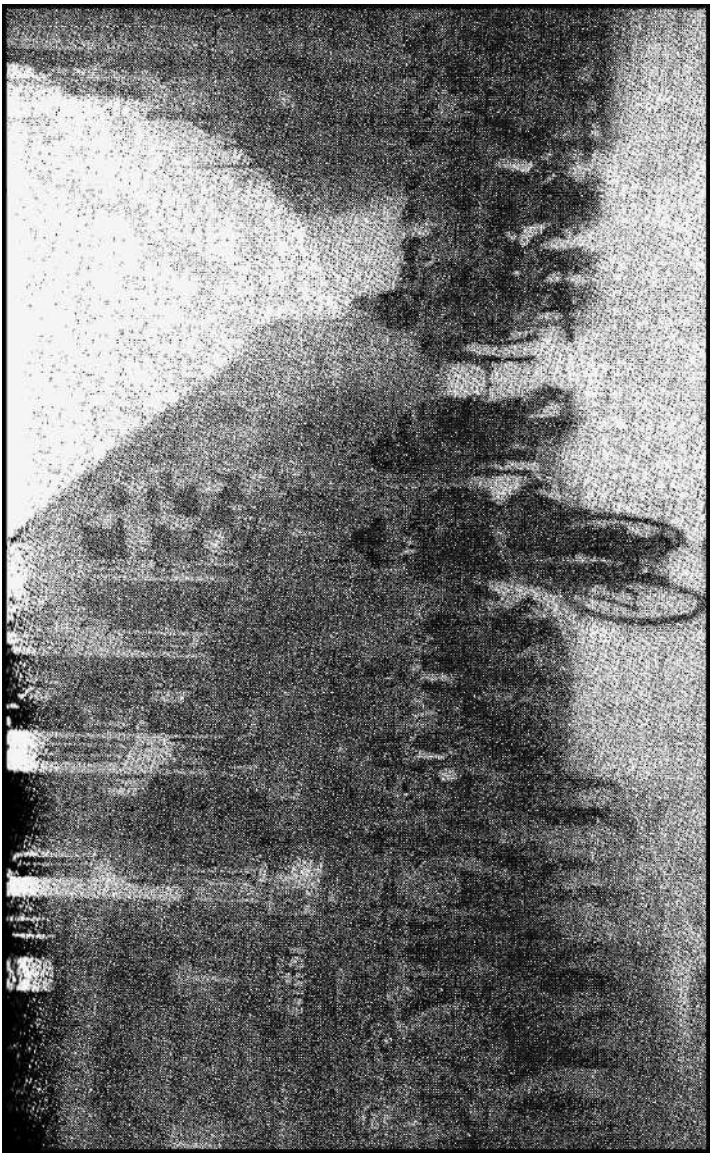
It is not a sign of cleverness to totally remain silent about revolutionary bearing, of social democracy gain and again make the attempt to meet National Socialism with the means of official persecution. It typified its whole hypocritical deceitfulness, if it want to portray National Socialism as disrupter of the peace. This attempt would always and everywhere fail miserably, if the bourgeois press had from the start honored the truth and refused to offer help to Marxism in this punishable and criminal activity.

The bourgeois press, however, completely corresponds to the character, or, more accurately, the lack of character, of the parliamentarian interest groups standing behind it. There one wants peace for the sake of peace. One has for decades bowed uncomplaining to Marxism and its territorial demands. One is now accustomed to this crooked bearing.

The bourgeois parties have the intention of living in peace with Marxism, without considering in the process that Marxism is willing to uphold the truce made with the bourgeoisie only so long as one gives it every right in everything and allows it free play.

National Socialism rejects this lazy compromise. It has openly and brusquely declared war to the death against Marxism. Soon already, the field upon which this struggle was waged was covered with martyrs; and here it must be ascertained that the bourgeois public opinion everywhere lacked the necessary civil courage to unreservedly put itself on the side of objective right, which, after all, in the event of success should in the end also benefit it as well.

Public opinion was silent, if National Socialist SA men were gunned down on the streets. One dismissed that with a few lines in some buried corner of the newspaper. One left such a report without any commentary. One acted as if that had to be so. The



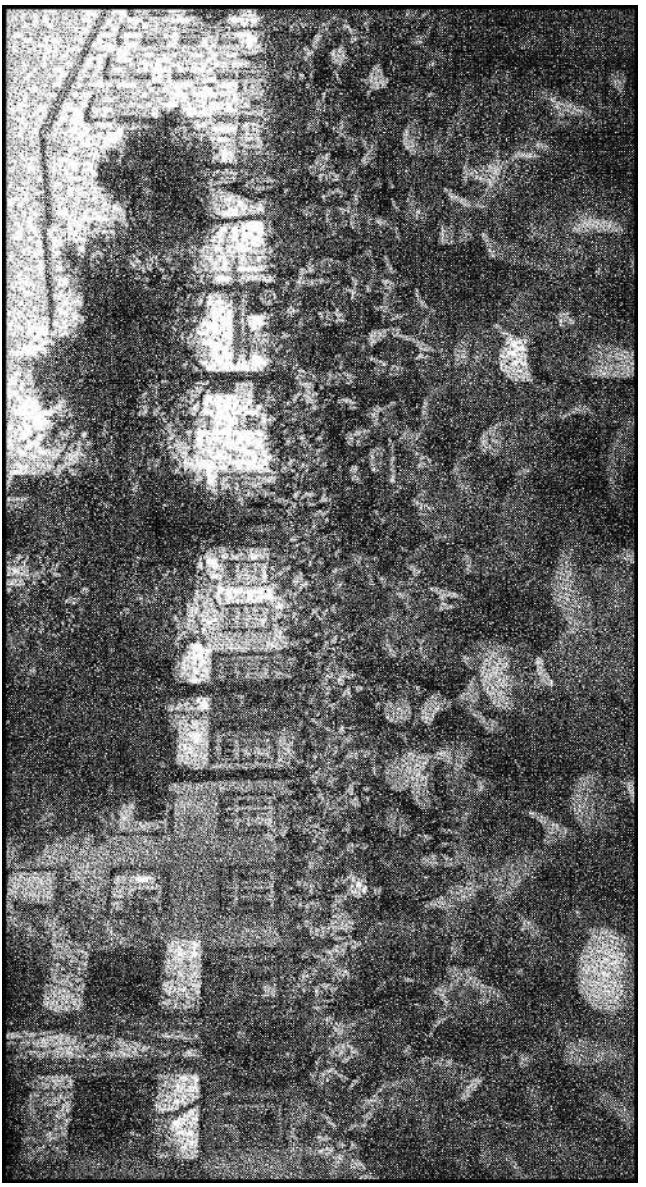
A dangerous corner

Marxist papers usually printed nothing at all about it. They systematically remained silent about everything that incriminated their own organizations; and if they were compelled by unpleasant circumstances to speak, they twisted the actual facts into the exact opposite, made the attacker the attacked party and the attacked party the attacker, screamed bloody murder, called for the power of state, mobilized public opinion against National Socialism and ranted against a party political terror that they themselves had first invented and introduced into politics. And if a hair on the head of a Marxist murderer is mussed in self-defense, then the whole press howls in rage and indignation. The National Socialists are portrayed as base agitators and worker murderers, yes, one defames them, claiming that, out of sheer lust for bloodshed, they club down and shoot down harmless passers by.

The bourgeois newspapers only have a refined silence for such monstrosities. They are lavish in lead articles and commentaries, if a Marxist scoundrel is injured during the defense against his blood terror. But there is never and nowhere any positive mention of National Socialists.

That has an effect, in especially devastating forms, in the proletarian masses themselves; for in that one from the start treats National Socialism as second class, in that one brands it as the dregs and scum of humanity, the view entrenches itself that one must not and need not continue to measure this movement according to legal norms. Any injustice that one elsewhere finds shocking and outrageous, here becomes right and just. Must a communist ruffian, whose actual handiwork, after all, lies in political murder, not feel downright called upon to pursue his uninhibited blood instincts? He knows from the start, after all: the press is silent, public opinion agrees with him. If he is heard in front of a court, then at most as witness, and if it goes badly, then perhaps due to illegal possession of weapons he gets a few months prison, for which he gets probation due to mitigating circumstances.

The expression “political children” still circulates in public opinion. One has become accustomed to not taking communism seriously. One sees in its bloody excesses just occasional



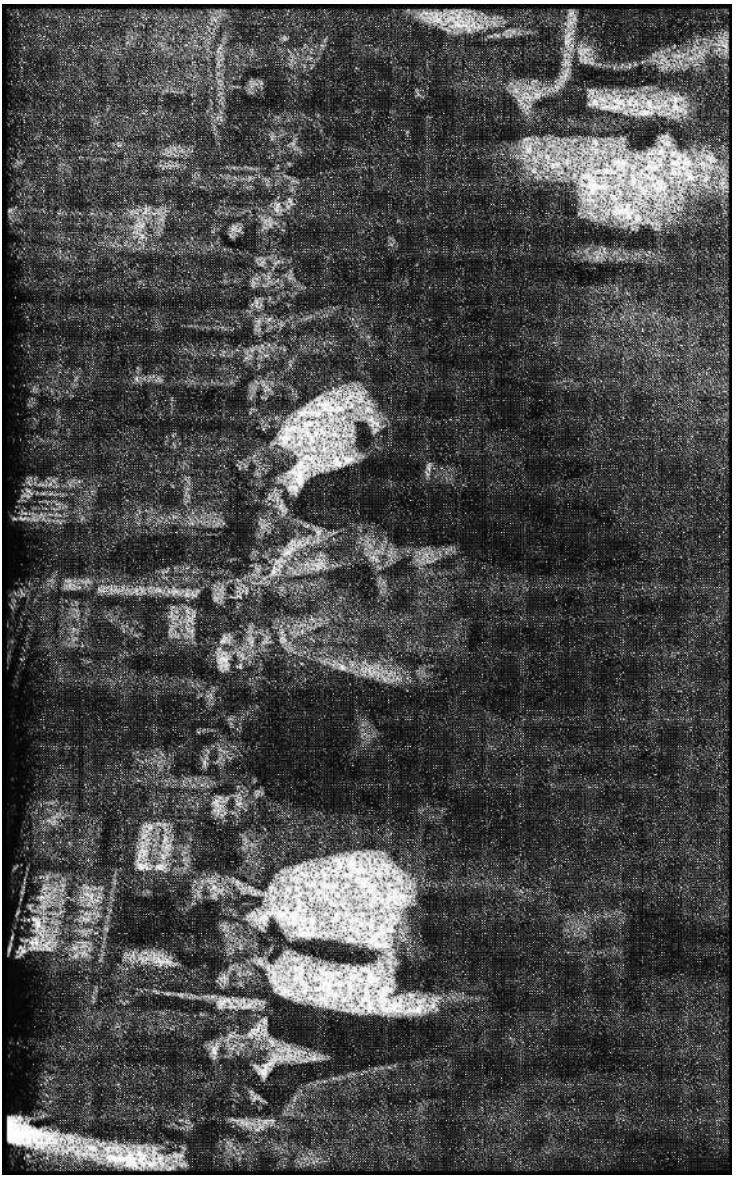
March through Spandau

derailments and summons up a lot of understanding for it. Both eyes are closed, if the communist press incites to bloody civil war, and one has an open heart for the hired Tschekist, who in the dark of night cowardly guns down a National Socialist SA man. One protects him with the same caring kindness with which one in the sensationalist press tends to treat a sex criminal or a mass murderer.

The SA man is the mourner amidst all this irresponsibility activity. He just still feels like the free game of political life in the cowardly incitement that is practiced against him unpunished. One may mock and slander him, spit on and terrorize him, beat him bloody and shoot him dead. Nobody cares. His own party does not have the possibility to give him protection. The organs of the state abandon him, the press does not side with him, rather against him, and public opinion finds it completely justifiable, if one chases him from the streets. If National Socialism had ever made itself guilty of just a fraction of the blood guilt that communism has on its conscience, the authorities would have long since totally exterminated it.

But one leaves communism alone. One looks at it with one laughing and one crying eye. In the final analysis, after all, it fights against a movement that is hated by and hostile to all, which is everywhere viewed as annoying and uncomfortable competition. From the public offices, the authorities say, it would not be possible to combat it with the same success as on the street is practically the case.

This horrendous irresponsibility, above all, in Berlin, had to have the most terrible and serious effect. The four-million city offers the most comfortable refuge for political elements who shun the light. Marxism sits here for decades firmly anchored in secure positions. Here it has its intellectual and organizational center. From here, the poison is carried into the land. Here it has the masses in its hand and a broadly branched political press at its disposal. Here the police are in its service. Here one can hold down National Socialism with all means, and, in the final analysis, one is also compelled to it, after all; for if National Socialism conquers Berlin, then Marxist domination in all of Germany is finished.



Hitler Youth marches through the red southeast

Berlin is a city in which one thinks harder and more mercilessness than in any other of the Reich. The breath-taking tempo of this asphalt monster has made the human being heartless and unfeeling. The race for happiness and the struggle for daily bread assume uglier forms in Berlin than in the province. Any patriarchal bond is destroyed here. The Reich capital is populated by fermenting masses, and previously nobody has managed to give these masses an inner discipline and a great intellectual impulse.

The social misery in this city also displays totally different excesses than in the rest of the Reich. Year after year, thousands and thousands come from the province to Berlin in order to seek happiness here, which they usually do not find. They challenge fate with lofty soaring, just to soon already sink back, discouraged and unnerved, into the shapeless mass of the anonymous metropolis proletariat.

The Berlin proletarian is indeed a piece of homelessness. He already perceives it as good fortune, if he can spend his meager, comfortless and joyless existence in the rear courtyard of an apartment building. Many are condemned to vegetate in a desperate life without permanent residence and property in the waiting halls and under rail bridges, which resembles more a hell.

In this city, Marxism found the prepared field for its state-destroying tendencies. Here eyes and ears were open to its reality-distant ideologies. Here one willingly took it up and believed in it like in Christ's message to the world for rescue from distress and misery. Marxism has solidly expanded and defended its positions in Berlin; when National Socialism set itself in motion against it, if defended itself, in that it spread the lie that the National Socialist movement had the intention to undermine and split the international proletariat and its Marxist class struggle organizations in order to deliver it for all time to the powers of capitalism. In this defense, social democracy and communism were in agreement; and in the shadow of this lie, in the broad, working masses, one saw National Socialism just as an infamous disrupter of the peace and shameless enemy of the interests of the international working class.

And nonetheless

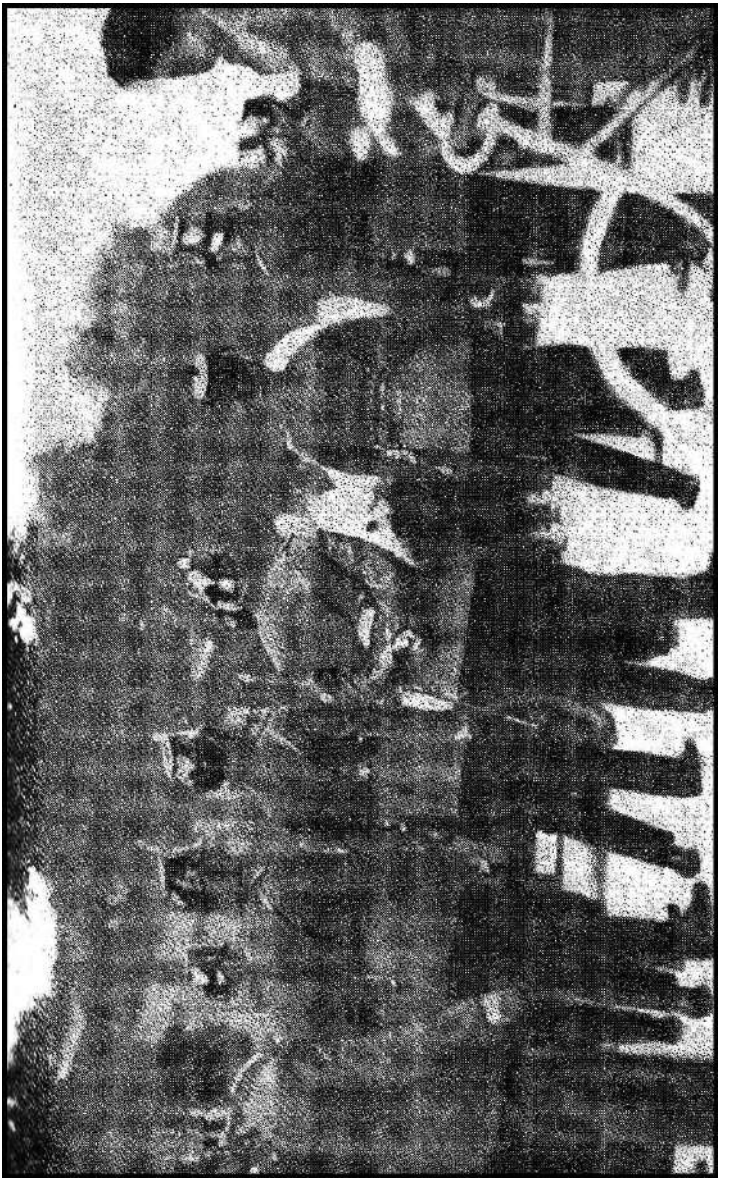
It did not take long in Berlin until Marxism recognized the danger of the National Socialist movement. Elsewhere, for years one just smiled at, mocked or at most defamed us. In Berlin, already after two months of struggle, one comprehended the breath of the fate threatening him and then also immediately began with the employment of that bloody terror that, in the rest of the Reich, he often attempted to his own detriment much too late.

It is an old truth that persecutions always only beat down the weak, that the strong, however, grows from them, that he gains strength from the troubles and that every means of force that one employs against him ultimately only embitters his defiance. That is also how it was with us. The movement had to enable the indescribable under the terror of the Marxist agitation. Many times and often, we stood close to desperation. But finally, hatred and wrath always pulled us up again. We did not give in, in order to not have to grant our enemies the spectacle that we collapsed under the brutality of their means of struggle.

Blood bonds. Each SA man who fell or, beaten bloody, left the ranks of his comrades, turned over to them as legacy defiance and indignation. What had happened to him, that could happen the next day to the man next to him, after all; and if one hit him, then it was the duty of his comrades to make sure that the movement became stronger and one could no longer dare to strike it. From each murdered man there arose a hundred living. The blood-covered flag did not totter. It was clenched all the more defiantly and tenaciously by the sinewy fingers of its bearer.

We are not the ones who wanted the blood that was spilled. For us, terror was never neither end in itself nor means to a purpose. We had to employ force against force with a heavy heart in order to assure the spiritual advance of the movement. But we were by no means ready to passively renounce those civil rights that Marxism freshly and arrogantly claimed for itself alone.

We admit openly: our goal was the conquest of the street. With the street, we wanted to win the masses and the folk for us. And at the end of this path stood political power. We have a right to that; for we wanted to champion with power not our own, rather the nation's interests.



In the interest of peace and order

We were not the ones who broke the peace. Peace was broken, when Marxism did not want to affirm the same right for all and tried to beat down by bloody force anybody who dared to claim for himself that same thing that it had in its hands.

Perhaps the bourgeois will one day thank us on their knees that we have, through bloody action, again won the right to free speech even on the street in Germany. Perhaps the bourgeois papers will one day recognize in us the genuine rescuers from Marxism intellectual servitude and Bolshevik terrorism of conviction. We do not lust for bourgeois sympathies; but we believed, leastwise in the struggle for the restoration of decency and genuine order, of public peace and national discipline, to be able to reckon with the just and objective appreciation of the bourgeois press.

This hope deceived us; and if today in broad circles of the National Socialist movement a boundless contempt for bourgeois cowardice of conviction has spread, then that is not the result of party political agitation, rather a healthy and natural reaction to that lack of civil courage that the bourgeoisie has again and again displayed toward our movement. The reasons are not unknown to us, which the education philistines again and again present as justification for this infamous bearing. One says that struggle such as we wage it is not very refined and does not correspond to the behavior that is usual in well-mannered circles. One considers us vulgar, if we speak the language of the folk, which, however, an arrogant philistine is able to neither speak nor to understand. The burgher wants peace for the sake of peace, even if he is the mourner of a lazy peace. As Marxism conquered the street, he cowardly withdrew to his four walls, and he sat intimidated and timid behind the curtains, when the SPA drove the bourgeois worldview out of the media and in massive attack brought the monarchist state structure to a collapse. Bourgeois public opinion stands with the Jewish press in a common front against National Socialism. It thereby digs its own grave and commits suicide out of fear of death.

Downright shocking, however, is the hidden and hypocritical baseness that ties the democratic-Marxist press to the communist international press in the struggle against National Socialism. If

the *"Rote Fahne"* in the struggle against us often refers to the papers of the Ullstein or Mosse combine, perhaps with the expression that even a bourgeois paper like the *"Vossische Zeitung"* is in this case of the same opinion as it, then we only still have a pitying and understanding smile for it, Naturally, the kinship is not taken so far that one openly greets each other under the linden. But if one is at home alone, then everything has gone well; and where overall Jewish interests were threatened by us, then in one's fear one also no longer refrained from openly displaying the racial kinship.

Against us, they are always in agreement. If it is about dragging our leaders before court, keeping the murder of a SA man out of the media or protecting red rabble-rousers with smooth lies, then that unworthy, criminal unity front of reddest class struggle organ to the serious Jewish metropolis paper shows itself again and again. Then they loudly strike the same cord. Then they do not keep their hearts secret and tell the whole world that they were and are brothers of one blood and one orientation.

I still today remember vividly an episode that played out in those bloody and ominous months after one of our mass meetings in Berlin. The communist hordes surrounded the assembly building, standing ready to attack our homeward bound SA men and beat them down bloody. For days beforehand, the press had agitated and incited against us. The organs of the state denied us protection, and the bourgeois papers were cowardly silent.

Shortly before the conclusion of the assembly, the police occupied the hall's exits; and those who, according to normal feeling, could have no other task at all than to chase off the red disruption squads outside or to arrest them, saw in contradiction to that their task in searching the SA men leaving the hall for weapons.

One found a couple pocket knives, a couple wrenches and perhaps, in God's name, one knuckle-duster. Their owners were packed into trucks and transported to Alexanderplatz. A boundless, desperate outrage gripped the whole assembly. A simple SA man stepped before the police officer on duty with just a softly growling undertone: "And where, captain, sir, can we now

take possession of the coffins?"

This sentence said everything. The National Socialist movement was disarmed and defenseless. It was left in the lurch by all sides, surrendered to public proscription, and where it tried to defend its own life with the most modest means of self-defense, one put it in court for disturbing the public peace.

Probably seldom in history has a spiritual movement been combated more basely and vilely than ours. Not often have the followers of a new worldview made greater sacrifices in property and blood for the achievement of its goals than we. But never, too, has the victorious march of a suppressed and persecuted party been so triumphant and enchanting as that of our movement. One forced blood upon us, but in blood, we climbed high. Blood bound us together. The martyrs of the marching battalions strode ahead in spirit, and their heroic example gave the survivors strength and courage for stubborn perseverance.

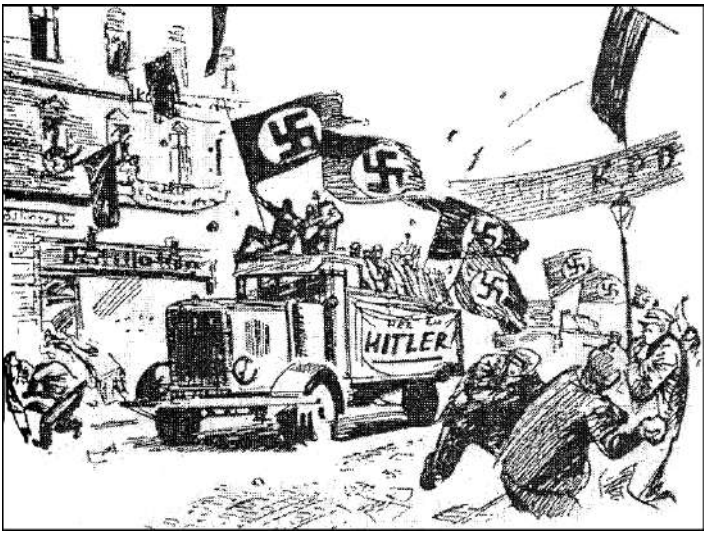
We did not capitulate to the obstacles. We broke the resistance, and indeed always with the means with which one opposed us. The movement became pitiless and hard in this struggle. Fate itself forged it iron hard with heavy hammer. Already in early years, it was subjected to a persecution under which any other party in Germany would have collapsed.

That it successful withstood this, is the infallible proof that it is not only called, rather also chosen. If fate had wanted it differently, the movement would have suffocated in those years in blood and terror. But it obviously had greater things in store for us. Our mission was wanted by history, and hence we were indeed often tested, but also passed test blessed.

The movement has been downright drenched with successes and victories in the following years. Many a person who only late found the path to us could hardly summon up understanding for it. He had to be of the opinion it was made too easy for it, and fear the movement could one day suffocate in its own triumphs.

He then forgot, or even did not know, how the movement had fought its way up. Later successes were only the justified reward for earlier steadfastness; fate had neither spoiled nor favored us,

rather only after years given us with lavishing hands what we had earned years ago through courage and stubborn endurance.



Come to Hitler!

While in Germany everything sank, while an irrational political system pawned the last remnants of German folk property to international high finance and hence sought to maintain an impossible and ridiculous policy, we declared war against the decay in all areas of public life. In Berlin as well as in the whole rest of the Reich, this struggle \was taken up by a few fanatically determined people, and the manner in which they waged it won for them over the course of time friends, supporters and enthusiastic followers. The hundreds became thousands. The thousands became hundreds of thousands. And now an army of millions of stubborn and determined fighters stands in the middle of the chaotic collapse of German affairs.

In Berlin as well, we have had to endure in excess the suffering and persecution to which the whole movement was always subjected. The Berlin movement has shown itself up to it. The first National Socialists in the Reich capital summoned up the courage

to live dangerously; and in a dangerous life, they have in the end nonetheless conquered fate, have broken down all resistance and victoriously carried their flag at the front of the awakening Reich capital.

The path that our path took was marked with blood; but the seed that we sowed, has blossomed in abundance.

We strode across graves, but we marched forward!

BANNED!

The Police President of Berlin is the holder of executive power in Prussia. Since Berlin is simultaneously the seat of the Reich government, politics in Prussia and in the Reich is hence, insofar as its practical execution is concerned, placed in the hands of the Berlin Police President. The Police Presidium in Berlin hence bears, like no other one in the whole Reich, a pronounced political character. The chair of the Police President in Berlin is hence also almost without exception held by political representatives.

As long as social democracy stood in the opposition, the Police President of Berlin was the most popular target of its hatred, of its criticism, of its undermining joke and its lying demagogy. The Police President of Berlin is entrusted with the upholding of calm and order in the Reich capital. There were again and again conflicts between the police power and revolutionary social democracy. It is known how the royal Prussian Police President von Jagow tried to express himself against Marxist impertinence with the lofty words: “The streets belongs to traffic. I warn the curious.” That was in a time in which social democracy was not yet loyal to the state, quite the opposite, sought to undermine and subvert the state structure with all means of the most repugnant kind. Imperial Germany had no idea with which to confront rising Marxism. It hence lacked in the defense against its destructive tendencies the necessary ruthless brutality and sharpness. The consequences of this punishable laxity then showed themselves on November 9, 1918, when the rebelling masses overran state power and carried revolutionary social democracy into the public offices.

From then on, social democracy sees in the post of the Berlin

Dr. Bernard Weiss, Vice-President of the Police of Berlin

Police President one of its many party political reservations. The ruling man on Alexanderplatz was since then without exception provided by this party. Even the worst corruption that later flourished and sprouted in this office was unable to cause the coalition parties of social democracy to again withdraw the executive power from this class-combative organization, at least in the Reich capital. Men like Richter, Friedensburg, Grzesinksi and Zörgiebel followed on Alexanderplatz in colorful Succession, and they provided indeed in their totality a gallery of re- publican busts that requires no further commentary.

Social democracy was at the helm of affairs with the acquisition of the Police Presidium in Berlin. It was now easy to create for its own organization free possibilities for development and to suppress and crush uncomfortable hostile opinion with the means of the state. The social democratic Police Presidium had not hesitated in the years 1918/1919 and 1920 to defend itself against the Bolshevik danger with the assistance of the Freikorps and volunteer formations. Only when the deep red terror in the streets had been beaten down, could social democracy go over to also combating the nationalist movement with all kinds of harassment. The main task of this campaign of annihilation was in the hands of the Berlin Police President.

Whoever has the Police Presidium in Berlin, has Prussia, and whoever has Prussia, has the Reich. This statement, which had its justification already in Imperial Germany, was now ruthlessly translated into Marxist by the political forces which in 1918 had seized power. Social democracy conquered the Police Presidium of Berlin and from then on defended it tooth and nail. It entrenched itself in this largest province through the acquisition of the most important ministerial posts in Prussia, and thereby gained indirect, and yet decisive, influence over Reich affairs, even though they were taken care of by a cabinet that did not stand under their direct influence. It was unavoidable that the rising National Socialist movement in Berlin would very soon come into conflict with the social democratic Police Presidium. The conflict did not at all have to be first provoked by us. It was in the nature of things, and then it also broke out at the moment in which the National

Socialist movement elevated itself out of its anonymous existence.

Back then, the social democrat Zörgiebel ruled on Alexanderplatz. He did not bring along much more qualification for his difficult and responsibility-heavy office than that he was in possession of a social democratic party book and one boasted of him that he displayed the, for execution of his task necessary, ruthless proletarian elbow strength.

Carnival prelude:
This mask (German patent pending) guarantees the wearer protection against the rubber club and looks strongly democratic

At his side in office as Police Vice-President was the Jew Dr. Bernhard Weiss. He had gradually worked his way up from a career in administration, later transferred to the police service, at a young age became head of the main department on Alexanderplatz, the political IA, Was an intimate co-worker of Severing at his first ministerial post in the Prussian Ministry of the Interior, and, after the overthrow of Friedensburg, advanced to Police Vice-President. Nothing is more distant (o us than to claim that this man would be unable to summon up the necessary

impartiality toward National Socialism for the objective handling of his high office. Dr. Weiss is a Jew. He also openly affirms Jewry and is leading in large Jewish organizations and associations. He indeed tends to put the criminal judges to work, if he is designated a Jew by the National Socialist side. But that does not change anything about the fact that he is outwardly and inwardly simply recognizable as a Jew. The National Socialist movement is anti-Semitic, and indeed, it champions anti-Semitism which has very little to do with that of Stöcker's of Kunze's stamp. The anti-Jewish stance of our movement results from fundamental considerations. We certainly do not hold the Jews solely responsible for all the misfortune that has descended upon Germany since 1918. We see in him just the typical representative of the decay. He is a parasitic being, who thrives, above all, on the swampy soil of dying cultures and draws advantage and nourishment from it.

At the moment when the last barriers fell which kept international Jewry out of administration and government in Prussia-Germany, the nation's fate was actually already sealed. From then on began the invasion of the intellectual nomad into the districts of state discipline and national solidarity, and there was no longer any stopping the catastrophic collapse of the German state.

That Jews could enter high state positions at all, this is already a classic sign how far Germany has sunk since 1918 and how uninhibited the perversion of political thought has ripped into us. When the National Socialist movement in Berlin had overcome its first young beginnings, the Police Presidium immediately began corresponding countermeasures, The cool reserve with which one had previously maintained toward us suddenly became interested sympathy. Suddenly, our assemblies began to teem with the spies of Alexanderplatz. Every march, every demonstration, every meeting of functionaries was painstakingly watched by the police. One sent official spies, in Berlin jargon called eight-dime boys, into the organization as members in the hope in this manner to acquire the necessary material in order, in the event things got serious, to attack the movement with an official ban.

The soul of this enterprise, according to our conviction, was the Police Vice-President Dr. Bernhard Weiss himself. And just as social democracy before the war attacked not just a system that was hostile to it, rather also its visible, exposed representatives, so did we, too, whether or not we wanted to, have to adjust our tactics to include not just the Alexanderplatz as a thing, rather also the Police President as person, in our political attacks.

It is explainable that our attacks against the methods which the Police Presidium used against us, and which we should very soon feel on our own person in the most painful manner, came to a point more and more in the person of the Police Vice-President Dr. Weiss. In him, we had found a target for our criticism such we could not have at all imagined a better one.

Dr. Weiss brings to his office much that does not belong to it and little that, according to normal concepts, would have to belong to it.

The Berlin Alex

He is neither active policeman nor pronounced politician. He is a member of the Jewish race, and that had to make him suspicious from the start in our eyes. Heaven may know how he got the first

name Isidor. We had to later on convince ourselves that this name was attached to him, and that in reality his name was the less embarrassing Bernhard. However, I must admit that, if the name Isidor is not true, it is at least well invented. The unspoiled and sure-hitting classic Berlin folk joke again proved itself here, which provides a man with a name that is indeed not due him, but which seems to fit him extraordinarily well.

We were later on often sentenced to prison and fines, because we pave this man first name, which he, although by nature it is not tied whatsoever to any insulting character, saw as a verbal injury and had prosecuted by the courts. Nonetheless, he became known by this name. He entered contemporary history under it, and our massive attacks against him in the end brought it about that he became one of the most popular people of the anti-Semitic struggle of the National Socialist movement.

Dr. Weiss! That was soon an explosive catchword. Every National Socialist knew him, every supporter had vividly and distinctly imprinted his physiognomy from the thousands of comics, photographs and caricatures. In him, one saw the soul of the defensive struggle against our movement in so far as it was waged by the Police Presidium. He was made responsible for everything that the Alexanderplatz inflicted upon us unjustly; and since Dr. Weiss, in contrast to many other big shots of the system, is of a downright touchy sensitivity, the National Socialist agitation concentrated more and more on making him a comic figure without taking him seriously as political opponent, to represent him, above all, in caricature, and indeed in situations that were hardly flattering to him, but which obliged the natural need of the Berlin public for joke, mood, mockery and smiling superiority.

Almost every week, we had some conflict to fight out with Dr. Weiss. He was the most popular object of our pitiless attacks. We drew him out of the anonymity of a shadowy, but all the more influential, existence, placed him in the bright light of publicity and guided our blows against him with such bitter agitating sarcasm that friend and foe had to take pleasure in it.

But that was noticed all the more evilly on Alexanderplatz; and

since one could do only very little against us, because the laugher was on our side, instead of defending oneself objectively, one withdrew into the safety of the office and sought to replace with official measures what one obviously seemed to lack in intellectual means.

Already after the bloody and fateful clash at the train station Lichterfelde-Ost, I was summoned to the Police Presidium and now, in a rather undiplomatic manner, presented with the revelation that the movement in Berlin was now very ripe for ban, and that the smallest occasion could suffice to also actually bring it a practical ban. The struggle between the NSDAP and the Police Presidium had thereby reached its current highpoint, and what now still followed was simply of inevitable nature.

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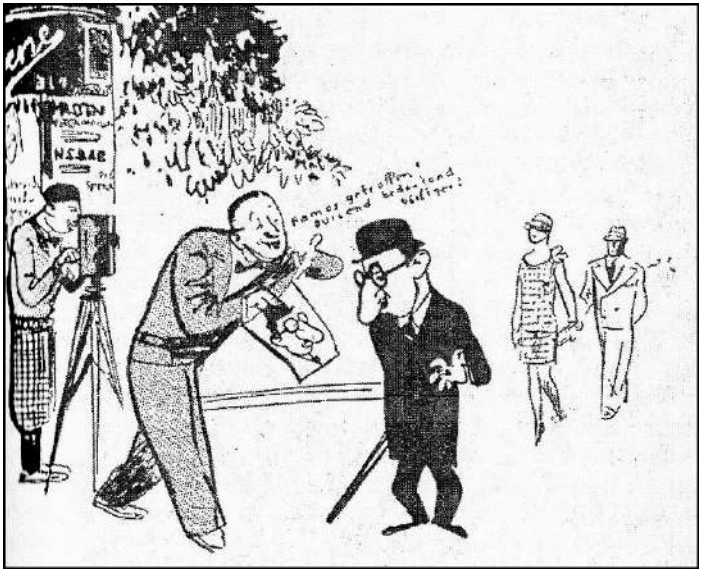
On May 1, Adolf Hitler spoke for the first time in a large assembly in Berlin. Back then, he was still banned from speaking in the whole Reich, and hence we had to convene the assembly in which he spoke as an assembly for members. It took place in the "Clou", an old recreation establishment in central Berlin. We had chosen this meeting hall in order, precisely on May 1, to avoid all provocation attempts by the communists; for it was not our intention to hold this assembly as a lighting assembly, rather through the National Social movement's Führer's first appearance to bestow a new impulse on the party in the Reich capital itself, and to give the public a preliminary picture of its strength at the moment.

The assembly proceeded successfully beyond expectation. The broad rooms of the "Clou"" were occupied to the last seat with registered party comrades, and Adolf Hitler's speech struck in its agitating sharpness and programmatic depth like a bomb among all the listeners, most of whom had never before seen or heard Adolf Hitler.

The capital's press could not keep quiet about that. It had to some- how take a position. And it then also did that in a manner corresponding to its nature. Already before the beginning of the assembly, a Jewish Monday paper appeared that brought a printed

report about the assembly itself, before it had even started at all. This report overflowed with insults, accusations and infamous lies. One put Adolf Hitler on the same level as common criminals and slandered the movement in a manner that was downright inflammatory.



Turned out fabulous! Much cheaper by the dozen.

Especially the fact that the report about the assembly had been printed and sold before the assembly, and hence eloquent proof for the deceitfulness of the Jewish press was supplied for the whole world, outraged and incensed the Berlin party comrades to no end.

The reports that appeared the following day in the whole press were in no way second to this journalistic baseness. The mood among the party comrades reached the boiling point, above all, when one ascertained that the bourgeois-nationalist press as well had not only not raised any protest against this journalistic barbarism, rather beyond that had dismissed Adolf Hitler's first

appearance in Berlin with insulting silence or with a few meaningless, spiteful comments.

We had to take a stand against that. That was a commandment of self-respect. The National Socialist movement would have surrendered itself morally, if it had passively accepted that; and since we still lacked a press organ in Berlin, we announced a mass meeting in the Kriegervereinshaus for May 4", It was intended as a protest against the stock-market manoeuvre instigated back then by the Darmstädter bank, in particular, by its principal Jakob Goldschmidt. We had already a few weeks earlier organized a well-publicized mass demonstration against this typical representative of international finance capitalism and thereby introduced him to a broader public for the first time. The second demonstration was supposed to be a continuation of the first one, and I now decided, before I as speaker dealt with the actual topic, to discuss in all sharpness the press attack against Hitler's appearance in Berlin.

It must not be left unmentioned in the process that after the Hitler assembly an interview with Adolf Hitler appeared in a Berlin Jewish newspaper that had actually never taken place. A journalist had reached me by phone in order to check this allegedly interview. I categorically denied it and to my infinite amazement had to ascertain that it was nonetheless and obviously totally fabricated and appeared in the press the next day. This interview made the rounds through all the Jewish influenced provincial newspapers. It overflowed with sarcastic baseness and unworthy vileness. Adolf Hitler, the known non-drinker, was portrayed in it as a notorious drunk, and the most vile thing about this press scandal was that the writer of the interview tried to awaken the impression that he, as the representative of a Jewish newspaper, had spent an entire evening with Adolf Hitler, and hence had the best opportunity to observe him from close up.

The assembly in the Kriegervereinshaus was overfilled and had to be closed by the police. I began my speech with a sharp accounting with the capital's press and did not neglect to ruthlessly publicly expose the Jewish press scoundrels with incontestable evidence. I read the individual press reports before

But I am the Police President!

the breathlessly listening masses of people and after the reading then contrasted them with the actual facts. That was so striking in its effect that the listeners were seized by a constantly escalating rage and indignation that sought to express itself in loud shouts of displeasure.

Just as I had ended with my settling of accounts with the press and wanted to switch to the main topic, an apparently somewhat intoxicated individual stood up in the middle of the hall on the right side. I saw through the mist of cigar and tobacco haze a wine-red head that stuck up from people crowded together, and heard to my infinite amazement how this provocateur tried to disrupt this assembly, which had previously proceeded with complete discipline, through arrogant and insulting heckling. I wanted to ignore this at first. The assembly itself was so struck by this impertinent action that it sank into breathless silence for a moment; and during this breathless silence, the subject, in order to provoke and incite the audience to rashness, in a quite ostensive manner repeated his heckling, insulting me in the crudest manner, the details of which had remained not understood by me the first

time. And that now had an even greater effect, because I had given cause to nobody and through nothing for such bad behavior.

I noticed immediately that we were obviously dealing with a bait agent here, and I was hence determined in no way to let myself be provoked, rather to dismiss the whole incident with a slight hand motion. I interrupted my speech for two to three seconds, turned to the disrupter and said in disparaging tone: "You presumably want to disrupt the assembly! Do you want us to make use of our house right and set you out into the fresh air?" When the subject did not sink back after these brief words, rather tried to continue his provocations with a loud voice, a couple stout-hearted SA men stepped in and gave him a boxing on the ear, grabbed him by the neck and rear and so transported him out of the hail.

All that took place in fragments of a minute. The assembly itself did not lose its nerves for a moment. One just forbade in loud heckling this quite groundless and unjustified disturbance and perhaps also took joy in it that the disrupter was now removed and the speech itself could be continued without incident.

I myself had not assigned the whole incident any significance at all. I only saw from my elevated position how the provocateur left the hall with less than gentle assistance. I then calmly continued my speech in that I began with the actual topic. The speech lasted another hour and a half, and since nobody reported for discussion, the assembly was then closed. The listeners just wanted to leave the hall in happy enthusiasm, when the police pushed in, who were naturally received by the peaceful visitors with howling and whistling. A police officer mounted a stool and with raised voice screeched his official opinion into the wildly jumbled up throng of people. It was quite impossible to understand a single word. I went to work and asked for quiet, which also came in a moment. The police officer thereby gained the opportunity to inform the assembly that he had orders to search every visitor for weapons; and when I declared that we wanted to obey this measure silently and passively, the assembly again became completely peaceful and calm, and there were no frictions or clashes during the two hours in which the search of two or three

thousand people was carried out.

The matter was thereby actually finished. I was also fully of this opinion, but I had overlooked the most important thing. The next morning, I had to ascertain to my amazement when I read the press, that after the conclusion of the assembly extraordinary things had still happened on Alexanderplatz. Our misfortune had it that the provocateur, whom we had removed from the assembly, was indeed a drunk and depraved subject, but very unjustly still held a cast off pastor's title, of which he obviously proved himself in no way worthy. But that sufficed the press. That was the feast they had long sought. The same press scoundrels, who for decades drenched everything that was of the clerical class or wore clerical robe with the slop of their cowardly lies and defamation, suddenly cast themselves as the called guardians of Christian morals and custom. The drunken subject became an honorable, white-haired pastor. One turned the fresh and unmotivated provocation of our assembly into a harmless and modest interjection. The two party comrades who had transported the individual, admittedly not exactly gently, out of the hall, were demoted to National Socialist murderers, and the little ear boxing that the tanked pastor received became several and fateful club blows that had crushed the skull of the poor and pitiful victim, who now heroically wrestled with death in some hospital.

That was the signal. The press suddenly pounced with genuine ecstasy on this in itself harmless incident. It was played up with all the tricks of journalistic distortion. "Enough is enough!" "Finally put an end to it! Away with this criminal terror!" "Must a pastor be beaten to death before the authorities see the light?" So did the Jewish asphalt organs scream and howl. The press cannonade had obviously been prepared behind the scenes and was inspired and fed by the authorities. Already in the night after the assembly, a conference between the officials of the Police Presidium and the Prussian Ministry of the Interior had taken place. Already at noon the next day, an Ullstein organ announced the immediate ban of the party. The national-bourgeois newspapers, as always, cowardly and passively bowed to the Jewish mass psychosis. They did not even take the time and effort

Poster for the Stucke assembly on May 4, 1927

to check the objective facts. They struck the same tune and declared with Pharisaical self-righteousness that, if the political struggle took on such forms, then one could not hold it against the authorities, if they intervened with the severity of the law.

The unified front from bourgeois patriotism to proletarian communism had thereby been established. Everybody screamed for the ban of the anyhow hated and annoying competition, and it was an easy matter for the Police Presidium, under the protection of this artificially prepared press storm, to now also actually pronounce and carry out the ban, We lacked the media means to enlighten the public about the actual facts. We possessed no newspaper. A leaflet published over the course of the next day was confiscated by the police. After the bourgeois press had failed the cause of justice, the fate of the movement was decided.

A single newspaper in Berlin had back then kept its nerves and bravely and selflessly defended our movement against the lies and slanders of the Jewish press: the “Deutsche Zeitung”. That should not be forgotten of this upright paper. Later on, when we had become a great mass party, we had plenty of friends in the national-bourgeois editorial rooms. We assigned little weight to these friendships; for we knew them all too well from the time when we were little and unnoticed and it was a cheap thrill for a bourgeois media hack to attack us without danger, because everybody attacked us. The “Deutsche Zeitung” has given open word to right and justice back then, and it had thereby also proven that, when the nationalist cause was at stake, it also had enough courage to say something unpopular, even when it went contrary to all public opinion.

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What had to come, now came. Blow after blow. Already at noon, the Jewish newspapers wrote that the ban was unavoidable. We still managed at the last moment to rescue the party’s postal checking account, the most important files were brought to safety, and then we awaited events that were to come. Around 7 o’clock in the evening, a delegate of the Police Presidium appeared at the office to deliver a registered letter. It was not difficult to guess that

Berliner

Nachtausgabe

Die illustrierte 15 Pf. Abendzeitung

Die Nationalsozialisten schicken das Verbot zurück.

Scharfe Durchführung des Verbots des Polizeipräsidenten

Polen protestiert gegen die Hergt-Rede.

Frankreich bereitet einen Einfall ins Saargebiet vor.

Enver Bey Tulasilber

eine hochklassige Qualitätszigarette für nur

The Berlin press report on the ban of the NSDAP

this letter contained the party's ban, and it hence seemed to me an easy gesture to simply refuse its acceptance. The official, not having achieved his goal, had to retreat and stuck the letter on the door of the party office. Now everything was lost, after all, and we at least tried to save propaganda-wise what could still be saved. The letter was put into the hand of a SA man; he put on his full uniform for the last time, drove to the Police Presidium, and he actually managed to penetrate to the room of the Police President. There, he rudely and freshly ripped open the door, threw the letter into the room and shouted: "We National Socialists refuse to acknowledge the ban." The next day, the press deduced from this simply more about our selfish stubbornness and infamous contempt for the laws. Quite early in the morning, a large cop contingent then appeared at the office and occupied the building from top to bottom. All drawers, desks and bookshelves were sealed, and the ban was thereby practically carried out.

The National Socialist movement in Berlin had ceased to legally exist. That was a blow that we could overcome only with difficulty. We had succeeded against anonymity and street terror, we had carried idea and flag forward without heeding the dangers that awaited us in the process. We had shunned no effort and care to show the populace of the Reich capital our good will and the honesty of our goals. We had also already succeeded in this to a certain extent. The movement was just beginning to shed its last party political chains and to enter the ranks of the great mass organizations, when one knock edit to the ground with a mechanical ban. However, one did not surmise back then that even this ban would in no way finally destroy the movement, that, quite the opposite, it would only bestow new, unexpected energies upon it, and that, if it withstood this stress test, would later on be up to all hostilities.

That same night, | already had a brief conference with Adolf Hitler, who was in Berlin at the time. He immediately surveyed all the connections that had led to the ban; we agreed that the movement just had to prove that it also mastered this difficult test. We tried to save what could be saved. As far as it was just possible and a possibility still existed for it, we worked through the decent

press to a modest extent against the public defamation of the movement by the Jewish press. We admittedly did not accomplish much in the process, but we still managed to at least preserve the core of the party unshaken.

Naturally, there was no shortage of know-it-alls here as well, who now suddenly, when the movement was struck by the ban, popped out of their anonymous darkness in order to put good advice at our disposal. When we fought, they were not to be seen far and wide. Now that the signal to break off the battle had been given, they suddenly appeared again on the surface, and indeed not to cover the retreat, rather to make the withdrawing troops even more discouraged through cowardly criticism and castigation.

Above all, I myself was the object of uninhibited defamation in the media. The bourgeois whiner now wanted to know that the movement could very well have been saved, if it had just taken a less radical and moderate tone. Suddenly, they had foreseen and predicted everything. But now they did not help to glue together a structure out of the shards of the smashed organization, quite the opposite, they only endeavored to promote further unrest and increase the confusion.

The press already knew to report that my arrest was imminent. That was an obvious lie, since I had in no way violated the laws. The wish was the father of the thought. And, above all, one went about making propaganda and slanting public opinion against us.

Back then for the first time, there appeared in the Jewish press the rumor of an internal quarrel between Adolf Hitler and myself, according to which I was forced to give up my position as Berlin Gauleiter [provincial leader] and, as it was claimed back then, transfer as Gauleiter to Upper Silesia. The rumor was varied again and again in the following years in the most manifold forms and has not fallen silent to this day. Each time the movement prepares for heavy blows or has to go through a temporary crisis, it appears again in the columns of the Jewish press and provides us with a reason for continuous merriment and joy. With it, too, the wish is the father of the thought. One tries to talk me away from Berlin, obviously because I am uncomfortable and annoying and because

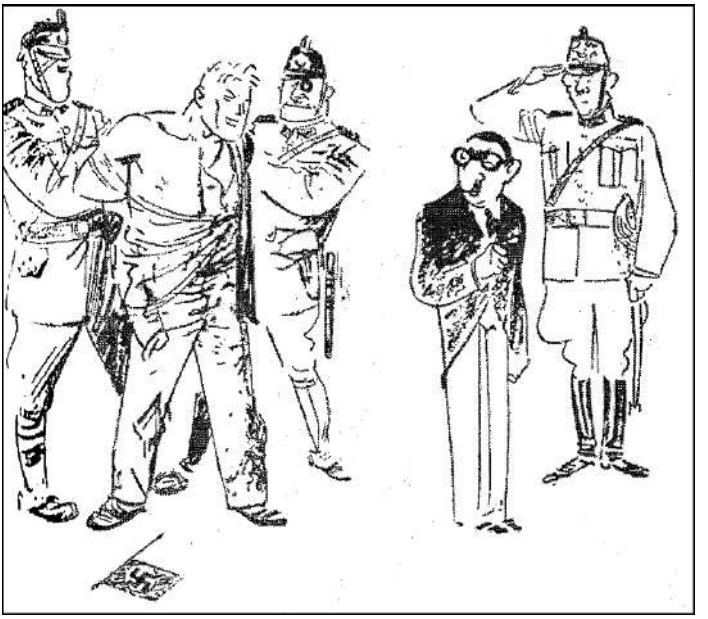
one hopes through my departure to better find opportunities to break up the party from the inside out.

Such a departure is totally alien to me. Indeed, in the first weeks of Berlin activity, I was of the opinion this work would be temporary, and as soon as I had beaten down the worst obstacles to the rise of the movement in the Reich capital, I could put my office at the disposal of another, better man. If I have held out to this day at this different, responsibility-laden post, this does not lie solely in the increasing joy and satisfaction that this work gives me, rather also — and indeed, to a substantial extent — to the fact that I must again and again see from the Jewish press that one prefers to see from behind than from the front. Now, I tend to never do what the Jew wants. He would have to raise the urgent demand that I should remain in Berlin in order to motivate me to give in to whatever arising temptation to leave Berlin. As long as one does not want met here, I remain, above all, also in the regard that I have the intention to still do some work in Berlin and to win this or that success.

Only over the later course of the conflict in the Reich capital did I become clear about the magnitude of the work I assumed there. If we manage to conquer Berlin for National Socialism, then we have actually won everything. The Reich capital, after all, is the center of the land; from here, the rivers of consciousness flow unstoppable into the whole folk. To win back Berlin for Germandom, that is indeed a historical task and worth the sweat of the best.

In the middle of this raging press storm, I had, fulfilling an old promise, to travel to Stuttgart for two days. And that was again reason for a boundless, agitating defamation in the columns of the press. One declared I had cowardly fled; one driveled that I had avoided imminent arrest through flight. One used the fact that I was absent from Berlin to mobilize public opinion against the party and myself in the vague hope to thereby drive a wedge between leader and following and to break the tottering movement from the inside out.

In Stuttgart itself, I learned that an irresponsible office in Berlin had spread the rumor through the radio that there was an arrest



warrant against me. Regardless of that, in the evening I set off on the return trip, and although a couple loyal comrades met me in Halle to dissuade me from returning to Berlin, I continued the trip and was then honored at late evening hour in the Anhalter train station with a reception such as I had not, however, expected in my wildest dreams.

The whole platform stood black full of people. The train station vestibule was overfilled, and outside in front of the train station masses of enthusiastic party comrades and supporters awaited me. Hundreds and thousands of people ran, without regard for the traffic, through the Königgräter and Potsdamer Strasse, behind the departing automobile, which only with effort could make its way through this jumble. At nocturnal hour on this beautiful May evening, there resounded for the first time the battle-cry that should now for an entire year become the enchanting mass slogan of the suppressed movement in Berlin:

"Despite ban not dead!"
["Trotz Verbotnichttot!"]

Yes, the movement could not be killed off. Not with terror and with bans. One clubbed it down, where it dared to appear. It lacked rights and defense. The authorities put the pliers to it, and the red blood Tscheka persecuted it with dagger and revolver; but the proud eagles of our standards rose above distress and prison. The idea was firmly anchored in the hearts of a devout following, and the flag flattered victoriously ahead of the marching battalions, Ban and persecution should, in the end, give the movement that unbreakable hardness that it required in order to victoriously wage the difficult struggle for the fate of the German folk.

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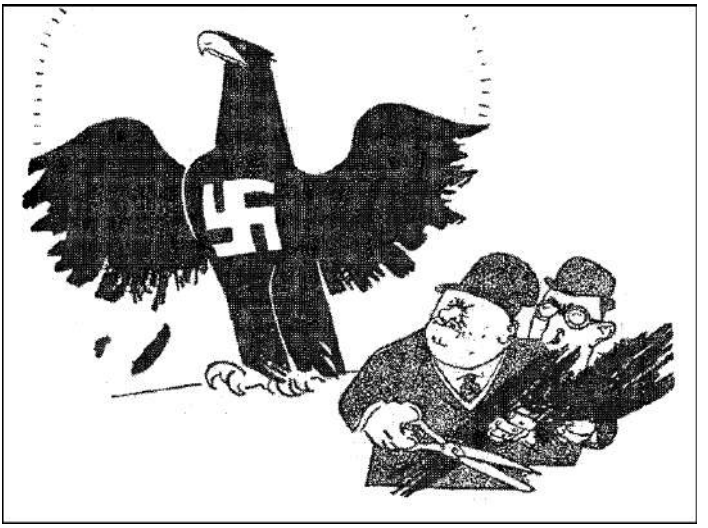
Now a new chapter of work began. The organization was smashed, the legal structure of the party dissolved. It was initially impossible to pull the party comrades together through a new, firm support; for it naturally did not stop with the ban. There were also oppression and harassment of every kind, which with one made life miserable for us. With every means, the party was watched, infiltrated and spied on. The eight-dime boys followed us every step, and no provocation was too bad to be used against the movement.

The ban had been pronounced by the Police Presidium, and indeed not on the basis of the law for the protection of the republic, rather of common provincial right. The so-called justification, which one in- formed us a few days later, simply mocked any description. One had made it very easy for oneself on Alexanderplatz, since we could not defend ourselves. One simply found us guilty of excesses for which there was no court verdict at all. One did not mention the incident in the Kriegervereinshaus assembly at all. One referred to things that laid in the distant past, and since the rigorous measures of the Police Presidium against us in the pursuit of the ban naturally escalated the indignation in our own party following to the boiling point and there were invariably excesses on the street evening after evening, one took



And the wings nonetheless grow again…

that as a welcomed pretext to justify a ban that in actuality had first provided the cause for that.

One wisely guarded against carrying out the trial against me so turbulently demanded in the press agitation. One had nothing at all for which one could indict me. The whole press reaction was a put on comedy play and only possible in this fresh impertinence, because we could not defend ourselves and public opinion simply denied us the protection of decent thought.

Already just a few days later, every objectively and justly thinking person had to ascertain how much right was on our side. Then the old, honorable, retired pastor by the name of Stucke, artfully adorned with a white bandage on his head, appeared in a Reichsbanner assembly in order to relate to the club-wielding guards of the social democratic party his heroic experiences in the war theater of National Socialism.

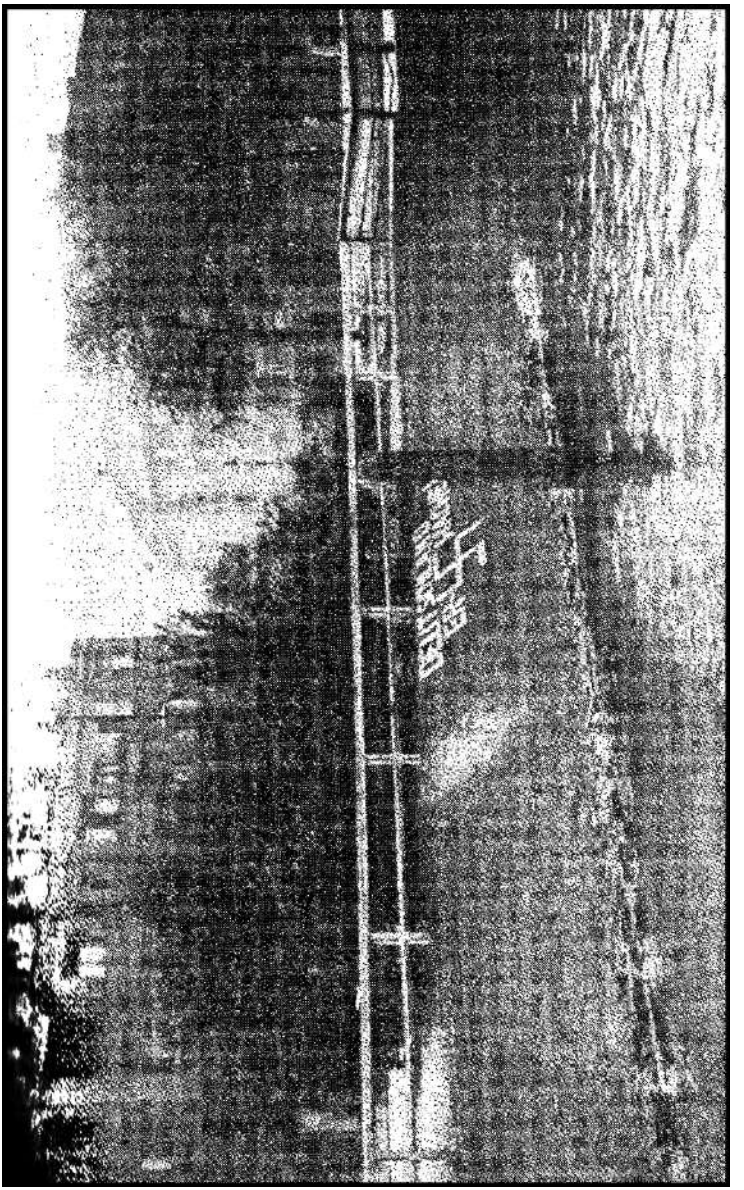
The pastor as Reichsbanner comrade! That was the end of a cowardly, unworthy and slanderous press campaign. The church authorities declared quite publicly that “the former pastor Stucke

had been punished by the evangelical church council of the province of Brandenburg for unworthy behavior with removal from office." And that he "according to the decision of the chamber court of July 21, 1923, had thus lost the right to hold the pastor title and to wear the official garments of a cleric of the evangelical provincial church". One further learned that this individual, despite his expulsion from the provincial church, practiced an extensive trade with eulogies, that his normal condition was intoxication out of his senses, and that his provocation attempt in our assembly simply left the question whether this here was only an act of drunkenness or of paid spying. But how did that help, after the party had been banned and the press campaign had died down. The press had achieved its goal, the cannonade against public opinion had forced it to capitulation, one had gotten rid of an annoying political opponent with the means of state power and calmed the public conscience through an artificially manufactured mass psychosis.

A few days later, the KPD organized a huge demonstration in the Sportpalast, during the course of which a police officer dared, naturally without making himself at all guilty of even just a trace of a provocation, to enter the meeting hall. One threw a beer glass down from the podium at his head, which crushed his skull, so that he had to be taken to the hospital in a badly wounded condition.

How minor and modest had our behavior been in comparison! But one did not harm a hair on the KPD's head; for the communists, after all, are the "political children" of social democracy. One leaves them alone, because one can use them now and again, and, after all, both are brothers of the same flesh and the same blood.

But one attacked National Socialism with bans, even though it had often enough provided proof of its peacefulness and had responded to even the most fresh and inflammatory provocation attempt with only iron calm and discipline. For National Socialism is a fundamental opponent of Marxism. It has challenged Marxism of every shade to a decision. Between it and Marxism, there is no reconciliation, rather only struggle to the death. One knew that on Lindenstrasse, one knew that on Alexanderplatz, and one also



A silent roll-call!

knew that in Bilowplatz. Hence one struck at the suitable moment. Hence the press contaminated public opinion with the stench of a base, deceitful defamation. Hence one appealed to the state prosecutor and set law paragraphs into motion, Which one otherwise does not tire of despising and spitting on with scorn.

That social democracy acted so, could not surprise us. Social democracy protects its hide, and, after all, it actually and ultimately fights for it naked existence. But that the bourgeois parties and their writing hacks let themselves be degraded into performing paid service for Marxism, and in the process helped to beat down a movement that could not defend itself, that will for always be a disgrace and shame for the bourgeois press and the parties standing behind it.

They did not reach their goal. Indeed, the day after the ban, the highest Prussian dignitaries made the attempt in a heavily capitalist Ullstein paper, they collapsed in intellectual expenses, to prove that there was no room for National Socialism in Berlin.

"One time and not again! If one did not already know from activity at other locations, then the scandalous events that played out on Wednesday in the assembly in the Kriegervereinshaus prove anew that the so-called National Socialist Workers Party is not a movement that must be judged and treated like a movement, rather a collection of rowdy and violent elements, who under the leadership of political desperados grow into a danger for public peace and safety. The open incitement to violent activities in the assembly and the result of the weapon searches as well as the mistreatment of unpleasant assembly visitors show in all clarity the nature of this movement, which, grown and developed on Munich soil, has now moved its field of activity to Berlin as well.

"But Berlin is not Munich. Just as we have saved Berlin from a communist soviet, we will protect the Berlin populace from the terror of this rowdy socialist workers party. We will, in Berlin and in all of Prussia, nip in the bud this movement, which limits itself to violent activities against those of different opinion and to organizing of illegalities."

So wrote the Prussian Minister-President Otto Braun in the "Berliner Morgenpost" on Friday, May 6, 1927. He deceived

himself badly. The movement was nipped in the bud neither in Berlin nor in Prussia. The idea ascended higher and higher, despite hatred and ban! Every persecution just made the organization stronger and harder. In- deed, many of us left. But they were only the ones who were not up to the most difficult stress tests. The rest remained firm and unshaken. The party itself lived on, even banned. The idea was too firmly anchored in the heard of a devote following to be able to be torn out with mechanical means.

The National Socialist movement in Berlin was now put to the test; it had to prove that its life force was unshakeable. It has passed this test in a heroic, self-sacrificing struggle, and in victorious march forward made the slogan, under which it began, true:

Despite the ban not dead!
[Trotz Verbot nichttot!]

AGITATION AND PERSECUTION

The triumphant march of the young National Socialist movement in the Reich capital had now temporarily come to a brief and abrupt end through the party ban pronounced by the Police Presidium. The public activity of the party was prevented, the organization smashed, propaganda neutralized, the throngs of sympathizers dispersed to the winds, every direct contact between the leadership and the party following interrupted. The party ban was carried out by the authorities with harassing sharpness. It had not been pronounced on the basis of the law for the protection of the republic and hence impossible to punish individual violations with heavy fees and prison sentences. It was based on the general public peace law stemming from the time of Frederick the Great and was hence intentionally motivated not on political, rather on criminal arguments. It was issued by the police and not by the ministry and was hence perhaps easier and more safe to bypass than a political ban, which is generally issued under the threat of severe political punishments.

Already with the ban itself, the Police Presidium had exceeded

its authority in a flagrant manner. It had pronounced the ban for Berlin and for the Province of Brandenburg, although it obviously lacked any qualification for it, leastwise insofar as Brandenburg is concerned. The Police President could at best ban the party for Berlin; and if in the justification for it there was talk that the party had made itself guilty of criminal misdemeanors, then in this event, even if that corresponded to the facts, legally there could only be talk of a party ban, if through the continued existence of the party public peace and safely were directly threatened.

But that, in seriousness, did not come into question at all. Our party comrades had been attacked by political opponents and had defended themselves. They had thereby claimed for themselves the most primitive right, to which each citizen is entitled, the right of self-defense. Never had our people been the attackers, rather always only the at- lacked. Never could there be talk of excesses on our side. We had made use of naked force only insofar as we defended our life and health with it.

Beyond that, nowhere could evidence be brought that the party itself had incited such action or had assumed responsibly for it; that each party comrade protected his own skin, where that was necessary, that was simply self-evident and had nothing to do with the party in itself. The Police Presidium itself was probably also fully aware of the shakiness and unsustainability of its legal evidence in the justification for the ban. We immediately lodged a complaint against the ban with the Superior Presidium and later on with the Superior Court. But the trial over the ban was drawn out for years, because the Police Presidium continually requested postponements for the collection of the necessary material, and only came to a decision long after the ban had been lifted again. The Superior Court then sought to evade a clear legal verdict, which would have probably been devastating for the Police Presidium, in that it declared the periods had not been upheld and the argumentation had lacked the necessary active authority for the appeal. But already the fact that the Police Presidium was not in the position to put the necessary material for the trial to disposal was proof enough that the ban represented a party act and still had only little to do with objective performance of office.

Dr. Bernhard Weiss
Vice-President of the Police of Berlin

Initially, however, it was put into execution against us with all imaginable harassment. One strove to totally prevent the party's public activity and to rob it of even its last financial means through the smashing of the organization. We still did not own a party press in Berlin back then. The propaganda work of the party consisted almost exclusively of the organization of mass meetings. One could indeed not stop it, even with the broadest interpretation of the paragraphs, that in the Reich capital there was recruiting for whatever worldview under whatever name. Hence possibilities still existed to hold meetings under cover names, in which National Socialism was discussed. During the first period, we also tried that, but the Police Presidium soon launched a counterblow and banned each meeting, case by case, under the pretext it threatened public peace and safety and was to be viewed as the continuation of a banned organization.

That was downright arbitrariness; but it did not fail its purpose. It was thereby made impossible to bring the concept of National Social- ism into public discussion at all; the police authorities intervened im- mediately, if there was even the remotest talk of it.

Our next attempt was aimed at letting at least our delegates sitting in the parliament to speak before the Berlin constituency. A general speaking ban was soon issued again me personally. I was replaced by a whole series of parliament delegates of the party. Mass demonstrations were organized at which our delegates spoke. Positions on con- temporary questions of politics were taken there, and it was naturally not neglected to appropriately brand the persecution methods of the Berlin police authorities against the NSDAP.

The speaking ban hit me personally extraordinarily hard. I had no other possibility, after all, to maintain the necessary contact with my party comrades. We still lacked a press, in which I could agitate with the pen. All meetings were banned, in which I wanted to speak. Insofar as delegates were supposed to appear in our meetings, these were very often affected by bans pronounced at the last hour, and the still loyal party following was thereby agitated into a constantly growing rage and indignation.

Not *that* one persecuted us, rather *how* and with which methods

the movement was suppressed and clubbed down, that produced in our ranks a mood of hatred and rage, which gave reason for the gravest concerns. The Police Presidium apparently took pleasure in always banning our meetings only at the last hour, obviously with the clear intention to thereby take from the party the opportunity to inform the meeting attendees of the ban in time. Usually, hundreds and thousands set off on their way and at the meeting hall encountered only locked doors and a solid cordon of police officials.

It was thereby made easy for paid spies and provocateurs to incite the headless and leaderless masses to physical acts against the police and people of other political views. Usually, special disruptive troops then separated themselves from the outraged masses of people, who sought their political pleasure in drawing along the Kurfürstendamm and acting out their rage on harmless passers by of Jewish appearance through ear boxing and occasional beatings.

That was naturally used in the press in a most demagogic manner to reproach the party, which, after all, was banned and hence had no opportunity at all to somehow influence its masses of supporters. The media echoed with the noise and cry of threatened Jewry. One tried to awaken the impression in the whole land as if, in the middle of deepest peace, pogroms were organized in Berlin evening after evening, as if the NSDAP had established a secret center from which these excesses were systematically organized.

"Put an end to the Kurfürstendamm riots!

"It must be impossible to admit that the rowdy acts of the National Socialists on Kurfürstendamm become the usual entertainment of these lads. Berlin is one of Berlin's representative areas, its discrediting through such repugnant, vile scenes gives Berlin the worst reputation. Since the police are now sufficiently aware of the swastika boys' preference for the Kurfürstendamm, it must not intervene there only after excesses have occurred, rather already beforehand, every day, make appropriate preparations for National Socialist rowdy meetings."

So wrote the "B.Z. am Mittag" on May 13, 1927.

Dr. Goebbels

spricht in öffentl. Wählerversammlung der nationalsozialistischen Arbeitsgemeinschaft
am Donnerstag, den 30. Juni 1927, abends 8½ Uhr
in den Hohenzollernfestsälen, Charlottenburg, Berliner Str. 105
über das Thema:

Ein Leben in Schönheit und Würde

Freie Aussprache

Just a few words – but they suffice![3]
[A life in beauty and dignity]

The fault for these events, insofar as they played out in truth at all, belongs solely to the Berlin Police Presidium. It had it in its hands to give us the opportunity to establish contact with our masses of supporters and to calm them. But in that it took from us this opportunity in any manner, it downright caused, intentionally or not, the excesses in the political struggle that had to be the invariable result of such an action.

Perhaps one was also not unhappy to see that things developed so. One had no sufficient reasons to continue to justify the ban of the party to the public. One hence sought to provide oneself with an alibi. The media was supposed to point its finger at us. It was supposed to solidify the opinion that this party really was just a collection of criminal elements and the authorities only did their duty, if they prevented any further possibility of life for it.

The National Socialist party, like no other party, is based on the leader idea. For it, the leader and his authority are everything. It

lies in the hand of the leader to keep the party disciplined or to let it sink into anarchy. If one takes from the party its leaders and thereby destroys the fund of authority that maintains its organization, then one makes the masses headless, and indiscretions are then always the result. We could no longer influence the masses. The masses became rebellious, and in the end one cannot complain that they resorted to bloody excesses.

The ruling system in Germany, as absurd as this may sound, can indeed be thankful to the National Socialist movement overall that it exists. The rage and indignation over the consequences of the insane tribute politics since 1918 is so great in the folk that, were it not restrained and disciplined by our movement, it would in the shortest time plunge Germany into a bloodbath. National Socialist agitation did not, say, lead our folk into the catastrophe, like the professional catastrophe politicians again and again try to make believed. We have just recognized the catastrophe in time and correctly and never hidden our views on the chaotic condition in Germany. Not *he* is the catastrophe politician, who calls the catastrophe a catastrophe, rather he who causes it. And in fact, one could not claim that about us. We had never participated in a government coalition. We had, as long as the movement had existed at all, stood in the opposition and combated the course of German politics most stringently and pitilessly. We had from the start predicted the consequences that began to show themselves on the political horizon in contours becoming ever more distinct.

Our realizations were so natural and inevitable that the masses sympathized with them to a growing degree. As long as we held the folk's assault against the tribute politics in our hand and hence carried it for ward most strictly disciplined, at least the danger did not exist that the waves of indignation would swamp over the ruling regime in forms that could no longer be tamed. Doubtlessly, the National Socialist agitation is the spokesman of the folk distress. But as long as one leaves it alone, one can monitor the folk rage and hence provide oneself with the security that it expresses itself in lawful and bearable methods.

If one takes from the folk the representative and translator of its suffering, one then opens the gates to anarchy; for not we

Poster for a camouflaged assembly[4]

pronounce over the ruling regime and most radical and most pitiless verdict. More radical and pitiless than we do the masses themselves think, thinks the little man from the folk, who has not learned to correctly use words, who does not hide his heart, rather brings his growing rage to expression in increasingly sharp form.

The National Socialist movement is, so-to-speak, a safety vent for the ruling stratum. Through this safety vent, the indignation of the masses has a chance to escape. If one clogs it, then the rage and hatred are driven back into the masses themselves and boil here in uncontrollable bubbling.

Political criticism will always be aimed at the mistakes of the systen to becriticized, If the mistakes are minor in nature and one cannot deny the goodwill of the one who makes them,then the criticism will always take well-behaved andfair forms. But if the mistakes are of a fundamental nature,if they threaten the whole foundation of the state structure, and if, beyond that, one has reason for the suspicion that those who make them are by no

means of goodwill, rather, quite the opposite, always put their own valuable person ahead of the state and common interest, then criticism as well will become more massive and more unrestrained. The radicalism of the criticism always stands in direct ratio to the radicalism with which the ruling system has sinned. If the mistakes made are so grievous that in the end they threaten to plunge into the abyss folk and economy, yes, all of state culture, then the opposition can no longer satisfy itself with denouncing the symptoms of the sick condition and demanding their removal, then the opposition must go over to the attack against the system itself. Then it is in fact *radical* insofar as it traces the mistakes back to their roots and endeavors to eliminate them by the roots.

We had our followers firmly in hand before the party ban. The Police Presidium possessed the opportunity to most closely watch the party in organization and propaganda. Any party political excess could immediately and directed be investigated. That had now changed after the party ban. The party itself no longer existed, it's organization was smashed, one could no longer hold the leaders of the party legally responsible for what happened in their name, since one had taken from them any possibility to influence their followers, after all. I was now a private citizen and in no way had the intention to assume responsibility for the evil manifestations of the political struggle that the Police Presidium had brought about through it constantly repeated harassment. Furthermore, the Jewish press seemed to take special pleasure in personally insulting me to an increasing extent now, when I had no opportunity to defend myself against attacks of a personal and political nature, probably in the hope to alienate from me the masses, with whom I had lost any contact, in order to thereby make them more accessible to the cunning demagogic whispering, above all, of communist agents.

Back then, I learned for the first time what it means to be the chosen darling of the Jewish press. There was no longer anything at all with which they would not have reproached me; and everything was, so-to-speak, pure invention. I naturally lacked the desire and the time to undertake anything at all against it. The

Der Nationalsozialist
Reichstagsabg. Hans Dietrich (Franken)
spricht in einer großen öffentlichen
Wählerversammlung
am Freitag, den 30. September, abends 8 Uhr, in
Schwarz Festsälen, Lichtenberg, Möllendorffstr. 25/26
über das Thema:
Wels, Thälmann oder Hitler!
Freie Aussprache! / Eintritt 1.– Mk. / Unkostenbeitrag 50 Pf. / Erwerbslose 10 Pf.
Lies und abonniere den „Völkischen Beobachter" und das deutsche Nachrichtenblatt „Der Angriff".

Assembly poster during the ban[5]

uninitiated often asks whey then the National Socialist leaders so seldom opposed the Jewish defamation with legal means. One can, after all, send corrections to the press, one can sue them for defamation, one can drag them before the court.

But that is easier said than done. Such a lie appears in whatever Berlin paper and then makes the rounds through hundreds and hundreds of provincial newspapers independent from it. Each individual provincial paper ads its own commentary to it, and if one once begins with corrections, then one no longer comes to an end. That is, after all, also what the Jewish press wants to achieve. For in the invention of defamation, the Jew, whom Schopenhauer, after all, already designated the master of the lie, is inexhaustible. Hardly has one corrected one false report, and tomorrow it is already surpassed by a new one, and if one proceeds against the second lie, who prevents such a press reptile from inventing a new one on the day after tomorrow. And even go to court? — Are National Socialist leaders only there to fight it out with Jewish slanders before the judge? In any case, the state prosecutors refuse

proceeding on our behalf due to lack of public interest. One is dependent on private suits, That costs a lot of time and even more money, One would have to spend one's whole life and a huge fortune to restore one's reputation against Jewish slanderers in the courts.

Such a trial normally means a wait of half a year and often longer. Meanwhile, the public has long forgotten the object of the trial; the Jewish slanderer then simply declares before the court that he has fallen victim to an error, and usually gets off with a fine of fifty to seventy marks; naturally, the publisher willingly replaces that. The newspaper itself, however, prints a reprint about the trial the next day, from which the harmless reader must conclude that the Jewish liar was absolutely right, that there must indeed be some truth in the defamation, which one can deduce from the fact that the court let the defendant off with such a tiny fine. And thus the Jewish press has actually achieved everything that it wanted to achieve. First, it has discredited and soiled the honor of the political opponent before the public; it has stolen time and money from him. It turns the defeat before the court into a victory, and often an instinct-lacking judge even helps the slanderer to get off without any punish whatsoever through the allowance of the protection of justified interests.

There are no effective means to counter personal defamation through the Jewish press. It must be clear to a man of public life that, if he attacks a criminal policy, it will very soon defend itself according to the recipe "Stop the thief!" and through personal slander try to replace the lack of persuasive, objective evidence. He must therefore surround himself with a thick skin, must be totally insensitive to Jewish lies and, above all, in times when he prepares for hard political blows, maintain cold blood and calm nerves. He must know that every time he becomes dangerous for the opponent, the enemy will attack him personally. Then he will never experience unpleasant surprises. Quit the opposite! In the end, he is even happy that he is insulted and soiled by the press; for that ultimately becomes the most infallible proof for him that he finds himself on the right path and has hit the enemy at a soft spot.

Only with difficulty could I attain this stoic attitude. During the first period of my Berlin work, I suffered greatly from the press attacks. I took it all much too seriously and was often desperate, because there was obviously no possibility to keep personal honor pure and clean in the political struggle. Over time that changed completely. Above all, the plentitude of press attacks has killed all my sensitivity to it. If I knew or suspected that the press slandered me personally, I avoided every Jewish newspaper for weeks and thereby maintained my calm thinking and cold determination. If one reads all the lies a few weeks after it has been printed, then it suddenly loses any significance. Then one sees how void and pointless all this hullabaloo is; and, above all, one thereby also gradually wins the ability to see through the genuine background of such press campaigns.

Today there are only two ways at all to become famous: one must either, if I may be excused to say it, crawl into an unmentionable orifice of the Jew or fight him pitilessly and with all sharpness. While the first thing comes into question solely for democratic civilization literati and career ambitious conviction acrobats, we National Socialists have decided for the second. And this decision should then be put into execution will all consequence. Down to the present day, we have not had to complain about the success. The Jew, in his senseless fear of our massive attacks, has ultimately always lost his calm reflection. When things get hard, he is only a stupid devil, after all. One often overestimates the so-called long-sightedness, cleverness and rational sharpness of the Jew, above all, in circles of the German intelligentsia. The Jew always judges clearly only if he is possession of all means of power. If a political blow strikes him hard and pitiless, and if it leaves no doubt that it is a fight to the death, then the Jew momentarily losses any cool and rational superiority. He is, and the chief trait of his character probably displays this, permeated down to his depths with the feeling of his own inferiority. One could designate the Jew himself as repressed inferior complex turned into flesh and blood. Hence one also does not hit him harder, than if one designates him with his own nature. Call him a scoundrel, rascal, liar, criminal, murderer and killer.

That would hardly move him inwardly. Stare at him hard and calm for a while and then say to him; "You are presumably a Jew!" And you will notice with amazement how unsure, how embarrassed and guilt ridden he becomes at the same moment.

Here as well lies the explanation why prominent Jews again and again put the judge at work, if they are designated as Jews. It would never occur to a German to sue, because one has called him a German; the German always feels membership in his folk simply as an honor, but never as a shame. The Jew sues, if he is designated a Jew, because that is something contemptible and there can be no worst insult that to be so designated.

We have never made much effort to counter Jewish defamation. We knew that we would be defamed. We prepared ourselves for it in advance and saw our task not in the refutation of individual lies, rather in shaking the credibility of the Jewish press itself.

And we all also succeeded in that over the course of the years to the fullest degree. If one leaves the lie alone, then it will soon run out of steam in its own exaggeration. In his desperation, the Jew ultimately invents such hair-raising slanders and vileness that even the naive educated philistine no longer falls for it.

They lie! They lie! We opposed the Jewish dirt cannonade with this battle-cry. Here and there, we took individual lies out of the whole slanderous tumor from which we could clearly prove the vileness of the press. And we then concluded from that: do not believe anything they say! They lie, because they must lie, and they must lie, because they have nothing else to offer.

It looks downright grotesque and causes vomiting, if a Jewish rag presents its moral task in snooping around the personal life of National Socialist leaders in order to find some dark spot. A race that for two thousand years, and, above all, toward the German folk, has accumulated a true Atlas load of guilt and crimes, possesses in fact no mandate among decent people to step up for the purity of public life. First of all, it is not up to debate at all, where here or there a National Socialist leader transgressed so or so. Up for debate is solely who has plunged the German folk into its nameless misfortune, who paved the way to this misfortune with phrases and hypocritical promises and at the end looked on

with folded arms as a whole nation threatened to sink into chaos. If this question is solved and the guilty are held to account, then one may examine where we were lacking.

The cowardly lack of character, with which the bourgeois press has to the present day passively bowed to the shameless journalistic activity of mercenary Jew writers, should not be silently passed over here. The bourgeois press is otherwise always quickly on hand, if it is about nailing a nationalist politician branding so-called excesses of the National Socialist press. But it displays an incomprehensible, downright irresponsible long-sightedness toward the Jewish press. One fears the journalistic sharpness and ruthlessness of the press. One obviously has no desire to enter the danger zone. One is filled with an insurmountable feeling of inferiority toward the Jew and leaves nothing untried to let him live in peace.

If the bourgeois press for once takes the courage to bring a mildly reproachful word against Jewish slanderers, that already means very much. Usually, it persists in serious calm and refined silence and with draws to the safety of the expression: Whoever touches dirt, soils himself!

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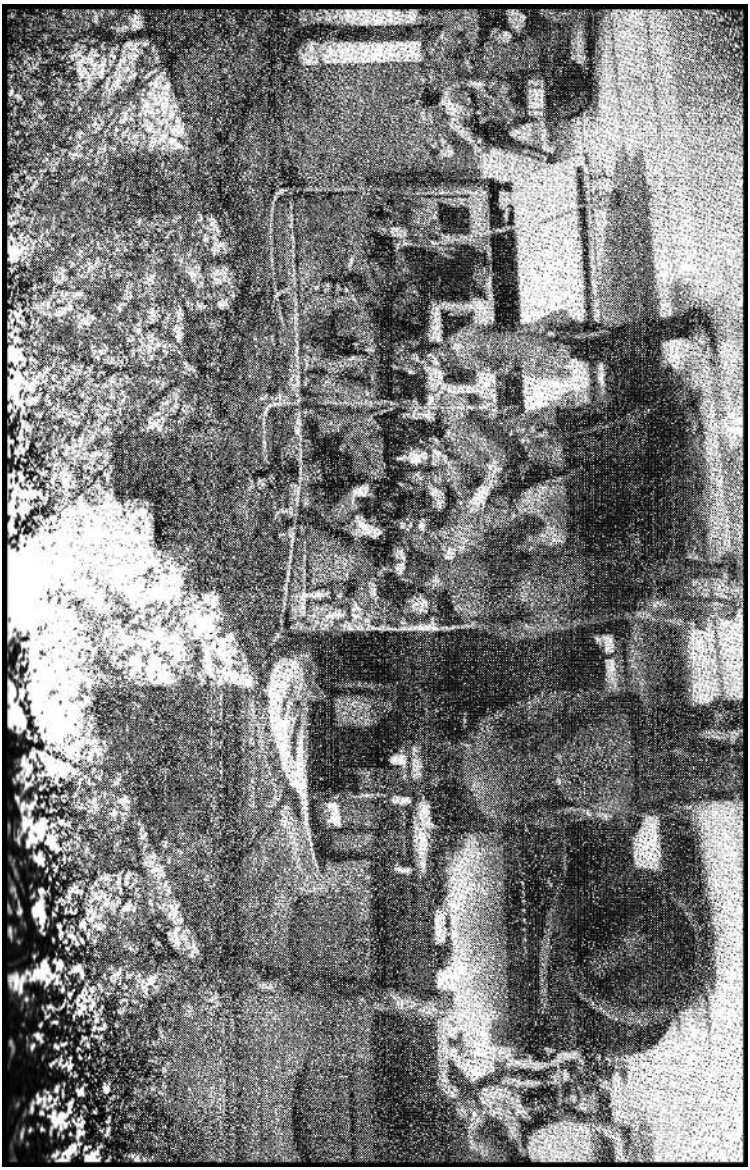
That the Jewish press attacks us and slanders, that was not even the worst thing; for we knew, after all, that all these lies would sooner or later run out of steam. Never yet has an idea, if it was correct, been lied to death by its opponents. We were struck harder by the official blows that rained down upon the movement after the issuance of the ban. The organization was smashed, an orderly continuation of the membership simply made impossible. The party's most important financial source was thereby blocked. It is simply not true that the National Socialist movement lives from the subsidies of big capitalist donors. At any rate, we have never seen anything of the huge sums that the Pope or Mussolini or France of Thyssen or Jakob Goldschmidt allegedly transferred to the party. The party lived and lives exclusively from the donations of its members and the profits from its assemblies. If one blocks these financial sources, then any life possibility is thereby taken



Arrest of a National Socialist “hardened criminal”

from the party.

That was also how it was with us after the issuance of the ban. At the moment the orderly arrival of membership dues ebbed away and profits from the assemblies no longer came in — most of the assemblies were banned and even the ones allowed produced no profits - , the party entered the worst financial crisis. It had to limit its administrative apparatus to what was most necessary. The wages were reduced to a minimum, and even at this magnitude they could only be paid out fragmentally and in small amounts. The whole party officialdom adapted to this necessary with admirable willingness for sacrifice; not a single official was dismissed, but all renounced 20 and 30 and even 50 percent of their already meager wages in order to thereby keep the party alive.

Now and then, the Police Presidium granted me the mercy to appear as speaker in a public assembly. Then an opportunity was thereby presented to express the squeezed heart. But that happened so seldom that the political value of such generosity was usually equal to zero.

After the Police Presidium, upon the urging of the public, had decided to again reverse the ban for the province of Brandenburg, for which it had no jurisdiction at all, we could at least call together the functionaries of the party outside of Berlin, usually in Potsdam, and discuss with them the most important questions of politics and organization.

In Berlin that was totally out of the question. One banned not just the assemblies of the party, rather also the assemblies of all its auxiliaries. Yes, one even exposed oneself by banning a Schlageter memorial ceremony announced by the German Women's Order [Deutscher Frauenorden], a women's organization that stood close to he NSDAP, in the concern it "could endanger public peace and safety".

The inevitable result of such a ban practice was the ever reoccurring political excesses on the streets. Many a Jew of Berlin West fetched an ear boxing during these excesses. Indeed, he was not personally at fault for what one did to the NSDAP. But the mass does not recognize these subtle differences. It grabs

whomever is accessible, and even though Mr. Cohn or Mr. Krotoschiner of Kurfürstendamm in no way influenced the Police Presidium, they still belonged to the race, they were still party, the man from the people still saw in them the guilty.

Many SA men back then landed in prison, because they stood under the suspicion of setting an example in the late evening hours on Kurfürstendamm. The courts went after them with draconian punishments. Anear boxing cost six to eight months in most cases. But one could not thereby eliminate the evil. As long as the party was banned and one took from its leaders the opportunity to have a calming effect on the masses, such excesses remained unavoidable.

The Police Presidium now proceeded against it with a new method, and it was actually more dangerous than all the ones previously applied. At large political clashes, a hundred and more party comrades were for whatever reason constrained and without presentation of reasons delivered to the political department of the Police Presidium. A legal basis for it was usually not present. They were crowded into large cells and held until noon the next day. Then let them go without doing the slightest thing to them.

That also seemed totally superfluous to the gentlemen on Alexanderplatz; for one did not want to punish the party comrades and SA men at all, after all, rather just cause them difficulties at their jobs. Such an unfortunate detainee had through his arrest lost half a day's work; he could, at best, after his release at noon reach his workplace by 2 o'clock. His Marxist or democratic superiors very soon discovered the reason for his lateness, and then he was pitilessly fired.

That was, after all, the purpose of the drill!

Before the war, the Social Democratic Party had combated the system of the spiked helmet with extreme enthusiasm. The spiked helmet was the first victim of the revolution of 1918. We got the rubber club in exchange. The rubber club indeed seems to be the insignia of the Social Democratic Party; under the regime of the rubber club, a forced thought and bondage of conscience has set in over the course of the years that defies any description. Precisely because we have felt them to an extensive degree on our

own body. One could learn to distinguish between theory and practice in the process and often come to different conclusions, however, than stand to be read in the Weimar constitution. Precisely during those weeks, party comrade Hirschmann in Munich, a simple worker, in the middle of deepest peace and without him having harmed just a hair on anybody's head, was knocked down and beaten with boards, fence laths and knuckle-dusters for so long until he gasped out his miserable and persecuted life in some alley. One could ascertain how a bourgeois Police Presidium reacted to such a shameless act of brutality. One left the Reichsbanner completely alone. The red press could pour poison and spittle over our murdered comrade unpunished, and a National Socialist protest assembly against the murderous terror was banned by the police.

The bourgeois world has collapsed under the club blows of Marxist terror, and it also deserves no other end. But we are willing to break the Marxist terror; nobody could blame us, if we brought such challenging opposites into a comparison with each other and drew consequences that had to sour and enrage us even more.

In these difficult weeks as well, the SA man was the bearer of our struggle. For the first time, one forced him to take off his beloved brown uniform, his proud flags were rolled up, the badges of the party could no longer be worn. Secretively and ashamed, we stuck our wolf's angel [Wolf's angel] in the right corner of our coat collar. The daring recognized each other from 'the sign. It escaped the eyes of the law, was soon wore by thousands and thousands and appeared on the capital's street scene more and more. Whoever wore the wolf's angel, gave expression to his will for resistance. He declared before the whole public that, despite everything, he was willing to fight on. He challenged a whole, hostile world and proclaimed his conviction that the conflict between National Socialism and Jewish sub-humanity would, in the end, nonetheless be victoriously fought out by us.

The more we saw ourselves driven into a corner by the enemy press and the harassment of the Police Presidium, the most yearning become our wish for a possibility to defend ourselves,

even if just in a makeshift fashion, again at the press, We lacked a newspaper. Where we were not allowed to speak, we at least wanted to be able to write. Our pen was supposed to be put into the service of the organization, the severed contact between leadership and following had to be restored. It was necessary, al least week by week, to reinforce party comrades' faith in the movement and to strengthen them for further perseverance.

Back then, there emerged from necessity for the first time the idea to found our own newspaper, We indeed knew that initially we would hardly be able to confront the great power of the Jewish press with something effective. Nonetheless, we started with small beginnings, because it was necessary and because we believed in our strength.

We began to make the first preparations for the founding of a weekly paper. This weekly paper, corresponding to the fighting situations in Berlin, had to be aggressive. It was supposed to pave the way for the movement with the sharpest journalistic means, We wanted to equal the Jewish press in sarcasm and cynical joke, Just with the difference, that we stood up for a pure and great cause.

We were hunted game that the hunter shot at and drove through the forest. When, in the end there, 18 nothing else at all for it to do, then it faces his pursuer; and indeed not to defend itself, rather (o go on the attack against the pitiless driver with sharp teeth and lowered antlers. We were now determined for that, One had agitated us into desperation. One had taken from us every means of defense, So we now had to throw ourselves at the pursuer, had to ty 10 first win a firm position on the retreat and then go over to the offense.

Hence title and name of our new to be founded fighting paper was given without further ado. It was supposed to be named "The Attack" ["Der Angriff"]; and it was written "For the oppressed! Against the exploiters!"

BOOK THREE:
RESSURRECTION

"DER ANGRIFF"

The publication of its own newspaper had become an indisputable necessity for the banned party. Since the Police Presidium prevented any public effectiveness of the movement through assemblies, posters and demonstrations, there was nothing else left for us than to win new ground through influencing the masses through the means of publishing.

Already at the time when the party was still allowed, we had pondered the idea of founding our own organ for the Berlin movement. But the execution of this plan had always been thwarted by the most diverse obstacles. One time we lacked the money to launch a newspaper enterprise corresponding to the present significance of the movement. Then a series of organizational and party determined difficulties stood in the way of our project; and not least, we were so overtaxed by the propaganda activity of the party in assemblies and demonstrations that we already lacked the time to put the project into execution effectively and successfully.

But now the party was banned. Assemblies were forbidden, there could no longer be any talk of demonstrations on the street. After the first press storm had died down, there was a general silence about us in the press. One hoped there that, through silence, one could overcome the movement that one had organizationally beaten down with brutal force.

We needed to help alleviate the bad condition through our newspaper. It was supposed to become an organ for the public. We wanted to talk, too, to determine, too; we wanted to also be a part of public opinion; it was our goal to again establish that bond between leadership and party following that had been rudely and pitilessly severed by the draconian ban practice of the Berlin Police Presidium.

Already the choice of the name of the newspaper presented the greatest difficulties at the beginning. The wildest and most militant titles were invented. They indeed did honor to the fighting

spirit of their intellectual fathers, but, on the other hand, they lacked any propagandistic and programmatic formulation. It was clear to me that a large part of the success depended on the name. The name had to be effective agitation-wise and already in a single word encompass the whole program of the newspaper.

Even today, I vividly remember how one evening we sat together in a small circle brooding over the title of the newspaper. Then it suddenly shot into my head like a light: our newspaper can bear only one title: "Der Angriff"! ["The Attack"). This name was propagandistically effective, and it indeed encompassed everything that we wanted and at which we aimed.

It was not the purpose of this newspaper to defend the movement. We no longer had anything that we could defend. It had to proceed fighting and aggressive; in short, it had to attack. Hence only the title "Der Angriff" came into question.

We wanted to continue with the means of publishing the propaganda methods that had been banned for us in the freely spoken word. It was not our intention to found an information paper that was supposed to somewhat replace the daily journal for our supporters. Our newspaper emerged from the tendency and should also be written in the tendency and for the tendency. Our goal was not to inform, rather to inspire, to fire up, to drive forward. The organ that we founded should work somewhat like a whip that awakens dilatory sleepers from their slumber and agitates them forward to restless action. Like the name, so, too, the motto of the newspaper a program. Next to its title stood to be read large and demanding: "For the oppressed! Against the exploiters!" Here as well, the whole fighting bearing of our new organ came to expression. Already in the title and motto, our newspaper's program and circle of effect were outlined. For us, it was just still about filling title and motto with active political life.

The National Socialist press has its own style, and it is worthwhile to expend a few words about it here. According to the Napoleon's words, the press is the "seventh great power", and since the time these words were spoken, it has rather increased then decreased its opportunities to influence. What tremendous wealth of power lies enclosed within it, showed itself, above all,

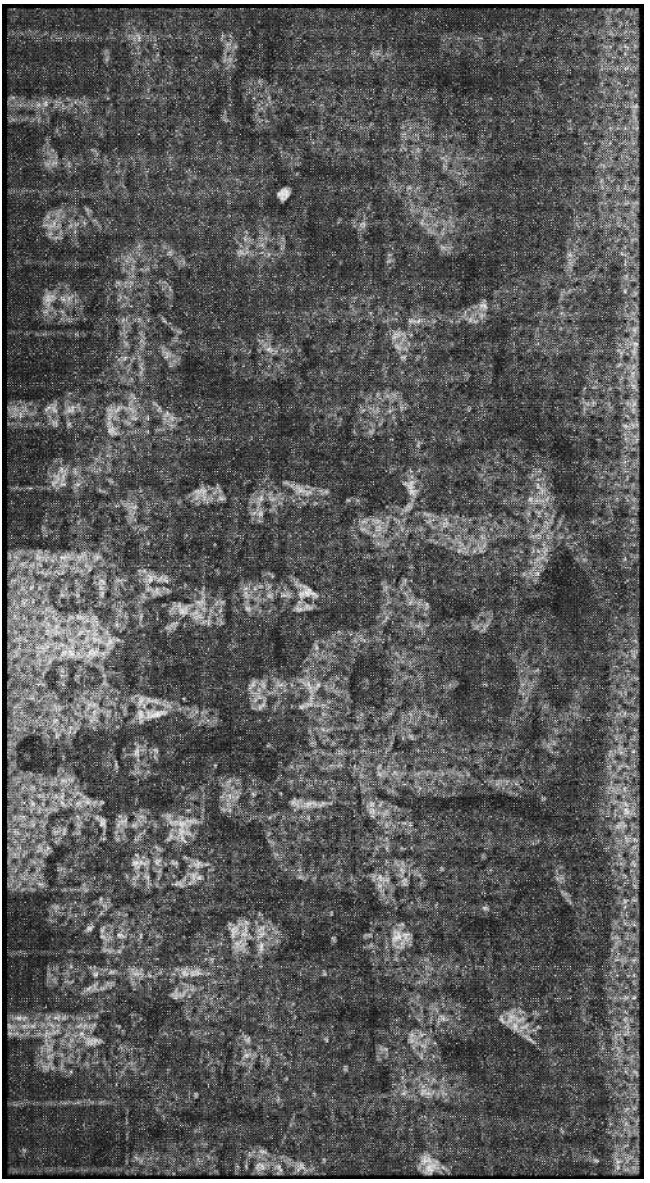
in the war. While the German press in the years of 1914 to 1918 was of an almost pedantic sounding, scientific objectivity, the Allied press indulged in an uninhibited and unrestrained demagogy. It poisoned with systematic skill the whole of world opinion against Germany, it was not objective, rather in the most radical sense partisan. The German press strove to publish objection reports of facts and to inform its readers about the great events of the world conflict to the best of its knowledge and conscience. The Allied press, conversely, was written with a specific intention. It had the goal to reinforce the fighting armies' strength of resistance and to keep the folks fighting against us in the belief in their just cause and in the "victory of civilization over the collapse of culture threatened by Germany".

The German government and army leadership often had to ban German-language, defeatist organs from being transported to the front at all. In France and England, such a thing would have been unthinkable. The press there, uninfluenced by party tendencies, fought in fanatical solidarity for the national cause. It was one of the most important prerequisites for the final victory.

The allied organs hence served less informational than propagandistic purposes. They were not so much concerned with ascertaining the objective truth as with supporting the goal of the war journalistically aggressively. The little man had understanding for that; that was, above all, good food for the soldier, who out of there in the trenches risked blood and life for the cause of the nation.

The World War did not end for Germany with November 9, 1918. It was continued, only with new means and methods and on another plain of fighting. It was now shifted from the sphere of armed conflict to the sphere of a gigantic economic-political struggle. The goal, however, remained the same: the coalition of enemy states now aimed at the total annihilation of the German folk; and the most terrible thing in this misfortune was, and is, that in Germany there are large, influential parities which intentionally aid the Allied Powers in this devilish beginning.

In light of this threatening danger, the contemporary does not have the right to scientifically-objectively take a position to the



The Berlin leadership (1927)

events in politics. He is himself, after all, a co-shaper of the things that play out around him. He can comfortably leave it to a later time to find the historical truth. His task consists of helping create historical realities, and indeed in a sense that they are beneficial and advantageous for his folk and his nation.

The National Socialist press is determined almost exclusively by this partisanship. It is written for propagandistic purposes. It turns to the broad folk masses and wants to win them for National Socialist goals. While the bourgeois organs satisfy themselves with conveying more or less unbiased information, that National Socialist press has a much greater and more decisive task beyond that. It draws political conclusions from the information, it does not leave it to the reader to form them according to his own taste. The reader should instead be educated and influenced in its sense and in its direction.

So the National Socialist press is only a part of National Socialist propaganda. It has a pronounced political goal and hence must not be confused with a bourgeois information bulletin or even publishing organ. The reader of the National Socialist press should, through his newspaper's lectures, be reinforced in his bearing. His influencing is done quite consciously. It must proceed distinct, unmistakable, purposeful and goal-conscious. All the thought and feeling of the reader should be pulled in a certain direction. Just like the speaker only has the task, through his address, to win the listener for the National Socialist cause, so must the journalist only recognize the task, through his pen, to achieve the same goal and the same purpose.

That was unique in the whole of German journalism and was hence in the beginning also often misunderstood, combated or ridiculed. According to their nature, the National Socialist press organs did not at all have the ambition to equal the large bourgeois or Jewish newspapers in precision of reporting or breadth of the material to be treated. 'A worldview is always one-sided. Whoever can view a matter from two sides, thereby already loses his certainty and uncompromising sharpness. The "stubborn obstinacy" of our public effectiveness, with which we are so often reproached, is, in the final analysis, the secret of our victory. The

folk wants clear and unmistakable decisions. The little man hates nothing more than the bilateral and the standpoint of both-this-and-that. The masses think simple and primitive. They love to generalize complicated facts and from the generalization to draw their clear and uncompromising conclusions. They are indeed usually simple and uncompromising, but they nonetheless hit the nail on the head.

Political agitation that proceeds from this knowledge will always grab the folk soul at the right spot. If it does not manage to unravel the facts, rather carries the complexity such as the matter presents it into the folk, then it will always miss the understanding of the little man.

The Jewish press as well, after all, is not non-partisan. It can today naturally give in to a tangible and visible bias; for the bias inherent within it has obviously already become effective and thus no longer requires the defense by agitation.

The refined Jewish papers are objective and strive for the appearance of a rational dispassion as long as the power of Jewry is secure. But how little this rational and passionless objectivity corresponds to the true nature of the Jewish press, one can always ascertain, if this power is once threatened. Then the mercenary writers in the Jewish editorial offices lose all calm reflection, and the serious journalists suddenly become the most deceitful scoundrels of a slanderous Jewish yellow journalism.

Naturally, at the beginning of our publishing work, we could not and did not want to compete with the large Jewish organs in regard to information. The press had too big of a head start for that, we also did not have the ambition to report non-partisan, after all, we wanted to fight with agitation. With National Socialism, everything is partisanship. Everything is oriented around a certain goal and setup for a certain purpose. Everything is made serviceable to this goal and purpose, and whatever cannot be of service to it, is purged pitilessly and without concern. The National Socialist movement has been made great by great speakers, not by great authors. It has this trait in common with all decisive revolutionary movements of world history. It had to be assured from the start that its press as well would be subordinated

to its great agitation tendencies. The press had to be written chiefly by agitators of the pen, just like the public propaganda of the party itself was practiced by agitators of the word.

But in our situation back then, that was easier said than done. We indeed possessed an impressive corps of educated and successful party agitators. Our significant speakers had emerged out of the movement itself. They had learned speaking in the movement and for the movement, The art of modern mass influence through poster and leaflet had been thoroughly mastered by the propagandists of the party. But now it was about transferring this art to the sphere of journalism.

The movement had only one teacher here: Marxism. Marxism had trained its press before the war in the sense just sketched. The Marxist press had never had an informative, rather always just a partisan character. Marxist lead articles are written speeches. The whole layout of the red press is intentionally oriented around mass influence. Here lies one of the great secrets of the Marxist ascent. The leaders of social democracy, who in a forty-year struggle brought their party to power and prestige, were chiefly agitators and also remained that, when they reached for the pen. Never did they perform mere deskwork. They were obsessed with the ambition to work from the mass for the mass.

Already back then, these realizations were not alien to us. We did not approach our difficult task unprepared. The new thing about our work merely consisted of translating theoretic principles into practice.

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And even of that, there could initially be talk to only a modest degree. For before we could set to our own actual agitation task, we had to clear away a lot of material difficulties, which initially claimed all of our time and energy.

It is not difficult to found a newspaper, if one is in possession or has the use of unlimited financial means. One engages the best writers and publishing professionals, and then the thing can hardly miss. It is already more difficult to approach a newspaper enterprise without money and based only on an organization, for

Effective pillar advertising
For the appearance of the "Angriff"

then what is Jacking in financial means must be replaced and balanced out by the discipline and internal solidarity of the organization itself. But most difficult of all is to found a newspaper without money and without organization; for then it comes down solely to the effectiveness of the organ, and decisive for the success is the intelligence of those who write it.

No financial means stood at our disposal for the organ to be founded anew. Who should come up with the crazy idea of giving us money, this ridiculous dwarf party, which on top of it all was banned and which enjoyed sympathy neither among the authorities nor in the media!

Any money that one loaned us was thrown into the fireplace. Furthermore, no strictly disciplined organization filled with a spirit of solidarity stood behind us. This had been smashed by a rigorous ban just as we were in the process of creating it. We hence had to decide for the risky attempt of conjuring up our newspaper out of thin air without money and without a solid following. admit today that, back then, we were not at all aware of the difficulties of this task. Our plan was instead the product of a bold daring; we went about its execution just from the consideration that we no longer had anything to lose.

But already the name was a bull's eye. The propaganda setting in for the newspaper did its part to make at least the beginnings of the young enterprise promising. In the last week of June, mysterious posters appeared on the advertising pillars in Berlin. We had to keep our plan as secret as possible, and we also managed, in fact, to completely conceal it from the eyes of the public. Great amazement ran through Berlin, when one morning "Der Angriff!" stood to be read in laconic brevity on blood red posters on the advertising pillars. One was struck, when a few days later a second poster appeared, upon which the mysterious reference of the first was expanded, without giving the uninitiated the possibility to gain total clarity. This poster read: "'The Angriff begins on July 4th."

By fortunate coincidence, on that day a poster was put up by the Rote Hilfe [Red Aid], upon which stood to be read in threatening red letters that, in event of accidents and wounds, one should

immediately turn to the responsible medic office of this communist aid organisation.

Thus the infamous secret that was hidden behind these mysterious references was now cleared up for the public. It was obvious that a communist armed uprising was meant by "Der Angriff". This armed uprising was supposed to begin on July 4th in Berlin, and, as announcement of the Rote Hilfe proved, the communist party was already preparing for the professional care and treatment of the badly wounded to be expected.

This rumor spread like wildfire through the Reich capital. It was taken up by the press, which began a lot of guesswork. The provincial press stuttered fearful embarrassments; in the provincial parliament, the middle parties directed an inquiry to the state government, whether it was ready and in the position to provide information about these alarming reports about imminent riots and armed uprising attempts by the communist party, which had been publicized. In short, the greatest confusion prevailed everywhere; until after two days our final, third poster appeared with the announcement that "Der Angriff" was the "German Monday Newspaper for Berlin", that it appeared once a week, how much it cost by mail, and that was written "for the oppressed and against the exploiters!"

We achieved through this effective and effect oriented poster advertisement that the name of the newspaper became known before it even appeared. It was already more difficult to come up with the necessary, even if modest, financial means for the founding of the newspaper. Nobody loaned a penny to the party. I finally had to decide to borrow a sum of two thousand marks in my name, which I myself wanted to guarantee. This sum was supposed to be used to assure the first beginnings of the young enterprise. Today it seems ridiculous to mention at all such insignificant sums. Back then, they meant a whole fortune to us; I had to run around for days in order to collect it with kind words and adjurations from friends of the party.

The first group of subscribers was provided by the still remaining remnant of party comrades. The party comrades themselves went at the recruitment work for the newspaper with

restless zeal. Each party comrade was convinced that this here was the most important temporary task, and that the existence or non-existence of our movement in the Reich capital depended on the success of this work.

Street sales were organized by unemployed SA men, printing and publication of the newspaper turned over to a friendly firm, and then we began with the work.

The greatest difficulties consisted of finding a suitable staff of co-workers, The movement hardly had a publishing past. It possessed good organizers and the best speakers, but there was a lack of editors and even trained journalists everywhere, In final desperation, one had to simply commandeer party comrades for it. They indeed brought good will and, in the most favorable cases, a modest writing ability. But not a trace of journalistic experience was present. I had indeed, when for the first time | considered a newspaper founding, set my eye on a solid chief editor.] also managed to win him for the young enterprise, but at precisely the moment in which the plan took concrete shape, he was arrested due to an old press offense and sent to Moabit for free quarters for two months.

We thereby got into bad straits. None of us knew enough about press handiwork to even create a layout. The whole layout of a newspaper, the technical preparations for each issue, even proofreading, was a total mystery to us. We had gone at this task without the vaguest advance knowledge. It must be classified as downright luck that, in the end, the experiment still succeeded without the worst embarrassment.

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We already knew better about the style and bearing of the newly founded organ. We agreed on that, and there has hardly ever been an argument about that among us. That the newspaper had to wear a totally new face, that this face should correspond to the countenance of the awakening young Germany, that stood firm for us from the start. The newspaper had to be combative and aggressive in its whole character, and also its layout, its style, its methods had to be adapted to the nature and the spirit of the

Für die Unterdrückten! Gegen die Ausbeuter!
Der Angriff
Vor einem Kommunistenputsch?
Neuer Angriff!
Kampf gegen den Marxismus
Im Zeichen
Er kommt!
Wahlversammlung im Sportpalast

The First issue of the “Angriff”

movement.

The newspaper was written for the folk. It hence also had to make use of the language that the folk spoke. It was not our intention to create an organ for the "educated public". The "Angriff? was supposed to be read by the masses; and the masses only read what they understand.

Know-it-alls have many time times and often scolded us as lacking spirit and culture. They wrinkled their nose at the lack of intellect that supposedly characterizes our journalistic utterances, and pointed out, in contrast, how cleverly and civilized the bourgeois and, above all, the Jewish organs are written. These reproaches did not cause us to rack our brains much. For us, it did not come down to imitating a false and deceitful civilization mania. We wanted to win masses, we wanted to speak to the little man's heart. We wanted to put ourselves into his thought and feeling and win him for our political idea. As the success later showed, we also managed that to a large degree.

When we began in July 1927 with a two to three thousand press run, there existed in Berlin large Jewish organs whose press runs consisted of a hundred thousand and more. They did not consider us worth paying attention to at all. Today, when our newspaper possesses an impressive press run, these organs long since belong to the past. They were written so cleverly that the lecture made the reader vomit. Their hacks reflected themselves, vain and self-satisfied, in the shimmering complexity of their intellectualism, they petrified in their civilized style so alien to reality that, in the end, their language was no longer understood by the masses.

We never made that mistake. We were simple, because the folk is simple. We thought primitive, because the folk thinks primitive. We were aggressive, because the folk is radical. We intentionally wrote how the folk feels, not to flatter or patronized the folk, rather to gradually draw it to our side through use of its own jargon and to then systematically convince it of the correctness of our politics and the harm of that of our opponents.

Three essential character traits distinguished our new organ from all newspapers previously existing in Berlin. We invented a new kind of political lead article, of political weekly review and

of political caricature.

With us, the political lead article was a written poster, or stated better yet, a street address put onto paper. It was short, suggestive, thought propagandistically and effective as agitation. It intentionally presented that, which we actually wanted to convince the reader of, as simply already known and drew its pitiless conclusions from this. It turned to the great public and was written in a style that the reader could not overlook it at all. The lead article of a bourgeois or Jewish newspaper is usually not read by the public at all. The little man believes it is only for select intellects. With us, conversely, the lead article is the heart piece of the whole newspaper. It was written in the language of the folk and already in its beginning sentences of such an agitation sharpness that nobody who started reading it set it aside unread.

The reader was supposed to gain the impression as if the writer of the lead article was actually a speaker who stood next to him and wanted to convert him to his opinion with simple and compelling trains of thought. The decisive thing was that this lead article did indeed provide the framework for the whole newspaper, around which all the other pieces grouped themselves organically. Thus the whole issue had a certain tendency, and the reader was reinforced and solidified in this tendency on each page.

The political diary provided in a short review knowledge of the political events that had played out over the course of the week. They as well were integrated into and subordinated to the great unifying tendency of the whole issue. We saw our agitation task less in portraying in diversity than in presenting a few really great political leading ideas, in formulating a few really great political demands, and then, however, hammering them into and imposing them upon the reader with tenacious logic in a hundred and more variations.

In addition, there was a completely new style of political caricature. Under the pressure of the law, it was hardly possible to bring to expression in words what we wanted and demanded. Words provide clearly outlined facts and are hence legally actionable. Political caricature is different. It is subject to diverse interpretations. What the individual reads out of it, is his affair.

The public as well is more inclined to pardon a drawing as opposed to a writing artist and show tolerance toward him. The art of the sketch artist seems to the public more difficult and hence more admirable than the art of the pen. Hence one has more sympathy for it. By its nature, caricature runs toward the grotesque, ironic and often also cynical effect. It stimulates the capacity for laugher more than the capacity for thought. And whoever has the laughter on his side, is always right, as is known.

We put that to use for us. Where one prevented us from attacking with the pen, we made us of the drawing pencil. Prototypes of democracy, who were of a touchy sensitivity toward the word, were now introduced to an inclined public in caricatures. A kind fate gave us a political sketch artist who possessed the ability for it to a pronounced degree. He combined the talent of artistic portrayal with that of the effective formulation of political slogans into such a fortunate union that from it caricatures of irresistible comedy emerged. In every issue, we so attacked the pronounced opponents of our movement in Berlin, above all, the Police Vice-President Dr. Weiss. That usually took place with such fresh and brazen impertinence that it was made down right impossible for the attacked person to proceed against it with the severity of the law; he would have invariably put himself in danger of being derided as a spoil-sport and touchy fellow. The reading public very soon became accustomed to this kind of caricature attack, and soon one awaited with anticipation each Saturday what then the "Angriff" would make out of the lofty residents on Alexanderplatz.

Lead articles and political diary, caricature and journalistic accessories produced in their totality an agitation union that was of irresistible effect; and the newspaper had thereby achieved its actual purpose. It replaced the spoken word, insofar as that is possible at all. It restored the severed contact between leadership and following in an ideal manner; it again surrounded the whole party with a unified bond of comradeship and gave back to every party comrade the conviction that his cause was not lost, rather was just being driven forward with different means.

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Until we had reached this goal, however, it first took a good amount of time. We were just in the beginnings and numerous technical difficulties presented themselves to us. All our energy and concern were claimed by them. Since the co-worker chosen as chief editor initially still sat in Moabit, I abruptly transferred our business manager to the editorial board. He took over the provisional chief editorship of the young enterprise; even thought he did not have the faintest idea of the work that awaited him, he nonetheless brought common sense to his new office and a certain amount of natural abilities. He first had to get a feel for his task; and that was all the more difficult and responsibility-laden, since, after all, the results of his work came directly to the face of a larger public and the newspaper was read not only by the friend with goodwill, rather also by the enemy with bitter skepticism and arrogant presumption. The layout of the first issue was a matter for itself. None of us knew anything about it, one referred to the other. Time was pressing, and we stood before an unsolvable task.

On a Monday morning, when I returned from a short trip to southern Germany, I found at the Hirschberg train station newspaper stand the first issue of the "Angriff' just published for the first time. Shame, inconsolability and desperation befell me, when I compared this surrogate with want I had actually wanted. A local rag, printed cheese! That is how this first issue seemed to me. Much goodwill, but only little ability. That was the result of this fleeting lecture.

And most of the supporters and readers thought the same as me. One had promised oneself much, and only little had been achieved. We were almost in danger of throwing in the towel and finally giving up our cause. But ultimately, we were again and again lifted up by defiance. We did not want to let the opponent enjoy the triumph, in the end, of seeing us collapse and capitulate under his blows after all.

Hardly had I noticed that the movement itself began to offer resistance, that our own party comrades, discouraged and despairing, doubted the work, when I decided to bet our last

energy on our common cause. At an ad hoc summoned Gau Day in Potsdam, I stood before the party following and expounded in long and fundamental deliberations the goal and purpose of the enterprises. I tried to make it clear to the party comrades that it is unworthy of a National Socialist to retreat in face of temporary setbacks and to give up a cause that had proven itself necessary only because it was accompanied by difficulties. I did not fail to point out that, if we despaired, the National Socialist movement in Berlin was totally finished and the terrain previously won would be permanently lost, that a tremendous responsibility rested on our shoulders, and that each must reflect, whether he wants to cowardly cast off this responsibility. That did not lack its effect.

With fresh courage, the whole party following went to work again. We had indeed begun with our new newspaper plan at extraordinarily unfavorable time; the first issue was published in the middle of the summer, on July 4th. The organization was paralyzed, financial means were lacking, a solid co-worker staff was not yet assembled, journalistic ability left much to be desired everywhere. But ultimately, as always in hopeless situations, will and stubborn determination were signposts for us here as well.

We wanted! That had to suffice. The task that we undertook was necessary. That had to suffice. Obstacles can always be overcome, if one just has the will for it. A movement like ours, however, must never let itself be led astray by obstacles. The beginnings of the young enterprise were immediately threatened by collapse and bankruptcy. But we bravely threw ourselves against this threat. Work, industriousness, perseverance and talent let us become master over these difficulties as well. The "Angriff" was soon, in fact, an attack. Through tireless work, we sharpened and honed it: and the pitiful rag, which on July 4, 1927 first saw the light of day, in a short time already became an impressive and enchanting fighting newspaper. We moved closer to the goal. We attacked. And now the young organ in its new form should, however, cause more worry for those against whom it was written than for those who wrote it!

DESPERATION AND DECLINE

Meanwhile, midsummer had come. The silly season set in with force. The political life of the Reich capital slacked off more and more and lost any sharpness. The Reichstag had gone on vacation, sensations or great political surprises were not to be expected for the time- being. The National Socialist movement of the Reich capital seemed to have collapsed, and a fuss was made about it neither in the press nor elsewhere in the media.

The defeatist elements, which had been sent into the movement in order to undermine and exhaust it from within, made use of that. Our newly founded newspaper still stood in the very first beginnings and in this form did not correspond to the wishes and demands of the party following. The media effectiveness of the party had sank to a mini- mum under the ban. We could continue our membership index only in secret and very imperfectly, and hence the income from membership dues was only very irregular.

The party led a pitiful existence. It lacked the financial means necessary for political work; it did not have private donors, neither today nor back then, and we could not contribute anything from our own fortunes, because we were all poor and without means, and the few sums which had stood at the disposal of one or the other, had been completely used up during the first period after the ban.

In the party following itself, increasing discouragement made itself noticeable, which was systematically promoted and fanned by provocateur elements. The movement, in part intentionally, in part unintentionally, was distressed and put into a state of constant nervousness through skillful alarming news Popping up again and again or through secretive sabotage work.

We could do little to defend ourselves against it publicly; for we naturally had an interest in keeping the inner life of the party, which continued to exist even after its ban, out of the sight of the police as much as possible, since, after all, we had to fear that, if it put in a visible appearance anywhere, the authorities would proceed against us and the party with rigorous measures of

compulsion.

The organizational cohesion of the movement rested almost exclusively on the individual SA formations. The political party itself was not so solidly structured and unified for it to be capable of being employed for banned political work. But the SA, leastwise its old groups, remained totally intact. One founded clubs under fake names, often with the most curious titles, in which the National Socialist idea continued to be nurtured and the work was continued as much as that was possible under the pressure of the ban.

There emerged the savings clubs "to the golden nickel" ["Zum goldenen Sechser"], bowling clubs "Good Wood" ["Gut Holz'], swimming clubs "Fine Wet" ["Gut Nass"] and similar such fantastic enterprises, which in reality just represented continuations of the National Socialist movement in Berlin unjustly banned by the Police Presidium.

However, one could only bring in chosen and thoroughly reliable party comrades for this work. The danger of spies and organized provocations was all too imminent. As soon as our work exceeded a certain narrowly delineated circle of people, the authorities invariably got wind of it and then responded with measures of compulsion and _harassment. That meant a great time for grousers and defeatists. They felt themselves compelled to nag about and criticize the measures that were taken by the party leadership under the pressure of the ban, instead of putting them into execution with discipline and responsibility. They felt safe in the knowledge that the party had no opportunity at all to intervene against them or to defend itself against their sabotage. Indeed, we also had to watch with rage this shameless activity, which only to a small degree was put into motion by disgruntled party comrades, rather for the larger part by paid, unworthy elements, and postpone our revenge to better days.

Under such conditions, our initiative, which had already been substantially paralyzed by official methods of persecution, sank to a minimum. Hardly had a decision been made, when it was distorted and chewed up in the mouth of the spiteful, and usually not much more came out of it than fruitless and empty debate. But

if one did nothing, then these subjects, gloating over the other fellow's misfortune, declared the party's activity had petrified, one could not longer speak at all of a National Socialist movement in the Reich capital.

The "Angriff? caused us great concerns. As fast as we had overcome the technical difficulties, so difficult was it to master the financial distress. We had founded the newspaper without any financial support. Only courage and desperation stood in as godparents. The young enterprise was thus threatened by the worst shocks right in its beginnings. Our lofty expectation had been fulfilled only to a small extent. After a brief, abrupt flicker, the public interest in our publication had died everywhere, and since it was not possible to make our organ effective beyond the circle of our own party following, even the solid supporters soon lost their interest in this interest. One considered the thing impossible. One declared the founding had not been sufficiently prepared, one should have waited for autumn and not exposed oneself in the summer to the danger of seeing the newspaper languish already in the political torpidity of the silly season.

The contingent of firm subscribers was meager and totally inadequate: we unloaded only small quantities of our weekly newspaper, appearing on Saturday, through street sales. The necessary funds did not come in, we had to ask for credit from our printer, and that again had as a result that the newspaper lost attractiveness in its outer layout. The paper was bad, the printing inadequate, the "Angriff" made the impression of a rag, appearing somewhere in obscure anonymity and lacking any ambition to one day join the ranks of the great press organs of the Reich capital.

Already after one month, the "Angriff", seen normally, stood before bankruptcy. Only the fact that we again and again managed to dig up a modest sum of money somewhere saved us from open bankruptcy.

All of our time and work were filled up with financial worries. Money and money and again and again money! We could not pay the printer. Wages were paid only in small sums. We owed money for rent and telephone. The movement seemed to suffocate in the financial calamity.

If we had just had the opportunity to hold public meetings and influence the masses through great speakers! Perhaps we would have thereby overcome the financial crisis. For our assemblies always brought in substantial profits, which were dissipated by the political movement down to the present day. But assemblies, after all, were usually banned; and where they were allowed to put in an appearance, the authorities let us make costly preparations just to nonetheless come up with a political ban at the last moment. They there by not only robbed us of the expected profits, rather also of the sum that we had already had to use for the preparation of the assembly.

Many times and often, the question has come up in the media, where does the National Socialist movement get the huge sums that it requires for the maintenance of its large party apparatus and the financing of its gigantic propaganda campaigns. One has guessed at the most diverse secret financial sources. Once it was Mussolini, the other time the Pope, a third time France, a fourth time big industry and a fifth time some known Jewish banker who financed the National Socialist movement. The dumbest and most nonsensical suspicions were put out in order to compromise the movement. The worst enemies of the party were named among its most generous donors, and a blindly believing public has fallen for these fairy tales for years.

And yet nothing is simpler than the solution of this only apparently mysterious puzzle. The National Socialist movement has never taken money from me nor organizations that stood outside its ranks or indeed combated the movement in public and were combated by it. It also was not at all necessary for it. The National Socialist movement is so large and inwardly healthy that it can finance itself from its own means. A party of a few hundred thousand, today even almost a million members, has a healthy financial basis already in the membership dues. With that, one can maintain its whole organizational apparatus, if it is structured with thrift — and that is self-evident with us, after all. But the propaganda campaigns that we organize during elections or large political actions finance themselves. That is so hard for the public to understand only because other parties, with which one

compares us, are not at all in the position to charge admission for their assemblies. They are delighted to barely fill their meeting halls with free admission and event he offer of free beer. That is because these parties have only inadequate speakers and because the political views represented in their assemblies are totally uninteresting and hardly attractive for the broad folk masses. That is different with the National Socialist movement. It possesses a speaker corps that indeed must be designated as by far the best and most effective in present day Germany. We did not systematically school these speakers and train them to be great rhetoricians. They have grown from the movement itself. Inner enthusiasm gave them their energy and ability to have an inspiring effect on the masses.

The folk has a feeling for whether a political speaker himself believes what he says. Our movement has arisen out of nothingness, and the men who from early on placed themselves at its disposal are permeated with the correctness and necessity of the political idea that they represent to the public in blind conviction. They believe what they say; and they convey this belief with the energy of their words to their listeners.

The political speaker has otherwise never been at home in Germany. While the western democracies had already from earlier on trained and refined the art of political speech for the folk, in Germany itself, up to the end of the war, the effect of the political speaker was almost exclusively limited to the parliament. Among us, politics had never been a matter of the folk, always just the matter of a privileged ruling stratum.

That would now change with the rise of the National Socialist movement. Not Marxism politicized the broad masses in the actual sense. Indeed, the folk was made of age through the Weimar constitution, but one neglected everything in order to also give this public say the necessary possibility of having an effect. The fact that after the war one neglected to build large assembly halls at all, in which large folk masses could be gathered for political enlightenment, was already proof that the fathers of democracy did not seriously have the intention of politically educating the folk, that instead they saw in the mass only voting cattle, good

enough to throw the decisive ballot into the ballot box in elections, but otherwise *misera plebs*, who as far as possible were to be kept distant from real shaping of the political development.

The National Socialist movement has created a change here that is significant in many regards. It turned in its propaganda to the masses themselves, and it also succeeded in a years long struggle to bring motion again into the already totally petrified political life in Germany. It invented for political agitation a totally new language and managed to popularize the problems of German post-war politics to a degree that even the small man from the folk could have understanding and interest for it.

One has often scolded our agitation as primitive and spiritless. But in this dry criticism, one proceeds from totally incorrect premises. Certainly, National Socialist propaganda is primitive; but the folk also thinks primitive, after all. It simplifies the problems, it intentionally disrobes them of their confusing accessories in order to adapt them to the horizon of the folk. When the masses had once realized that the urgent questions of the present were treated in National Socialist assemblies in a style and a language that everybody could understand, an unstoppable river of tens and hundreds of thousands also began to flow into our assemblies. Here, the little man found enlightenment, stimulus, hope and faith. Here, he gained first pillar in the erring and confusion of the post-war period to which he cling in desperation. For this movement, he was hence ready to sacrifice his last hunger dime. Only from the awakening of the masses — he had to convince himself of this — could the nation be made to awaken.

That is the explanation why our assemblies very soon enjoyed a growing appeal and the party not only did not have to expend its money for them, rather possessed in them the best and most permanent financial opportunity.

The authorities struck us at our softest spot, when they banned any speaking activity by known National Socialist speakers, at their top the Führer of the movement himself, often for months and years. They knew the tremendous influence of these agitators on the masses, they were not unclear that the great speaking enthusiasm, from which these men were themselves carried, was

also conveyed to the masses and the movement thereby obtained an impulse with which no press and no organization can compete in another manner. The Police Presidium in Berlin, after the issuance of the ban, first went about making the agitation activity of the movement totally impossible. And that was the hardest blow that could strike us. We thereby lost not just the spiritual contact with the masses, our most important source of finance was also blocked.

We indeed tried again and again to carry out our public agitation in this or that camouflaged manner. That worked once or twice, then the authorities suddenly figured us out, and bans rained down again. The constitution plays only a subordinate role in modern democratic police practice. Democracies usually tend not to be all too indulgent with their own written laws. The right of freedom of expression is always only allowed, if the opinion that one publicly expresses coincides with the opinion of the mighty government and the party coalition standing behind it. But if an unworthy subject dares to express a different opinion than the one nurtured in the government offices and recognized as correct, then one usually ignores freedom of expression, and it is replaced by compulsion of thought and suppression of free speech. Certainly, the persecuted person can refer to the constitution. But only scornful laughter comes as the reply to him. The constitution exists in its rights only for those who have invented it and in its duties only for those against whom it has been invented.

Our assemblies were banned under all possible pretexts. One even forbade National Socialist Reichstag delegates from speaking to their voters, one did not refrain from referring to an old public peace law from the time of Frederick the Great in the process, and thereby summoning as helper that Prussia that was allegedly totally overthrown through the revolt of November 9, 1918.

We initially still lacked possibilities to replace these agitation losses with the press. The type of the “Angriff” was still too new to be accepted by the masses without further ado. It was also still too much in its beginnings. The essence of this young newspaper enterprises, was still so little crystallized that a broad reaching

influence was totally impossible for the time being.

The "Angriff', back then, was perhaps criticized most in our own party. One found it too sharp, too radical, too aggressive. Its manner of proceeding aggressively was too loud and pounding for the lukewarm. Previously, it had not managed to conquer the heart of its readership and still shouted into the wind.

But that was a drawback that caused us only little worry. One could overcome that through performance an industriousness. But it was worse with another difficulty, which had often led the party into very threatening dangers that at this time as well, like in all crises, began to pop up.

The National Socialist movement actually has no predecessor in German. Indeed, in its demands and intellectual contents, it links to this or that political or cultural movement of the past. Its socialism is connected to that of Stöcker's stamp. In it anti-Semitic tendencies, it is based on the preliminary works of Dühring, Lagarde and Theodor Fritsch. Its racially and culturally determined demands are essentially and decisively co-determined by Chamberlain's fundament knowledge.

But the NSDAP did not adopt the results of these works blindly and without criticism and boil them together into an indefinable stew. They have been modified to and integrated into our intellectual and programmatic work; and the essential thing about this merging process is that the National Socialist programmatic has poured them together into an all-encompassing synthesis.

The genuine National Socialist tends to never refer to having already worked in this or that movement of the pre-war period, which has a distant similarity to our present day party. The National Socialist is a thoroughly modern political type; and he also feels himself as such. His nature is determined chiefly by the great revolutionary explosions of the war period and of the post-war period.

However, German-folkish types still haunt the ranks of the party, who think they are the actual spiritual fathers of the whole National Socialist worldview. Whatever special area within our great world of ideas is their hobby, they now believe that the party solely exists to employ its whole energy and agitation work for

their hobby.

As long as the party is busy with great political tasks, these efforts are not at all dangerous for its development. They only become dangerous, if the party enters a crisis through bans and internal difficulties. Then there is an open field for these *only* anti-Semitic or *only* racially interested specialists.

They try with *industriousness* to confiscate the party work for their often extraordinarily amusing specialty. They demand from the leaders of the party that they concentrate the whole energy of the organization on their specialized hobbies, and if they refuse, then, just as they were previously our most enthusiastic supporters, they usually become the most furious opponents and engage in blind and unrestrained attacks against the party and its public activity.

Hardly had the police ban fell upon us and the public effectiveness of the movement prevented, when these folkish wandering apostles popped up in throngs. One stood up for a reform of the German language, the other believed to have found the stone of wisdom in biochemistry or homoeopathy, a third saw in the anti-Semitic Count Pückler the savior of the twentieth century. The fourth had invented a new and world changing money theory and a fifth discovered the causal connection between National Socialism and the smashing of the atom. All these special tasks were then somehow connected to the party and its efforts. The specialists confused their grotesque hobbies with National Socialism and demanded that the party agree to their usually fresh and arrogant demands, if it did not want to otherwise throw away and squander its whole historical mission.

Only a golden ruthlessness helps against that. We have never let such naive dreamers thrive in our movement, and many a folkish world benefactor, who usually strolled in on sandals with backpack and hunting shirt, was shown the door with scorn and laughing.

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The Police Presidium obviously had no desire to let the ban be decided by a real court. Indeed, I was repeatedly questioned in

Moabit in regard to the matter with the drunken pastor; but apparently neither the material nor the courage of the responsible authorities sufficed for a trial.

Nonetheless, the party remained banned. All of our cries of protest were in vain. The nationalist press even now denied our justified demands for protection and help. It was probably secretly happy that with us an annoying competitor in the Reich capital had been restricted in its effectiveness and hence the old proven bourgeois peace and order continued to be upheld.

Our office on the Lützowstrasse was a kind of "conspirators" center" back then. Orderly work became more and more impossible here. We were afflicted with a search almost every week. Down on the street, it was just teeming with spies and provocateurs. Our files and lists were stored somewhere in private residences, we had affixed large signs on the door on which stood to be read that the office of the National Socialist delegates was to be found here; but that never prevented the police from searching these rooms whenever they wanted and hindering and delaying our work in every respect.

We ran into a wall of sand. The opponent no longer stood and fought. Wherever we made the attempt to attack him, he evaded. He had withdrawn into the safety of the silent treatment, and no agitation finesse was able to lure him out of his ambush. One no longer talked about us at all. National Socialism was taboo in Berlin. The press obviously avoided naming our name at all. From the Jewish newspapers as well, the agitation articles disappeared as if by a secret order. One had gone too far and now sought, through devout silence, to make the all too loud shouting of the last months forgotten.

That was harder for us to bear than the open and brutal attack. For we were thereby damned to total ineffectualness. The enemy kept himself hidden in cowardly ambush and sought to annihilate us along the whole line through silent treatment and ignoring us.

National Socialism was supposed to be just an episode in the Reich capital. One wanted to gradually put us on ice through the silent treatment in order to then, with the beginning of autumn, to continue with the daily routine.

National Socialist SA men stood before judges in Moabit daily. One had worn a banned brownshirt, the second endangered public peace and order through display of a party badge, the third had given an ear boxing to a fresh and arrogant Jew on Kurfürstendamm. Silent and without a sound, that was punished with the most severe, draconian sentences. Six months was the minimum to which our SA men were sentenced for ridiculous trifles. The press no longer registered that. That had gradually become self-evident.

That the Jewish papers worked according to a set and long-range campaign plan, was explainable for us. The goal of this campaign plan was: the freezing of National Socialism, silent burial, silencing it leaders and speakers. But it remained incomprehensible that the bourgeois press went along with this shameful handiwork. Back then, it had it in its hands to rescue the National Socialist movement in Berlin. They would not have to have done it as a favor to us, rather just given word to a just cause. They had the duty to at least demand that, if the National Socialist movement was banned, then the communist party would have to be banned as well. For the communist party — given that what one accused us of actually corresponded to the facts — had a vastly greater blood guilt account than we. But even the bourgeois press did not dare to take a strong hold on the communist party, because the communists were the political children of social democracy, because one knew that, where one attacked it, all of Judah would testify for each other and one would face a unified front from Ullstein and Mosse to the Karl-Liebknecht-Haus.

We learned for good back then, in our desperation and in light of the apparently unavoidable decline of our Berlin organization, not to put any hope in the political bourgeoisie. The political bourgeoisie is cowardly. It lacks the courage for decisions, character and civil courage. In the bourgeois press, it is fashionable to howl *with* the wolves, and nobody there possesses the daring for once to howl against the wolves. To persecute National Socialism was downright modern. The Jewish press had labeled it as second class. For intellectual circles, it was considered as lacking spirit and culture, base and pushy, and a

decent human being wanted nothing to do with it. That was the unwritten law for public opinion. The education philistines joined in with the chorus of persecutors out of fear of being viewed as outdated and not modern. The movement was encircled on all sides. Tired, sick and dulled, we watched the unavoidable course of things. The party had slide out of our hands, the attempt to pull it up again through a daring and aggressive fighting organ had failed all along the line. It seemed as if it were a done deal that we should not ascend in the Reich capital.

We often lost faith in our future for hours back then. And nonetheless, we continued to work. Not out of enthusiasm, rather out of desperate hatred. We did not want to let our opponents enjoy the triumph of forcing us to our knees. In an apparently unavoidable decline, defiance again and again gave us the courage to persevere and fight on.

Here and there, fate was then also favorable to us for once. One day the imprisonment of our chief editor came to an end. Worn out and numbed, he came back from Moabit and immediately went to his work again, silent and without pathos. The "Angriff" thereby had a journalistic center point. The work was begun with new and fresh energy.

For the first time, a brief glow appeared through the dark cloud that rested upon us ominous and portentous. We already began to hope again, we already forged new plans. The cares remained behind us, and we bravely strode forward. We did not want to capitulate. We were of the firm conviction: one day fate will not deny its blessing and its mercy as well to the one who remained standing upright in storm and distress and danger!

NUREMBERG 1927

Party Days have always played a special role in the history of the National Socialist movement. They were, so-to-speak, stations in the great agitation development of the party. An accounting was made there over the work performed and the tactical line of the future struggle set down in guiding political decrees.

The 1923 Party Day had helped to influence the crucial

decisions within the movement in this year of storm and stress. In November 1923, the party prepared for the final blows, and when these had failed, the whole movement throughout Germany fell victim to an official ban. The leaders of the party landed in fortress or prison, the apparatus of the organization was smashed, freedom of the press suspended, and the supporters of the party scattered to all the winds.

When Adolf Hitler was given back freedom in December of the year 1924, he immediately went about making the preparations for the refounding of the party, and in February 1925, the old movement emerged anew. Adolf Hitler has foreseen with the gift of prophecy back then that probably five years would be necessary in order to build up the movement again so that it could decisively intervene into the political development. These five years were filled with incessant work, with fighting elan and revolutionary mass propaganda. Indeed, the movement had to work its way up again since its re-founding from the smallest beginnings, and it seemed all the more difficult since, after all, it had once been of great political importance and was then suddenly pushed back into nothingness. In the year 1925, we could not yet give an accounting before a Party Day over the just begun a new work. The organization stood just in the first beginnings again. In most parts of the land, it still worked under official pressure, partially under not yet lifted bans. The masses of supporters had not yet been brought together again into a firm union; the party leadership consequently saw itself compelled to refrain from a Party Day, but instead to intensify the agitation work of the party with all its strength.

In the year 1926, we were ready. The movement had successfully overcome the first beginnings and had now established firm strongholds in all provinces and larger cities. In the summer of 1926, it again announced its first great Party Day since the 1923 collapse. It took place in Weimar and already meant an unexpected success for our relative strength back then. The work resumed again with such force right afterward. The party began to gradually break the chains of anonymity and now entered the public as a decisive political factor.

In the year 1927, one could start organizing the Party Day in a greater style. Nuremberg was selected as the site, and the appeal went out to the whole movement, to provide in this, in discipline and solidarity, a vocal testimony to the strength and unbreakable energy of the resurrected party.

Party Days of the NSDAP differ greatly from the party days of other parties. Corresponding to the parliamentarian-democratic character of their organizers, they are meant to be just a cheap opportunity for discussion. The representatives of the party from all parts of the land meet for their usually highly platonic conferences. The policies of the party are subjected to a critical examination, and the outcome of these debates then usually finds its expression, determined by the day, in pompous style exercises, so-called resolutions. These resolutions are usually of no value at all in terms of contemporary history. They are simply formulated for the public. One often seeks in them to just artificially plaster over latent contradictions that have burst open within the party, and nobody finds that more distressing and painful than those who, for a whole year, have worked, faithful and unerring, for the party in the land.

Usually, the party representatives leave their party days with just a heavy heart. The tears in the party organization have just become quite noticeable there. They have talked themselves red in fruitless discussions and given the public the pitiful spectacle of wavering and quarrelling brothers of conviction. The result of the work at the party days, seen politically, is usually equal to zero. The future policy of the party is hardly influenced by the party days. The party popes just acquire for themselves through artificial testaments of confidence an alibi for the coming year and then continue the old policy with the old means in the old form. The composed resolutions, in their strong and energy feigning manner, are only supposed to serve to throw sand in the eyes of the remonstrating following and to not let them digress from the party line.

Our Party Days are filled with a completely different spirit. Not only the officeholders and full time representatives of the party come to them. They are military reviews of the whole

organization. Each party comrade, and, above all, each SA man, considers it a special honor to be personally present and to participate in the mass of party comrades appearing. The Party Day does not offer an opportunity for fruitless discussion. Quite the opposite, it should give the public a vivid picture of the unity, solidarity and unbroken fighting strength of the party as a whole and visually display the inner bond between leadership and following. At Party Days, the party comrade is supposed to gain new courage and new energy. The unison of marching step of the SA battalions, exactly like the sharp and uncompromising formulations of the composed decisions, should uplift and strengthen him; he should return from the Party Day to his old work as if born anew.

The Weimar Party Day in the year 1926 had given the leaders, party comrades and SA men gathered there that tremendous energy reserve with whose use they could fight through the difficult political fighting up to August 1927. A reflection of this tremendous unleash of energy was absorbed into the work of a whole year. Now the Nuremberg Party Day of the year 1927 was supposed to prove that the party had not remained stuck at its old spot or had even retreated from its positions of power, that, quite the opposite, its work everywhere throughout the Reich had been crowned with victory and success and that the party, even beyond its own organizational scope, could now offer to all of German Germany the irrepressible image of new political energy and strength.

Above all, those parts of the land in which the movement had for years been combated and terrorized, had a natural right that the Party Day brought the unity and solidarity of the overall movement to expression and did not, say, descend into inner squabbling over program and tactics.

The Berlin party following expected from the Nuremberg Party Day more than a mere gathering of party comrades. It had, during the previous year, had to survive the most difficult fighting. It had emerged from all these fights strengthened and matured, and the opportunity was offered to it, outside pressure of the authorities and without political chains, to bring the unbroken solidarity of

the Berlin organization to expression in front of the movement of the whole Reich.

The preparations for this Party Day took months. The greater the pressure from outside became, the greater the joy and anticipation grew with which one looked forward to this mass meeting. The Berlin party comrade and SA man wanted to fetch new energy here for the more distant struggle. He wanted to intoxicate himself from the demonstrating mass marches, in which the organization of the whole Reich, from east and west and south and north, arranged a meeting.

Already three weeks before the Nuremberg Party Day, about fifty unemployed SA men set off on foot from Berlin to Nuremberg. Beyond the border of the capital, they again put on the old uniform and marched in step the many hundreds of kilometers toward the goal of their desires.

It may seem incomprehensible to the philistine that it was possible, despite the party ban, to arrange three special trains from Berlin to Nuremberg, and to hide this mass departure from the eyes of the authorities up to the last moment. And yet it was possible.

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On the Saturday before the Party Day, which kind of represented the prelude to the great National Socialist meeting, it was already certain that this meeting would become a huge success for the whole movement. Over forty special trains from all parts of the Reich arrived at the Nuremberg train station during the morning. In addition to that, there was still a mass of participants that flooded into the old Reich city on foot and by bicycle, in marching groups and on trucks.

The National Socialist movement is dead! That is what its enemies had cheered for two years; and now the exact opposite turned out to be the case. The movement had not only not collapsed under the club blows of official persecution, it has victoriously overcome them and arose today more unbroken than ever.

Already the name Nuremberg was for most party comrades

surrounded by magic without equal. It meant to them what was simply German. Under the walls of this city, cultural deeds of world importance were done. If one spoke of Nuremberg, then one meant the best German tradition, which points forward pregnant with the future.

In this city, German men had already marched up, by the tens of thousands, greeted and cheered by German patriots, who thought that the new Reich had already arisen. What back then demonstrated so mighty and inspiring in the critical period of post-war politics, collapsed upon itself, since it was not yet totally fitted and formed, since a great legacy in the unfortunate months after the collapse of the party was administered by men who showed themselves not up to this task.

Nationalist Germany again looked at Nuremberg, where the National Socialist brown-shirts marched up by the tens of thousands in order to demonstrate against the tribute policy for a new state. Faith and hope of hundreds of thousands accompanied the triumphant march of these young activists, who had proven in a two year, bitter struggle that the National Socialist idea and its party political organization were to be shaken by no means and no terror.

On November 9, 1923, the first work had collapsed. It had fulfilled its historical task and had to initially make way for chaos. After times of deepest collapse, the reconstruction of the movement began in February 1925, and now, for the first time, it was supposed to be shown in a mass contingent that the condition of the party of 1923 had already been far surpassed and the movement again marched at the point of nationalist-revolutionary Germany.

The nation gazed full of faith and confidence at this National Socialist mass deployment. Each SA man felt that along with his marching comrades he again formed the iron point of a lead wedge, and that he owed that solely to his valor, his courage and his stubborn endurance. He entered these days with pride and inner exaltation. He had snatched up the sinking flag and carried it onward through night and darkness. The banner stood firm. Everywhere, in every city, in every village, one knew the shining

flag of the National Socialist folk rebellion, and where one did not want to learn to love the movement, one had at least taught them to hate and fear it.

They came from the factories, from the mines and offices, from plough and harrow, and in the middle of them stood the Führer of the movement. One was grateful to him that the politics of the party had not deviated one centimeter from the straight course. He was the guarantee that this would remain so in the future as well.

Today, the one was not writer and the another not proletarian, this not farmhand and that not minor official. Today they were all the last Germans who did not want to doubt the future of the nation. They were the bearers of the future, the guarantors that Germany was destined not for decline, rather for freedom. They had become the symbol of a new strength of faith for hundreds of thousands and millions. If they did not exist, they all knew this, then Germany would have to despair. And so they raised up the banners and the hearts, they made the rhythm of their mass step echo ominously off the walls of the old Reich city.

Young Germany stood up and demanded its rights.

Flags flattered over the city; countless had bled under these flags, countless had been thrown into prison for it and many had fallen under it.

They did not want to forget that; above all, they did want to forget that today, when these flags were carried through the streets of the city under a shining sun and cheered by tens of thousands.

The "Angriff" appeared for the first time as special edition at the Nuremberg Party Day. On the front page, an enchanting drawing: a bound fist breaks the restraining chains and thrusts a waving flag upward. Beneath it, in laconic brevity, just the words: "Despite ban not dead!"

That was what every Berlin party comrade and SA man felt dark and dull: the movement had victoriously overcome all crises and devastating blows. It had boldly and daringly defied a silly, mechanical ban and now deployed in order to show the public that one could indeed ban, but not destroy it.

The special negotiations already began on Friday afternoon. The congress participants convened in individual special groups,

Foot march Berlin – Nuremberg

which as such already represented the instructive basic training attempts of future occupational parliaments. The conferences, as was understood as self-evident in the party itself, were born by moral seriousness and the deepest feeling of responsibility. The points standing for debate — and this is no contradiction in itself — were finished almost without debate, as there was unanimity among the delegates in all questions so-to-say. One did not talk, rather one acted and made firm decisions. From the extract of opinions, the group expert advisors formed their proposals, which were presented to the congress convening the next day. Voting did not take place. It would also have been rather pointless, since they would have produced the same picture of unanimity and solidarity.

Outside, the drums were already beating. The first special trains of brown-shirts rolled in.

Saturday brought a fine, rainy mist. Already early in the morning upon entering the city, Nuremberg offered a completely new picture. Special train after special train arrived. Brown-shirts and more brownshirts marched in long columns through the city toward their quarters.

Ringing play in the streets, which already stood decorated with flags.

The congress was convened around noon. The beautiful culture club hall was densely filled with people in festive mood. A folding- door springs open, and amidst the endless jubilation of those assembled, Adolf Hitler enters the hall with his closer leaders.

In brief, self-containing, guiding lectures, the politics of the party are set down clear and uncompromising. The congress lasts until the seventh evening hour, and then Nuremberg is completely dominated by the marching up National Socialist mass movement. When around ten o'clock in the evening, the torch-bearing SA people march past the Fuhrer in front of the Deutschen Hof, each becomes aware that, with this party, a boulder has been erected in the middle of the raging sea of the German collapse.

And then the great day begins. Fog still lies over the city, when at 8 o'clock in the morning the National Socialist SA comes

together for the great mass assembly at Luitpoldhain. Platoon after platoon, the brown detachments draw up with exemplary discipline, until after an hour the broad terraces are overfilled with densely packed troops.

When Hitler appears amidst the endless jubilation of his loyal men, the sun breaks through the dark clouds. The presentation of the new standards takes place in a spontaneous act.

The old colors sank, the flag of the old Reich was ragged in the dirt. We give our faith the new symbol.

Departure! The streets are full of thousands and thousands for a long way. Flowers, flowers, flowers! Each SA man is decorated like a victorious warrior whore turns from the battle to the homeland.

The march-by takes place on the main square in front of an immense crowd of people. Endless, endless, hours long! Ever new brown throngs march up and great their Führer.

Sunshine lies upon everything, and flowers again and again.

Young Germany marches.

The battle-tested Berlin SA marches at the point. It is showered with jubilation and flowers. For the first time, the heart of the German folk heats for it here.

In the middle of them, the foot marchers, German proletarians from Berlin, who in the Reich of promised beauty and dignity found neither work nor bread and on a July day set off toward Nuremberg, the backpack stuffed full with leaflets, newspapers and books. Each day, whether rain or blistering hot sun, they marched 25 kilometers, and when they came to their quarters in the evening, they knew neither rest nor peace until late into the night, in order to recruit for their political idea.

In the big cities, they were spat on and knocked down.

No harm done! They fought their way through and arrived in Nuremberg ahead of time.

Now they march with their comrades, from the banned organization in Berlin, seven hundred SA men found their way to Nuremberg, on foot, on bicycles, on trucks and in special trains. For months, they had saved up the bread from their mouths, renounced beer and tobacco, yes, many literally starved

themselves for the travel money. They lost the wages of two days work, and the price for the special train alone amounted to twenty-five marks. Many of these seven hundred earned twenty marks in a week.

Even he saved up his travel money, and on Saturday morning, he as well, with pounding heart next to his comrades, climbed out of the train cars that rolled from Berlin to Nuremberg; and in the evening he marched with the tens of thousands past the Führer, swung his burning torch high and greeted. His eyes suddenly began to glisten. He does not know at all, whether he may believe that all this is true. At home, one had only spat at and slandered him, clubbed him down and thrown him into prison. And now thousands and thousands of people stand on the edges of the streets and greet him and shout Heil!

A deep, blue sky arches over the old Reich city; the air is clear as glass, and the sun laughs, as if it had never seen such a day.

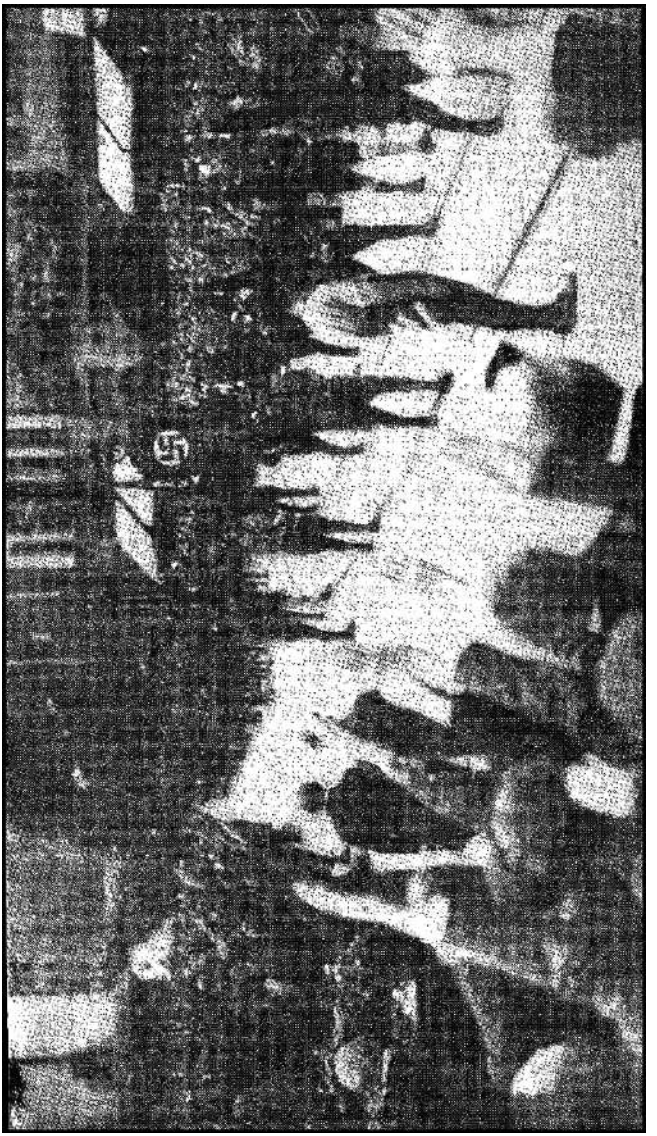
And now the fanfares blare. Marching columns. Endless, endless! One almost wants to believe that should continue so forever. And on the streets, black walls of people wait. Nobody shouts shame. By no means! They all wave and laugh and cheer as if the tens of thousands had come from victorious battle; and throw flowers, again and again flowers.

The seven hundred march at the point. Because they have fought through the most difficult battle for a year, that is why they are showered with flowers. They stick them in their belts, ever more. The caps are soon nothing but blossoming bouquets, and the girls laugh and wave to them. Back home, ones pits at them.

And now they march past the Führer. Thousands, tens of thousands shout Heil. They hardly hear it. They pull the flowers from their belts and throw them to the cheering people.

March-pass. The legs fly, while the music belts out "Parademarsch der langen Kerls" ["Parade March of the Tall Fellows"].

And then evening comes, tired and heavy. It begins to rain. In a rousing closing rally of the delegate congress, the concentrated revolutionary energy of the movement is manifested once more. The streets outside are overfilled with cheering and enthusiastic



The storm tested Berlin SA
at the march-by Nuremberg (August 1927)

people. It is as if the new Reich had already arisen.

The sound of drums and the play fifes. An enthusiasm that only the unspoiled heart of yearning German youth brings forth. In seven mass assemblies, the great speakers of the party speak to tens of thousands of people in the evening.

Night falls. A great, blessed day passes. It should be a source of strength for a whole year of work, care and struggle for all who participated in it.

And now bind the helmet tighter!

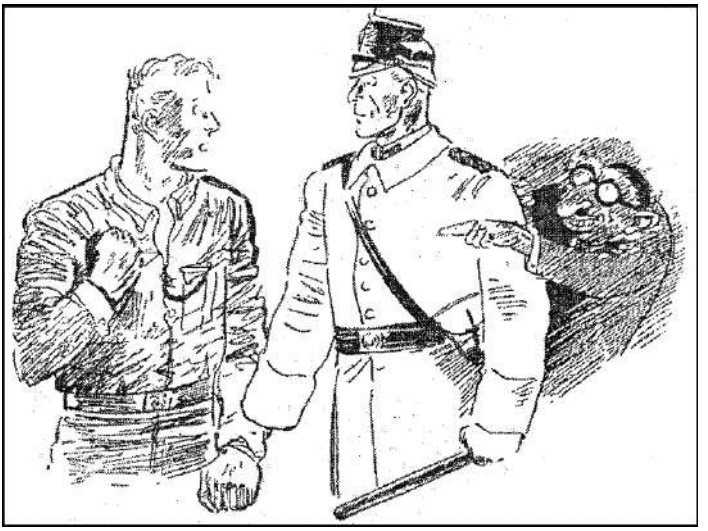
卐 卐 卐 卐 卐

The Berlin SA left the old Reich city in their special trains at late evening hour. But a surprise awaited them in front of Berlin that none of them would have dreamed of. The trains had been suddenly brought to a halt in Teltow, the whole train station is occupied by guards and criminal police, first there is a cautious search for weapons, and then one indeed carries out one of the craziest of all experiments, that one arrests on the spot seven hundred National Socialists, who had only traveled in complete peace to their Party Day in Nuremberg, and takes them in ready trucks to the Berlin Police Presidium.

That was then really a stoke of genius of Alexanderplatz. It was, back then, the first time that a mass arrest in this style was carried out, and it then also triggered great attention in broad circles inside and outside the country. Under the protection of carbines and swinging rubber clubs, the seven hundred innocent people were arrested en masse and delivered to the police.

But that was not the worst thing. More provocative and irritating was the manner in which this arrest was carried out. One knew that the Fuhrer of the party in Nuremberg had solemnly presented the Berlin SA two new standards. One probably thought that both these standards, along with all the other glory and victory crowned flags of the Berlin SA, would be transported in the train, and now one did not refrain from having these fighting symbols of the movement confiscated by the police.

A young SA man comes up with a desperate solution at the last moment. He cuts the cloth off his flag and hides it under his



Brother, whom do you persecute?

brown shirt.

"What do you have there under your shirt? Open it!"

The lad becomes pale. A dirty hand rips open the brown shirt; and now this boy begins to glow. He rages and scratches and spits and vents his anger. One must overpower him with eight men. One tears his beloved flag cloth from his breast in shreds.

Is that a heroic deed, and does it do honor to the police of a state of order?

Tears come to the lad's eyes. He suddenly stands erect and upright among his comrades and begins to sing. The man next to him joins in, and then more and more, until finally all sing. That is no longer a prisoner transport, what is driven there in thirty, forty trucks though the streets of Berlin just awakening from his sleep – that is a column of young heroes.

"Germany,. Germany above all!", so blasts the mass choir from the trucks during the whole trip. Astonished, the philistine rubs his eye. One had thought, after all, that the National Socialist movement was dead. One believed, after all, that ban and hardship

and prison had finished it off. And now it lifts itself up again, energetic and swollen with courage, and no harassment can hamper its ascent.

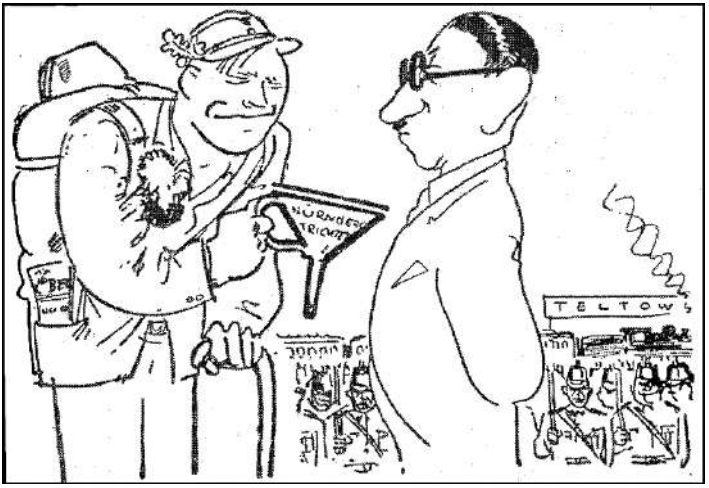
Seven hundred men stand squeezed together in a large hall as prisoners. They are called before the interrogator individually. They stand before him, defiant and fresh, and reply to each question, firm and unerring, in stereotypical monotone: "I refuse the information." All that underscored by the song of the comrades: "'Noch ist die Freiheit nicht verloren!" ["Freedom is not yet lost!"]

One could march against the devil with these SA men. They had tied their banned flags around their hearts. They rested there in safe hands, and the day was not far off, on which they were raised again in radiant purity. Naturally, very soon one had to release the seven hundred prisoners without further formalities. We were guilty of no misdeed; but that was also not what it was about a tall, after all.

The police just wanted to show the beaten opponent their official power once more. They wanted to prove that they were at their posts. The next morning, when the seven hundred returned to work, many found their place already taken by another.

Then the proletarian came back to his machine and saw that he was already relieved by a colleague. One is thrown onto the street so easily in this democracy of freedom and brotherhood. The official came home and found on the table the notification of a disciplinary proceeding. One had, after all, officially guaranteed him freedom of expression, when the reactionaries were overthrown and the freest state in the world was founded.

The action of the Berlin political police in Teltow, which consisted of an apparently senseless arrest of the National Socialists returning home from the Nuremberg Party Day, proved not unsuccessful in the sense of its originators, as we learned later on. After the exaltations of the party, altogether forty of those arrested, who lost a work day through the police interrogations, were fired from their jobs and chased from office and bread. Among those reprimanded was a whole series of higher, middle and lower officials, book-keepers, stenographers, and the largest



Whom God gives an office…

portion consisted of manual laborers of the most diverse occupation branches.

One could be proud of this success. One could have the satisfying feeling of having at least materially harmed people in their profession, against whom one could do nothing with the paragraphs of the law. And that was finally, after all, still an effective, even if petty, recent.

The "Angriff" launched a counterstrike in its own way. In the next issue, it published a caricature, in which the Berlin Police Vice President Dr. Bernhard was to be seen in an incomparably grotesque situation. He stood there, large black horn-rimmed spectacles on the broad back of his nose, hands folded behind him, starting in amazement at an SA man, who, the brown, flower-decorated cap pushed back, stepped up to him with a broad, grinning laugh, and held out to him a Nuremberg funnel. The heading read: "Whom God gives an office…" And beneath it stood to be read: "We have brough something nice from Nuremberg for dear Bernhard."

"Berlin, August 30, 1927.

The Police President
Diary No. 1217 P 2, 27.

To the Criminal Police Aide Kurt Krischer, Department IV.

From your participation, in the so-called Hitler costume, in the Nuremberg trip of the banned Berlin organization of the National Socialist German Workers' Party, and from the fact that various copies of the publication "Der Angriff" and party membership applications were found at your residence, I conclude that you are active for a banned organization. This activity is incompatible with your position as state official, I hence see myself compelled to immediately terminate your employment with the measure that you leave the service by the end the 31st of this month.

Signed
Zörgiebel."

That was the meaning, and that was the method. Care and distress befell the movement again. Many of its members paid for their participation in the Nuremberg trip with hunger, misery and unemployment. But that also had its good side. In the ranks of the party comrades, the rage and indignation escalated to the boiling point. But this time, they did not vent themselves in senseless acts of terror. They were shaped into work and success. The great soaring that had vibrated in the National Socialist mass demonstrations in Nuremberg, was absorbed into the gray concern of the daily routine. What did we care then about speaking ban, financial difficulties and dissolution of the party? The Berlin organization had shown the movement of the Reich that it held out in the struggle. But the overall party had also shown the Berlin movement that in the Reich one stood at one's post, and they we did not fight in a lost position, rather our struggle had repercussions for the whole National Socialist movement. The overall party stood be- hind the Berlin organization and followed

the further continuation of the struggle with ardent heart.

The Party Day began to have an effect in our daily work. The silly season was overcome, the summer with all its cares and hardship was behind us. The torpidity of political life began to recede. New goals were taken on with new energy. And, above all, the Nuremberg Days glowed as a victory-promising beacon!

OVERCOMING THE CRISIS

"Police Presidium
Department 1 A

"To Reichstag Delegate Dietrich-Franken:

"Regarding the complaint you made personally yesterday, I inform you that I have no reservations against the return of the confiscated badges, which belong to the Economics Committee of the Office of Delegates.

"I am also ready for the release of the confiscated flags, in the event it can be proven beyond doubt that these belong to non-local chapters of the NSDAP.

"The Police President
In Representation: Wündisch

Police Presidium
Department I A

"Mr. Heinz Haake:

"To the letter of August 25, 1927 in regard of the speaking ban for Dr. Goebbels:

"With the dissolution of the NSDAP in Greater Berlin, any activity of this dissolved association within this district is not permitted. Excluded from this are merely assemblies to which anyone has admission, and in which exclusively delegates of the NSDAP appear as speakers in order to promote the idea of the

party supporters they represent for future elections. An appearance by the former leader of the NSDAP in Berlin, Dr. Goebbels, as speaker in election assemblies of the NSDAP, is hence out of the question, since a continuation of the activity of the banned NSDAP Greater Berlin must be seen in this. If |). Goebbels should nonetheless appear as speaker in assemblies of the NSDAP, I will immediately close them.

"In representation:
notarized: Krause,
chancellery assistant."

"Angriff reply"

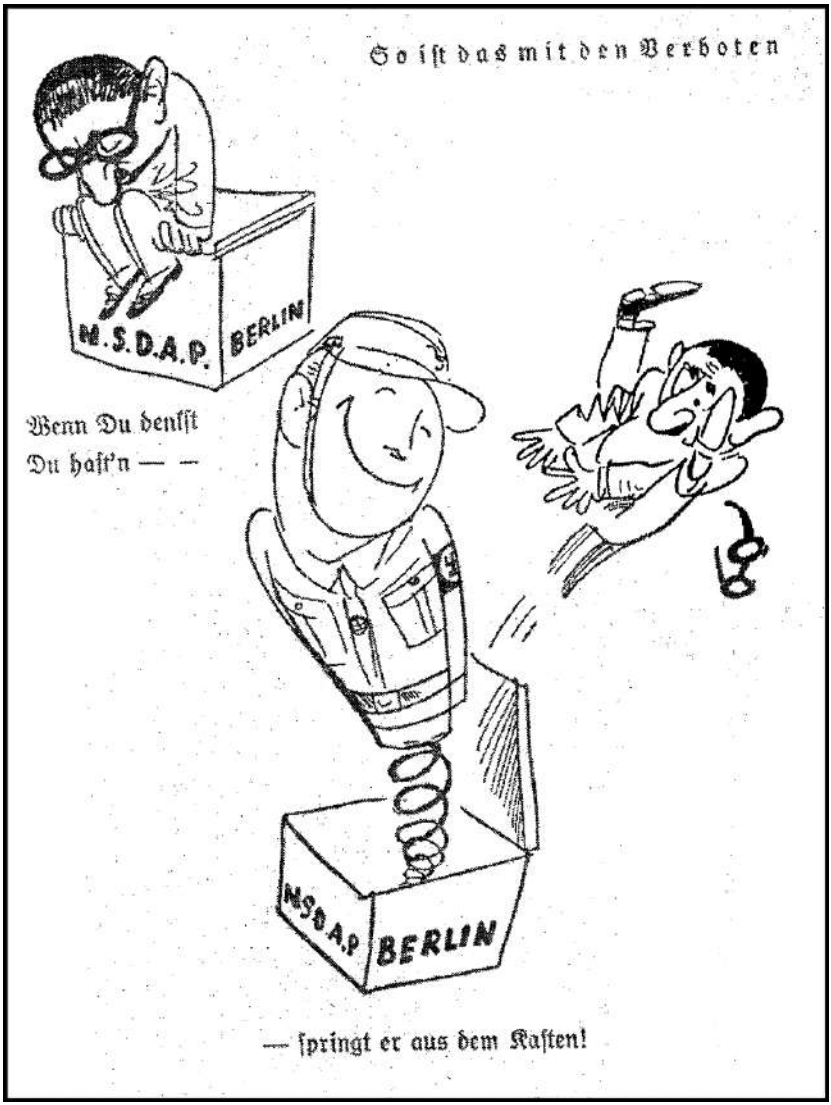
"I, Krause, will hence slap the constitution in the face, deny Dr. Goebbels the right of freedom of expression, which is guaranteed to every German, and if he should dare to nonetheless open his mouth, close the assembly."

A caricature from the "Angriff":

A small Jew sits bowed and disgruntled on a box, whom the reader easily recognizes as Dr. Weiss. He holds the cover of the box closed with all his might. Written on the box stands: "NSDAP Berlin."

Next picture: A grinning SA man jumps out of the box. The Jew flies high into the air in the process. The caption: "When you think that you have him, he jumps out of the box."

A SA man has come into severe distress through the arrest in Teltow. He was among those taken into custody. His employee does not want to believe that an illegal arrest is the reason for his absence from work without permission. This SA man writes to the Police Presidium and requests certification of the reasons that led to the arrest in Teltow so that he can present it to his employee. The reply:



That is how it is with bans.
When you think you have him…
…he jumps out of the box!

"The Police President
Department 1 A

"To Mr. J. Sch., Berlin-L.

"I am unable to comply with the request of August 24, 1929 for issuance of a police certificate as to the reasons for which you were taken into custody on Monday, August 22, 1927.

"Signed, Wündisch."

From an "Angriff' article on Monday, September 26, 1927:

"Arrests are made senselessly. Whoever just utters any word of indignation at the cop rudeness, is arrested. A harmless philistine, who just happens to walk by, is hit in the groin with a carbine butt, and when he turns around amazed, a green sub-human screams into his face: 'Go on your way, otherwise I'll crush your skull.'

"When Reichstag delegate Dietrich goes to the police station in order to accept the arrested, he is physically assaulted there. A severely disabled war veteran accompanying him is knocked to the ground, when he dares to put in a word for his wife, whose blouse was torn from her body and who was insulted in an obscene manner by Police Lieutenant Laube."

From the same issue:

"Bloody battle in Schöneberg. At the conclusion of the election assembly of Provincial Parliament Delegate Haake, it came to bloody clashes with the communists. Since one of the three communist discussion speakers, who could not show a party book, in accordance to the regulation of the Police Presidium was not allowed to speech, numerous communists present after the conclusion of the assembly, when most of the participants had already left the hall, attacked those remaining, including Dr. Goebbels and delegate Haake, with beer glasses and stool legs. Over the course of the developing battle, they were chased out of the hall with bloody heads and fled across roofs and in cellars. Later, National Socialists still returning home were attacked

Deutsche Volksgenossen

Heraus zur großen öffentlichen Wählerversammlung
am Freitag, den 23. September 1927, abends 8 Uhr,
in der Schloßbrauerei Schöneberg, Hauptstraße 122/123.
Es spricht der nationalsozialistische Landtagsabgeordnete
Heinz Haake über das Thema:

Deutschenverfolgung in Berlin!

Freie Aussprache! / Saalöffnung 7½ Uhr / Unkostenbeitrag 30 Pfg. / Erwerbslose 10 Pfg.

Lest und abonniert den „Völkischen Beobachter" / Herausgeber Adolf Hitler

Poster for a bloody assembly in Schöneberg[6]

individually. The Police Presidium bears the responsibility through the ban and the resultant harassment."

From the same issue:

"A villainous attack. When the chauffeur of Dr. Goebbels, Albert Tonak, returned home Friday the assembly, he was ambushed in front of the building by two red cut-throats. He now lies badly wounded with two knife wounds in the arm and a blow to the stomach."

"Berlin, September 10, 1927
The Employee Councillor of the
Police Presidium.

"To Criminal Police Aide Kurt Krischer, Berlin.

"The employee council has taken a position in the session of

the 6th of this month on your termination notice and unanimously reached the view that the reason for the termination lies in your own person. It is not in the position to approve your protest or to represent you in any future suit.

"On Assignment: K. Meyer
"Secretary."

On Monday, October 2, 1927, General Field-Marshall celebrated his 80th birthday. The nationalist secret court judges, who had protected the honor and safety of the German army in the most difficult period through summoning all their strength and the risk of their life itself, continued to remain in prison and forced labor camp.

From the "Rote Fahne" end of September:

"The Top Bandit Pops Up Again."

Reply of the "Angriff":

"First, Dr. Goebbels, the top bandit, does not need to pop up, for he had not gone underground at all. But he dared, despite the speaking ban burdening him, to open his mouth several times in stormy assembles in order to admonish to quiet and to calm the emerging tumult.

"Without his calming appearance, given the provocative behavior of the disruptive communists, it would namely have come to a blow up much earlier, and the assembly could not have been carried out to the end...

"Tt was not exactly a heroic deed of the communist horde, how they then remained concentrated in the hall until only a small remnant of National Socialist voters were in the hall with Dr. Goebbels and delegate Haake, and then attacked this small group. It was not a heroic deed, because these cowards know exactly that now, during the ban, our hall and leader guard cannot organize like otherwise.

Albert Tonak
Dr. Goebbels' chauffeur since 1926. (In the struggle for Berlin badly wounded five times, the first time in the Pharussäle.)

"Nonetheless, this murderous attack with beer glasses, stool legs and coffee cups went badly for them; for the National Socialists, with their leaders at the point, defended themselves, and in a short time, all the criminal scum had been thrown out of the hall. But the main screamer, who already during the assembly tried to provoke a scandal through inflammatory heckling, a criminal type in iridescent collar, fled at the moment of the beginning of the fight...into the ladies' restroom.

"The actual guilt for the whole incident is doubtlessly born by the Police Presidium with its equally unconstitutional and unfounded ban of the Berlin organization. If the Jewish press, from the *"Berliner Tageblatt"* to the *"Rote Fahne"*, is infuriated, because we only allowed discussion speakers who could show a party book of a hostile party, and if through that, above all, unrest came into the assembly, then the gentlemen, as the assembly leader already ascertained, should turn to the responsible office, the Police Presidium, which had recommended this procedure under threat of a thousand Reichsmark fine in the event of

refusal."

Caricature drawing from the same issue of the "Angriff":

Two medic scarry a badly wounded man into the police station. Two rough and brutal looking cops look on cynically interested with crossed arms. The badly wounded man lies on his stretcher lifeless and motionless. A picture of the Berlin Police Vice-President grins down from the wall. Caption: "Run over by an automobile?" "No, by Berlin police!"

"Daybook No. 2083 I A 1. 27
Berlin, September 29, 1927.

"Dr. phil. Joseph Goebbels
Editor

"Berlin W.

"Your appearance at the last public voters assembly of the NSDAP in Berlin proves that, in violation of my NSDAP dissolution decree of May 5, 1927, you are publicly active speaking for the dissolved NSDAP chapter in Berlin.

"According to a report reaching me, Provincial Parliament member Heinz Haake, as organizer and responsible head, organized a large public voters assembly on September 30, 1927, 8 o'clock in the evening, in the Festälen von Schwarz in Berlin-Lichtenberg. I have informed Mr. Haake that I will only view this assembly as voters assembly, if from the NSDAP solely delegates appear as speakers, in order to promote the idea of the party followers represented by them for the coming election, and in the discussion only assembly participants who are proven not to belong to the NSDAP are allowed to speak.

"I expressly make you aware that you do not belong to the persons who may speak in this large public voters assembly on September 30, 1927. You must also refrain from speaking before and after the beginning of the assembly as well as address or

"Was the man run over by an automobile?"
"No, by Berlin Police!"
(Loosely based on Schilling.)

heckling from your seat. In the event of violation, you are hereby threatened, in execution of the dissolution decree of May 5, 1927 and on the basis of § 10 217 of the General Provincial Law of 1796 and according to § 132 of the Provincial Administrative Law of July 30, 1883, with a fine in the amount of one thousand Reichsmark, or, if not paid, with six weeks arrest.

"In representation: signed Wündisch
notarized: Laetermann, Chancellery Secretary."

Upon an inquiry from the National Socialist Provincial Parliament delegate Haake regarding the speaking ban against Dr. Goebbels in Berlin, the Prussian Ministry of the Interior issues the reply: "Dr. Goebbels is not banned from speaking in Berlin. But it

will also continue to be made sure that Dr. Goebbels does not misuse the voter assemblies of the National Socialist delegates for circumvention of the ban of the Berlin NSDAP."

"Berlin, August 25, 1927.

"To the 'Berliner Lokal-Aneziger'
Berlin, Zimmerstr. 35-41.

"T have been a reader of the Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger for a very long time and hence request information in a few questions. | am your reader for the reason that I had the need to read a great nationalist daily newspaper, which unconditionally stands up for the black-white-red flag. I am all the more amazed that, for some time, you publish distorted reports about the NSDAP.I understand all the less so, since the NSDAP, after all, is also a black-white-red movement, whose chief task is the complete combating of Marxism, against which you as well take a sharp position in your paper.

"We have experienced at the Reich Party of the NSDAP in Nuremberg that precisely those circles that our readers of your paper cheered us and showered us with flowers. Why do you write in your paper nothing at all about the mighty rally of nationalist Germany against Marxism? You report 12,000 participants. If you had been there, you would know that it was at least five times as many. I advise you to look at the official report of the Reichsbahn [railroad]. Then you will be of a different opinion."

"Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger, editorial office
September 9, 1927.

"Dear Sir:

"After the very extensive reply that we have meanwhile received from our Nuremberg correspondant, we must inform you that, aside from minor points, there is no reason for a correction.

"Respectfully
Berlin Lokal-Anzeiger, editorial office

Dr. Breslauer."

Dr. Breslauer, the chief editor of the nationalist-bourgeois "Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger", is a so-called nationalist German Jew.

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Those are a few documents supported by photographs from the film "Struggle for Berlin" ["Kampf um Berlin"]. There are no world shaking things that stand here for debate. Certainly, there are only details, trifles, which, seen individually and taken out of context, mean nothing at all. But fitted into the time and the system, where they were possible at all, they nonetheless produce a drastic and unmistakable picture of what the National Socialist movement in Berlin had to endure and bear during the ban.

One refined the harassment against us so much that in the end it completely failed in its effectiveness and no longer had even hatred and indignation, rather just mockery and laughter, as a result. It was exaggerated *ad absurdum*, and in the end every blow that was supposed to hit us was a strike into thin air.

How does it help to keep a man from speaking, if a growing and growing following is thereby reinforced in the suspicion that this man is not allowed to speak in the Reich capital, because he tells the truth! How does it help, if, conversely, a hundred and more opportunities are found to circumvent this ban! For example, one forms a "School for Politics", which has nothing at all to do with the party. The speaker, whom one has banned from speaking, appears there as lecturer, and the school soon enjoys a mass audience like no other public assembly in Berlin.

The legislator in this manner thereby gradually winds up in the odor of ridiculousness. The folk loses respect for him. He lacks the greatness and brutality for a bloody and pitiless persecution. But the persecuted party reacts to the pin prick policy only with smiling contempt; and, finally, there is always a counter-means for every means.

Only if an oppressive regime surrounds itself with terror and fear and panicky dread, can it suppress a movement, in the end, for a time. But if it only makes use of petty harassment, it will

always achieve the opposite of the desired goal.

The ban no longer weighed so heavy, once we were in the middle of it. The party answer edit with an icy smile and cold scorn. If one forbade us from gathering the party following in Berlin, then we simply met in Potsdam. Indeed, a few dozen fewer came, but those who did come stood by the flag loyal and unerring, and already through their mere appearance brought to expression that they remained loyal to the great cause and persevered in dangers as well. In Potsdam, they then displayed the old uniform, proud and daring, paraded in brown-shirt and Hitler cap, belt buckled and party badge pinned on the breast.

At the border with Berlin, they then had to put on their fanciful civilian garb, and there was always a crazy hullabaloo, when they sneaked into the Reich capital as if into hostile territory. The injured party was always the legislator, who could indeed cause the movement and its followers difficulties, but who proceeded with these difficulties so hesitantly and modestly that they caused those affected more amusement than pain.

The communist party believed back then that the moment had come to suffocate the last remnants of the National Socialist movement in blood. It attacked our followers and speakers in the meeting halls of the Berlin east and north and tried to knock them to the ground with violence. But for all the SA men and party comrades, that was just one more reason to all be present at the next meeting, in order to make such fresh provocation attempts impossible for all time. The Police Presidium forbade the leader of the banned movement from intervening in the course of an assembly, even through interruptions. But that revealed such a petty and childish fear that the party comrades only felt contempt for it.

If one banned us from speaking and agitating in Berlin, we simply went out into the countryside. All around the capital, in the suburbs and villages of the province, we gathered our party comrades, established firm strongholds everywhere and encircled the Reich capital with a ring of National Socialist cells. Later, when the movement was allowed again, the advance into the Reich capital could be carried out from here. So we conquered our

Bolschewismus oder Nationalsozialismus?

so lautet die Frage des jungen Deutschland. Willst Du einen deutschen Sozialismus oder international-jüdischen Kommunismus? Soll Trotzki-Braunstein, Sinowjew-Apfelbaum, Radek-Sobelson oder Adolf Hitler der Befreier der Arbeiter sein?
Die Antwort auf diese Frage hängt auch von Dir ab

Komm in unsere öffentliche Versammlung

am Freitag, den 14. Oktober, abends 8 Uhr, im großen Saal des „Deutschen Wirtshaus" in Teltow, Berliner Str. 16. Es spricht

Der Nationalsozialist

Dr. Goebbels

über das Thema:

Lenin oder Hitler?

Saalöffnung 7½ Uhr / Unkostenbeitrag 20 Pfg. / Erwerbslose 10 Pfg.

N.S.D.A.P. Ortsgruppe Teltow

Freie Aussprache

Propaganda all around Berlin[7]

firm positions in Teltow and Falkensee, took foreground after foreground in refreshing and often also bloody discussions with the KPD, nested in the province and intensified the propaganda here so much that its repercussions and results also penetrated to Berlin.

And even in Berlin itself, we here and there had the opportunity to have an effect through propaganda and speaking. It often passed like a wildfire through the party following: "This evening, everybody should come to the mass assembly of this or that party. We will speak in the discussion." Then one of us spoke up in the discussion, and through the majority of the assembly itself we forced a speaking time of one or two hours and so nonetheless had an opportunity to say what we wanted to say.

Thus the effectiveness of the ban had failed. The "Angriff" as well had meanwhile received a new face. The whole revolutionary striking force of the party had been escalated through the mass roar of the Nuremberg Days. The crisis of the summer months was gradually overcome, the hopes of our opponents did not fulfill themselves. We set our countermines against each of their mines, and hence the campaign of persecution organized against us was doomed to total failure.

Only the worry over dear money was our constant companion. The "Angriff" staggered from one financial crisis to another. We had to be thrifty, and only on happy days could we make small partial payments toward the big printing bills. But, on the other hand, there stood as equivalent a growing propaganda success. More and more, the public took note of us again. One could no longer overlook and bypass us. The movement had melted through the icy boycott into which one wanted to squeeze it and again flooded unstoppable into the public. We were an object of discussion again. Public opinion, insofar as it still preserved a trace of decency, saw itself compelled to take our side, and the protest became louder and louder against the petty and harassing persecution methods that the Berlin Police Presidium applied against us. The expenditure of means no longer stood in any proportion to the thing that one combated from Alexanderplatz. One fired cannon sat sparrows.

The folk has a pronounced feeling of justice. If we would have collapsed under the ban, nobody would have shed a tear over us. But since, from our own strength and through summoning up the last reserves, we overcame the ban and its desired effect, we conquered back for ourselves the sympathies of the broad masses. Even a communist had a grain of understanding and respect for us in the corner of his heart. He had to admit to himself that the movement was stronger than his agitation press wanted to have true. Hardly did it stand again, fitted firmly together and unshakeable in its core, before the public, when it already enjoyed again the old respect and that measure of affection that the man from the folk is always only inclined to bring to the one who manages to overcome persecution and hardship through his own strength.

The attempt to make us succumb through silent treatment and official restraints had failed. One had first made us known through an uninhibited and unworthy press campaign. The pronounced representatives of the party had a name, and the party itself possessed repute and rank. We had pulled our enemies out of anonymity; but our enemies had also done the same thing with us.

The fronts were drawn, the struggle was continued in other forms. Nobody could claim any longer that National Socialism had disappeared from the political life of the Reich capital. It had, even in the ban, won new life, the crisis was victoriously overcome, and now the party prepared for new, devastating blows!

DESPITE BAN NOT DEAD!

The difficult organizational crisis, into which the National Socialist movement in Berlin had been plunged by the police ban issued against it on May 5, 1927, was now spiritually overcome. The shocks that had put the party stricture into severe hardship were lifted, the disrupted contact between leadership and following restored through a radical and aggressive weekly newspaper, and the propaganda possibilities that we were totally lacking during the summer months created anew. We indeed still had plenty of cares, above all, in financial regard. But now and

then, a ray of light showed itself in the dark clouds that hanged over us. And, after all, we demanded nothing more than a little hope here and there to which we could cling.

Fate had been cruel to us, and we often had reason enough to despair and to silently give up struggle and goal. The new course of the movement had been interrupted in the Reich capital through official measures in the middle of its most hopeful beginnings, and it seemed totally impossible to continue it even in camouflaged or hidden form.

Then the "Angriff" intervened rescuing. With it, the party became consolidated again. In its columns, we had the opportunity to continue to promote National Socialist lines of thought in the Reich capital.

The young enterprise was plucked out of thin air by us, so-to-speak. In the process, it was again proven in all clarity that where courage and self-confidence and also a good stock of daring stand in as godparent, even the most desperate enterprises can be carried out. It just comes down to its bearers believing in their own cause and not letting themselves be diverted through the severe setbacks from the course once recognized as correct.

A great contemporary once said of himself:

"There are three things that have led me to the height of life: some intelligence, much courage and a supreme contempt for money." We acted in accordance to these words. One could not deny the leadership of the National Socialist movement in Berlin some intelligence. The SA had demonstrated much courage in heavy fighting that was fought out for months, evening after evening, for the proletarian districts. And a supreme contempt for money seemed appropriate for us, already because money was completely lacking everywhere and we could disregard its shortage only with this supreme contempt.

The "Angriff" had to pass through a severe personnel crisis already in the first months after its founding. A co-worker who,at the beginning, had stood up for our newspaper project full of enthusiasm, despicably left our cause in the lurch, when it seemed to become dangerous and hopeless, and thereby plunged our young enterprise into severe and almost insurmountable

difficulties. For a while, we were totally denuded of capable co-workers and had to help ourselves by each of the political leaders obligating himself to a write a portion of the newspaper himself. Hence the greater portion of our time was for weeks filled up with journalistic work. We published our fighting articles under the most diverse pseudonyms. Nonetheless, even with the eternally same co-workers, the newspaper still had a diverse layout, and the readership hardly noticed how much effort and care went into every single issue.

But in exchange, we also had the happy satisfaction that the "Angriff? enjoyed a constantly growing significance and respect in the journalism of the Reich capital. It had gone through a different development that the big capitalist newspaper enterprises. We had no donors who put the sums necessary for the founding of a press organ at our disposal. Then it is easy to engage editorial staff and publishing personnel, so an enterprise can hardly fail. But the fateful thing in the process is that every newspaper that is financed by the big donors is thereby also compelled to passively represent the political opinion of its backers. So in this manner, no new voice appears in the concert of public opinion. A serious financier simply buys his own newspaper in order to be able to influence public opinion in his sense.

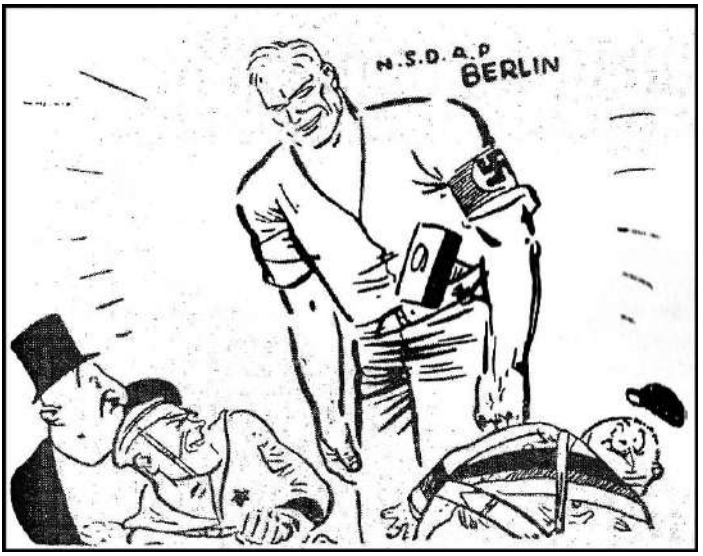
The opposite was the case with us. What we said, was also our opinion, and since we were not dependent on any donor, we could express this opinion very frankly. Already back then, we were probably the only paper in all of Berlin that was written from conviction and whose political bearing was not influenced by any kind of secret financial sources. The reader himself senses that most clearly and distinctly. Although the Jewish organs appeared in press runs of millions and had the broad public as readers, they themselves nonetheless possess no inner relationship with their own subscribers. Such a newspaper is not loved. The reader perceive sit as just a necessary evil. He uses it for his daily orientation. But deep in his heart, he is nonetheless convinced that, even if he cannot ascertain that in detail, in the end, it nonetheless swindles and deceives him.

The blind faith in the printed word, which in Germany has had an effect on public life so often and so fatefully, is gradually disappearing. The reading public demands today more than ever from its newspaper orientation and honesty of opinion.

Since 1918, the masses have become increasing keen of hearing and keen of sight. In the stock-market revolt that ended the war, the inter- national press landed its last great coup as harbinger of stock-market capitalism. From then on, it has gone downhill, at first unnoticed, but then in a rapid decline. The liberal-democratic worldview is today long over come spiritually. It still only holds out with procedural, parliamentarian tricks.

For the masses, that initially means a tremendous disappointment. We have foreseen this disappointment and already early built a dam against it. With modern means and with an absolutely new and enchanting still, we have tried from early onto influence public opinion. Certainly, its beginnings were primitive and amateurish. But one should show us a master who has fallen from the sky. We as well had to pay our dues; and if today one can still only suppress the National Socialist press with official bans, then that is the classical proof that one cannot confront the opinions that are represented there with intellectual arguments, rather only with the argument of naked force.

But then, we indeed had only small and numerically insignificant representation in the parliaments of the Reichstag and the Landstag. Nonetheless, the banned movement possessed a refuge opportunity behind them. The Gau office was transformed into an office of the delegates. In the rooms in which previously the party officials had worked, immune folk representatives now resided. It was not easy to reconstruct the whole course of business into this system. But over the course of months, we learned that as well. Gradually, the whole party organization was adapted to the, so-to-speak, illegal, condition. We invented a new, almost undetectable course of business for our office, the most important files stored scattered throughout the whole city with the most reliable party comrades, a membership list kept only for the old party guard. But it always stood ready for any emergency. It was beyond any suspicion of vacillation. One could count on it.



Good day! Everybody still in good spirits!? – People said to be dead live a long time!

It was very soon clear to us that the ban would not be lifted in the foreseeable future. We hence went about re-organizing the party for the condition of illegality. The former sections became wild or harm- less clubs. They often fell victim to repeated official bans. But a dis- solved bowling club became a few days later a new skat club, and the banned swimming club became an investor organization or a soccer club. Behind it always stood National Socialism. The strongholds of the party were totally intact despite the ban. The Police Presidium knew it was unjust toward us and hence refrained from proceeding against us with severe penalties, for which ,after all, there was also no kind of legal basis. Gradually, new life blossomed from the ruins of the smashed organization.

The SA did not waver for a moment. It was indeed numerically small, but firmly disciplined and consolidated in reliable cadres. The few not yet hardened elements, who had come to us during

the first months of struggle, were gradually ejected. The core of the whole formation preserved itself unscathed. Back then, one still knew person- ally almost every party comrade and SA man. The battle-determined faces, which one saw before one's eyes week after week and often evening and evening in the great propaganda assemblies of the party, became permanently embedded in the memory. The whole party was a kind of large family, and the same feeling of belonging prevailed in it as well. The party guard back then had its great time, and it is owed to it that National Socialism in Berlin did not perish.

Care was also taken so that the nervousness again and again brought into the party artificially by outsiders could not threaten the inner life of the organization. Every provocation attempt was usually spotted early and then ruthlessly nipped in the bud. The core of the party had to be preserved unscathed. It was then a simple matter, after a future lifting of the ban, to build the whole organization anew.

Our main attention had to be directed at giving the banned party tasks and goals that occupied it and thus prevent that inside the individual groups, through lack of daily work, Opportunity would exist, through squabbling and artificially created crises, to thwart the calm continuation of our activity.

The ring that we had created around Berlin with firmly organized strongholds visibly closed into a solid chain. We had forged the immediate surroundings of the Reich capital into a great attack front.; it was hence made possible for us to withdraw into the province, if the ground in Berlin got too hot for us.

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Every great worldview, if it appears with the impertinent will to pro- vide the spiritual and cultural, and ultimately also material, foundations of a folk existence, will have to pass in its development through four phases. It will depend on the manner in which it manages to overcome the powers that throw themselves against it in these four phases, whether it is really called. Many ideas indeed pop up in the history of mankind. Many men place themselves in the public spotlight with the claim of meaning

something for the folk and being able to tell it some thing. Many came and many passed. But posterity takes no note of them. Only a few are called to give the folks new political ideals, and then fate is merciful enough to always early force these few to proof before the public that they are not only chosen, rather that they are called.

Every great movement begins in anonymity. At its beginning stands the idea that springs from the head of an individual. It is not about whether the individual would be, say, the brilliant inventor of this idea. The individual is only blessed by fate to say what the folk vaguely feels and yearningly surmises. He gives expression to a drive not understood of the masses. One has felt that oneself, after all, during the bringing into play of our young idea. It is then usually so that the man from the folk says: "That I what I have always believed, thought and meant. That is, after all, what I seek, what I feel and surmise."

The individual is summoned, and he now bestows expression onto the yearning and surmising of the broad masses. For the individual who gives the idea the redeeming words will quite invariably have the drive to win others for his idea, to make preparations that he does not stand alone, to bring behind him a group, a party, an organization. Group, party, organization thereby become the servant of the idea.

Naturally, contemporaries and surrounding world will initially not understand him at all, for he races with his idea, after all, a few years, or even decades, ahead of the time. What he proclaims today as paradox, will only in twenty years or even later be a triviality. He shows his folk the path, he is the one who wants to lead the contemporaries from stifling lowlands up to new heights. It is understandable that the present does not want to understand him and, in the final analysis, also cannot understand him. The first group of bearers of the idea at first perseveres in anonymity. And that is also good so; for the tiny oak tree plant that for the first time, shy and embarrassed, sticks its little corona out of the loose soil, could be broken and crushed by single careless step. It does not yet have the strength to offer resistance. The strength still sits in the roots; it lies at first only in the possibilities that the little plant possesses and not in what the little plant represents at the

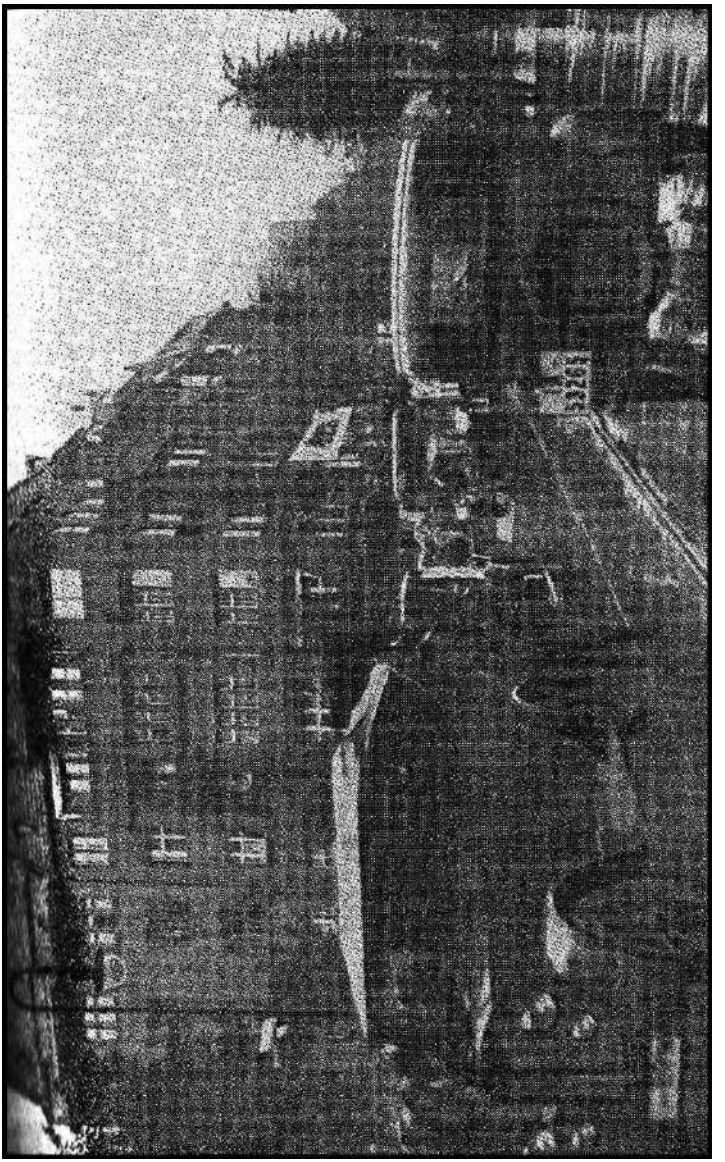
moment. Naturally, it is smaller, more modest, less imposing than the big weed bush. But that is not proof that this will still be so after ten years. After ten years, when this weed bush has long since become humus, a solid oak trunk will overshadow everything around it with widely spread branches.

Fate has wisely ordained that the surrounding world does not take any notice at all of this small oak tree plant at first. For it thereby gives it the opportunity to become what is its destiny. Nature always makes sure the living creatures, people and organizations, are subjected only to the tests that they can survive.

It is certainly an almost unbearable condition for the first bearers of a young idea that contemporaries take no note at all of them. Whoever carries within himself a fighting spirit, loves to cross swords with the enemy, it is fine with him to scuffle and fight with him. But that the other does not see him at all, takes no note of him at all, this insulting disregard, that is the most unbearable thing that can happen to a heroic character.

The first champions who stand up for a young idea are naturally exactly the same in the beginning phase of the movement as they will later be one day, when they have conquered power. For not they change, rather they change their surrounding world. Not Hitler has changed, rather the Germany in which he lives has changed.

Fate now tests, in this first phase of development, whether the human being who appears there with impertinent ambition to change history is also strong enough to silently bear the anonymity for a certain period. If he overcomes without his soul being harmed, then fate will find him ripe for the second test. For after a certain period, the movement will gain the inner strength to melt the block of ice of the spiritual boycott hemming it in. It then finds ways and means of making itself known to its environment; if not in kindness, then in hatred. If they do not love me, then they should fear me, but they should at least know me. And then the moment very soon comes, when the public is forced to take note of idea and organization. Then one simply cannot remain silent. If this has already become public discussion, if this is shouted from the rooftops, then the cowardly papers as well can no longer remain



Critical moments

in their refined reserve. Then they must take a position, one way or another.

They initially do that in the manner be fitting them; for they are of the conviction that the practices that are customary on their political plain, can also be applied, without reservation and without change, to the new movement. However, they make a fundamental error there, in that namely the young movement perseveres on totally different plain, in that it stems from totally different spiritual motives, bears within itself a totally different style and presents a totally different type. It is downright unthinkable to get at it by the means that, among its unified opponents, are effective and fashionable. The enemy must then experience to his horror that everything that he believed to have inflicted on the movement to its harm and ruination have only strengthened and solidified it. Yes, it is often downright so that the force that one employed against the movement is again absorbed into the movement itself. At first, one believed one could ridicule it. One put it on the same level as whatever childish and naive attempts in the religious or cultural sphere. We old National Socialists still clearly remember the time when we ranked in more or less the same line as the Salvation Army; when the general verdict over us went: they are of decent character, one could prove them guilt of no violation of the law. They are harmless crackpots, whom one best leaves alone and to their own devices.

That is the second phase of development: one no longer curses, one laughs. And it is good that one laughs. If the enemy would fight now, then he would perhaps have the possibility to suffocate the movement. But while he laughs, and in the process remains inactive, it gets bigger and bigger, gains strength, magnitude and passion. Yes, the champions of the idea just feel reinforced by the laughter of the opponent. Ambition is added. Each is still just inspired by the ardent wish: “We will wipe the laughter from your face!” The scornful arrogance of the opponent only stimulates the zeal in the supporter of the young movement. He will not leave his idea in the lurch, because one laughs at him, rather he will make sure than the opponent stops laughing.

That is the second stage. And when the laughter stops, then one

finally begins to combat the movement, and indeed initially through lie and defamation. The opponent has nothing else left, after all; for he cannot oppose the programmatic of a new worldview with better arguments. For example, what kind of ideas can a bourgeois party hold up against the National Socialist movement? How could, say, the SPD hold its own against us, if we crossed swords intellectually? They also know that fully well. As soon as we measure ourselves on the podium in an objective political debate, then we are youth and they are old age. They hence seek to avoid the intellectual fight as much as possible and wage it with slander and terror. And so now sea of dirt and slop pours over the movement and its leaders. Nothing is vile enough, one says it to it and about it. The enemy invents a new horror story every day. He sucks the lies out of his filthy paws, so-to-speak. Naturally, that will first make an impression on a stupid and uncritical mass. But only for so long as the opposing side is in the position to bold back the masse from coming into direct, personal contact with the movement and its leaders. If that is no longer possible, then the enemy is lost; at the moment in which the so often lied to and deceived masses have the opportunity to become acquainted with the movement and its leaders with their own eyes, they recognize the difference between what one previously lied to them and what the movement actually means. Now the mass feels insulted. For the folk bears nothing less willingly, than if one tries to deceive it. At first, one enters our assemblies with reservations and inner inhibitions, but must then convince oneself that the difference between the lies one was told and what in reality is so blatant that the lie falls back on the liar devastating.

Hence in the third phase of development, defamation very soon becomes persecution. One subjects the movement to the terror of the government offices and of the street. One attempts with force what one did not manage with slander. But it is the tragedy of the system that it always applies its means too late. If it had acted so earlier, then perhaps it might have succeeded. But the men who, in anonymity and defamation, have come together under the flags of the movement, are not cowardly poltroons; otherwise they would not have been able to endure what they previously had to

endure. Only real men have the inner strength to throw themselves against a hostile world and to say to its face: Just laugh — only men will be able to endure that; just slander — a cowardly man becomes fickle there. He will remain with the broad mass, he will spit, mock, grin and let oneself be made stupid.

But meanwhile, a corps of disciplined fighters has been assembled under the standards of the idea. They know how to use not just their reason, rather — if one threatens their life or that of their movement — their fist as well. If one subjects them to bloody terror, chases them through the government offices and through the courts, if one sets columns of red cut-throats at their throats — one should believe that men who defied contempt and defamation, who withstood lie and ridiculousness, now become weak in the face of force. Quite the opposite: From the application of these means against him, the bearer of a new idea first recognizes that he is on the right path. If one did not apply these means against him, then he could perhaps here and there run the risk of suspecting of himself that perhaps he was on the wrong path. But the terror is proof for him that the enemy has recognized him, that he hates him, and that only because he recognizes and fears him. In blood, a movement is only bound closer together. Leader and man are forged together. Out of them suddenly emerges an inseparable community corps, a phalanx of revolutionary thinking, against which one can no longer undertake anything in seriousness. It was so with all revolutionary rebellions of the past, and so it is as well with the revolutionary movement that we serve. It is there. It cannot simply be lied away. It has its own energy and idea, it has its closed and disciplined following. It will continue on its path unerring, above all, if it has recognized its goal crystal clear and never loses sight of it, whatever detours it may take and must take. Andin the end, the opponent will then realize that his means have remained successful.

Meanwhile, the thinking of the folk has changed as well. The movement, in the years of its bitter struggle, has not remained without an effect on the folk soul. It has continued to have an effect, it has mobilized and activated the masses, put the folk into motion. The German folk of today can no longer be compared

with the folk of 1918. The authority of the system in power has sunk. And to the same extent that it sank, the authority that constituted the opposition has risen. What should it mean, if one today puts us National Socialist before the courts. That would bring a success, if the folk still looked up to these courts with the same childish trust such as, say, that of that Müller of Sanssouci to the Berlin supreme court. If the little man could still tell himself that courts are refuges of justice, and if one would then have the men of the opposition sentenced by these courts to severe punishments, then these punishments would still mean something shameful and defamatory to the folk feeling. But if a court that acquits a Barmat sentences a National Socialist to a long prison sentence, the folk has no understanding for it. Then the little man says: "Oh, so that is how it must be. Either one puts the crooks or one puts the decent people behind bars. For just as the crook threatens a decent person, the decent man threatens a crook."

The authority of the system has sunk. Indeed, the system does not want to believe that, but it must learn it more day by day. The moment comes when the weight shifts to the side of the opposition, since the folk stands with the opposition and the government sees itself isolated from the folk. The struggle is then already decided spiritually, and it will very soon be determined power politically as well.

Now no defamation helps anymore; for just as one defames the movement, one defames the best portions of the folk. If one reviles its leaders, millions will stand up and declare: "These men are our men. And whoever insults them, insults us. The honor of these men is our honor."

The folk then feels: wherever one puts a National Socialist behind lock and key, wherever one arrests a National Socialist in his home in the middle of the might, he experiences the same thing that anybody experiences in the folk, who can no longer pay his taxes.

The end battle has erupted. One can no longer keep quiet about the movement, one can no longer lie to death, and one also can no longer strike it dead. Wherever one hits it, the folk screams "I've been hit", and wherever one slanders a man of the movement,

millions shout “that’s us”. If the followers are gunned down on a dark street, the masses stand up and declare threateningly: “A hundred thousand men wear the man’s face and are judgment.”

Then there is still only one means left, and it consists of the enemy capitulating unconditionally to the spiritual superior power position of the opposition, and he knows no other way to help himself than to adopt its idea — indeed not in order to put this idea into execution, rather in order to twist it into the opposite. In any head, there always reside only the ideas that correspond to it. If someone served pacifism for a generation, then he cannot suddenly be filled with a warrior spirit. If one fought for twenty years for democracy, then he will not overnight become an aristocrat. Whoever undermined and subverted the state for decades, cannot suddenly become a responsible pillar of the state. He can act as if that were so. He can clothe himself in a false mask. Suddenly, the social democrat who for twelve years made sure the folk was narcotized, stands before the broad masses gesturing wildly and shouts: Germany awake! Suddenly, these old class and interest groups remember the folk again. They then call themselves Folk Party [Volkspartei]. That is our German tragedy: we have three Folk Parties, but no folk anymore. They all put the term ”folk” in front of their names. Where their old name is injured and compromised, they get rid of it and take a new one. For decades, they fought under the name of democracy — and when democracy no longer has any drawing power, then they are suddenly named State Party [Staatspartei].

They remain the same; they only want to gladly continue their old politics under new slogans. They are the same lazy heads, and in them is stuck the same outdated thinking. But that is no longer able to have an effect with the folk. The old names are compromised, and where they adopt a new name, the folk compares them with that sort of people who, when things get hot for them, they also have a preference for changing their names. That is what the con men and Jews do. If one stands in the criminal register as Meier, then one’s new name is Müller. And if one comes from Galicia as Wandelbaum, then in Germany one’s name is Elbau.

For twelve years, they have kicked the nation, they have trampled on the honor of the folk, they have spat on and mocked and soiled the fatherland; and now they suddenly remember tormented Germany again, now they are suddenly strict patriots and charge against betrayal of fatherland and pacifism. They are for armored cruisers, for the arming of the folk and declare with clear note of conviction that things cannot continue like they have in the past. One must give the nation what the nation is owed. They sail under false flag and are to be compared to those pirates who transported counter-band. They do not have the intention at all of saving the folk, they only want to put the rebellion of the folk into the service of their own party cadaver.

But already soon again, they will realize that this as well is futile. And now they lose their calm. They surrender their self-confidence. And if the human being, above all, the Jew, has once lost calm and self-confidence, then he begins to do stupid things. He sees on him, how bad off he is, and even if he acts refined, how he sheds bitter tears. He wants to gladly play the Goliath before the public. He acts as if things go well for him. One tells the other: just do not be afraid, do not get nervous, just no Hitler psychosis, things are not half so bad. They shout: We are not afraid", but with them it is exactly the same as with that boy who must walk through a dark forest at night and calls loudly: "I am not afraid!", and in the process just wants to shout down his own fear.

The National Socialist movement has also had to pass through these various phases of its development, and indeed the movement as a whole, just like the organization in its individual auxiliaries as well. Everywhere, one has tried to give it the silent treatment, lie it to death and strike it dead. And already today, there is no longer any other possibility in Germany to be finished with National Socialism than to occupy its ideas and demands and thereby go to the field against it.

The National Socialist movement in the autumn of 1927 stood at the turning point between the second and third phase of this development. Indeed, one still tried to lie it to death in the press; but that was all too visibly an unsuitable attempt on an unsuitable object. Now one went about striking it dead; but in a three month

defensive struggle, the movement had already broken the threatening danger of this attempt, and now there was no longer any halt in the triumphant march of this party. National Socialism had fought its way through. It could go over to expanding its positions and, after bursting its party political confines, winning new terrain.

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The "Angriff" had now become the popular organ of our political views. We could present our opinion there carefree and uninhibited. A drastic and unmistakable language was spoken here. But the folk had an open eye for it. That is how the little man tends to talk on the street, in the workplace, on the bus and in the subway; the demands there were raised here, vibrated with the folk's cry of outrage, and the folk took up this cry.

Our newspaper, that is what the party comrades and supporters called the "Angriff". Each felt himself a co-owner of this organ. Each was convinced that without his participation it could not exist at all. If the newspaper should ever produce profits, it was decided that these would be used exclusively for the political work of the movement. The "Angriff" was the only organ in Berlin that was not a slave to capitalism. None of us had his advantages from it, only the movement itself.

That has remained so down to the present day. We have always fought tooth and nail against letting this organ be turned into a private capitalist enterprise. Each who works on it gets for his work as much as, measured against our financial strength, is possible and in view of his performance is appropriate. But the paper itself belongs to the party and thus to each individual party comrade. Whoever stands up for this paper, thereby serves the party, not just in regard to propaganda, rather also financially. Every progress, every increase in subscribers or in street sales is immediately converted into better performance. So the paper grew more and more into its significance, and if, back then, there could not yet be any talk of profits, we had in three months gotten to the point where the newspaper supported itself, and there still only had to be one worry for its continued existence, how we could, in

the long run, master the great burden of debt that we had taken upon ourselves for its founding, in part as party, in part of private persons.

It was often necessary to carry out daring financial operations. We, who did not understand all that much about money matters, in the process became the most shrewd credit and borrowing politicians. We opened a hole herein order to stuff one there. We tried with all tricks to maintain the financial balance; and in the process, we had to always endeavor not to let the often ominous financial situation of the paper reach the public.

Today one can calmly admit that we had often come to the end of all possibilities; but in every situation, a solution, even if a desperate one, was finally found again and again, and we remained in good courage and continued to perform our work in the hope that ultimately the favor of fate would nonetheless come to us as well.

One should not believe that, in the worry over the eternally repeating little distresses of daily life, we had become grumpy misanthropists and pessimistic prophets of doom. Quite the opposite! We were all much too young to lose courage for even just a moment. Yes, we had gradually become so accustomed to the hopelessness of our situation that we felt it to be the normal, one almost wants to say, ideal, condition. With good humor, we overcame all critical situations. We laughed more back then than we hung our heads. If one today, looking back, reviews the whole history of the National Socialist movement, starting with the small, insignificant sect, up to the large, impressive mass party, one will again and again come to the conclusion: it is beautiful and satisfying to stand before or in the fulfillment of one's goals. But it is more beautiful, and even more satisfying, to begin with the struggle for great goals, and from the desperation of an unbearable condition to nonetheless still draw the strength and the faith to begin with the work, even if that may seem nonsensical, foolish and impossible.

We were everything but dark and wild rioters. That was indeed how the press tended to portray us. The National Socialist leadership is provided primarily by young German men who

entered politics due to the distress of the time. It is the German youth, who from the realization that the older people had become incapable of mastering the difficult distresses of the time, entered politics and then gave it that sublime and enchanting trait that today distinguishes it from all other lands.

We seized public affairs with a fresh unconcern. We began our work with youthful temperament and it is owed solely to this youthful temperament that is has not remained unsuccessful.

The youth rose up against the senility of a political condition which had become unbearable for it. It solved the torpidity of political life and broke through the dams that had restrained the active mobility of German post-war politics. The youth awakened the spirits, made the hearts hot and shook the conscience awake. If today in Germany there is still a hope for a better future, to whom else does one want to owe that than to us and our movement!

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There are days in the life of every individual human being, in which one would like to believe that all good fortune or all misfortune has arranged a meeting in one hour. One can then come to the presumption that, through a surplus of money, one is rewarded for previous misfortune, or, through a surplus of misfortune, punished for previous good fortune. Fate has saved up for this point in time all its pleasant or unpleasant surprises and now showers them in excess over those afflicted or blessed by them.

October 29, 1927 was such a day for the Berlin movement and for me personally. I celebrated my thirtieth birthday on precisely this day. Already very early in the morning, the happy surprises came in abundance. The second mail brought a letter from the Police Presidium, in which I was informed that the speaking ban, which had been placed upon me for over four months, was lifted with the provision that I could now again speak in public assemblies, if the Police Presidium, after advance notice, granted permission to hold the assembly. That was an unexpected, happy coincidence. Now the mass influx to a beginning flood of

Nobody can get the better of us

assemblies had to be unstoppable. The party had a new financial opportunity, and hence we could gradually master the pressing money worries.

From this first congratulation on October 29, 1927 onward, the chain of happy events no longer broke. It rained flowers, congratulations and telegrams from the side of the loyal party comrades, and the relationship of solidarity displayed itself quite spontaneously and unprepared therein, which had gradually developed during an almost year struggle between the National Socialist movement in Berlin and its leadership.

I spent the evening of his memorable day with an old comrade in struggle. Then I was invited with a secretive air to a walk, from which, without me feeling it suspicious, we landed in some establishment in a suburb of Berlin.

Unsuspecting, I entered the hall with my champion, and who can imagine my amazement, when I found gathered behind the closed doors almost the entire party following of Berlin. One had improvised a birthday party for me, and the party comrades would not let themselves be denied thinking up their own surprises.

Berlin folk humor came into its own right in a drastic manner in the process. One solemnly handed me a muzzle, an officially patented, legally copyrighted Isidor mask: “Completely loyal to the constitution, protects against rubber blob blows!” It rained congratulatory addresses from SA and political sections, written in unadulterated dialect and with mother-wit, such as is at home only in Berlin.

A political functionary handed me a huge package; and a completely unexpected, surprising picture offered itself to my amazed eyes. It contained two-thousand-five-hundred new subscribers for the “Angriff”, which the whole party following had collected over the course of two months without my knowledge in relentless promotional work for my birthday.

But there was more. These poor and penniless people had taken up a private collection among themselves and as a result put almost two thousand marks in cash on my birthday table. I was thereby put in the position of being able to pay the most urgent debts. I had my back free for new political and propaganda work.

Vom Polizei-Präsidium genehmigt!
Am Freitag, den 25. November 1927, abends 8 Uhr
spricht im Bayerland-Festsälen, Neue Friedrichstr., Ecke Nachtr.
Dr. Goebbels
über das Thema:
Vor einer neuen Monarchie
Alle deutschen Volksgenossen und Volksgenossinnen sind eingeladen.
Erscheint in Massen!
Es gilt den Zusammenbruch und Not Wege zu Freiheit und Brot zu finden.
Das geht jeden an, der noch in Deutschlands Zukunft glaubt.
Freie Aussprache!
Vom Polizeipräsidium genehmigt!

Approved by the Police Presidium!

A SA man who has himself brought to me hands me a sealed envelope. It contains the ripped out debt slip of over two thousand marks, which I had personally taken out at the founding of the "Angriff". It stood written there in laconic words that the debt was thereby paid off.

With a single blow, all the financial worries were now overcome. The "Angriff" was thereby free of debt, the political movement had a penny for an emergency to meet coming complications and crises. The "Angriff" had increased its subscription base; its continued existence was absolutely guaranteed. The speaking ban against me had been lifted by the Police Presidium, and hence all the prerequisites had been created to resume work in grand style and to lead the party to new successes and victories in the coming winter.

Thus all the cares and hardships, which we had taken upon ourselves for the movement, had been rewarded in an unexpected

manner. Our lucky star ascended again. The crises, which we had long since overcome inwardly, would be liquidated outwardly as well. The firm contact within the party had been re-established, the organization solidified; we could begin new political actions without our flexibility of movement being hampered by the restraining financial cares. The political leadership seized the initiative again, and its time and energy were no longer excessively burdened with petty money worries. I myself was a free man and could again publicly devote myself to my political agitation task.

A SA squad performed a play this evening, which in its touching simplicity and artistic self-evidence moved the audience almost to tears. The spiritual path of a German worker from communism to National Socialism was presented here on the stage with plastic images. The play had been written by an unknown SA man and was presented by unnamed amateur actors.

"The national theater must be born from out of the nation, from the folk, through the folk and amateur play. The national theater must become homeland for such dramatic works, the bearers of a new heroic line of attitude, of a great idea, dramatic works that are bearers of the National Socialist worldview. The national theater must grow from out of the folk and belong to it, not to the mass."

That was the prologue that one of the amateur actors delivered before the beginning of the play. The whole event was an unanimous and overwhelming proclamation of confidence. At its end, the whole hall was darkened. A SA man in uniform stepped in front of the stage with a veiled party flag and, in enchanting, stirring verses, swore the oath for all of us that we did not want to tire in the struggle, that we were determined to continue it to victory with new means and new methods.

"We Berliners need somebody who howlers, you know, with spunk and irony, and we are also extremely happy, and the guys who can't keep up, have traveled in special...because we know that you know your stuff, and if one of the brothers comes and spits at you with crazy things and vileness, then let him be, we'll keep him away from you... So, esteemed doctor, valued folk comrade, we congratulate you, as said, and wish you well before

the fighting, which can't be crazy enough for us; and indeed with you, where everybody participates."

That was how it went in the extremely funny, comically pointed congratulatory letter from an unknown SA man. The gratitude of the following for an entire year of work, worry and struggle was thereby expressed. We had overcome many difficulties. But now we could have the satisfying feeling that struggle and worry had not been in vain.

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"Approved by the Police Presidium! On Tuesday, November 8, 1928, 8 o'clock in the evening, Dr. Goebbels speaks in the 'Orpheum', Neukölln, Hasenheide 32-38, on the topic: 'Death dance of the German folk'. Appear in masses!"

This poster was stuck on all advertising pillars of the Reich capital the next week. The public noted with amazement that the suppressed and hobbled National Socialist movement had been resurrected again. Despite ban not dead! This slogan found a glorious confirmation on that Tuesday evening, so decisive for us, when already around the seventh hour of the afternoon, in front of the Orpheum in Hasenheide, in the middle of a proletarian district, the day before the stock-market revolt of 1918, and on the same day on which in the year 1923 Adolf Hitler had called out the national revolution in Munich, the masses concentrated, and, shortly after the opening of the ticket offices, the large hall of the Orpheum had to be closed by the police due to being overfilled. They had all rushed in, the champions of the National Socialist movement in Berlin. SA and SS men, political functionaries, the following from near and far. The old party guard came together in order to solemnly celebrate the resurrection of the National Socialist movement. Indeed, the ban by the Police Presidium had not yet fallen, we still had to wait almost half a year for wrong to become right again. But it had become ineffective. Harassment and measures of compulsion had visibly proven themselves unsuccessful. The movement had, with tenacious perseverance, burst the chains with which one wanted to bind it.

Hurrying in from lathe and machine, from office stool and

factory table, from the bright houses of the west and the dark courtyards of the unemployment offices, they now sat there, the men of the old party guard. They swore the oath with hot and glowing heart, that they wanted to again obligate themselves to the cause that they had served selflessly and with their whole strength, and that no power of the world could compel us to abandon our political faith.

Right and truth triumphed over terror and persecution, hardship and prison, and the flag of our faith rose high again glistening and glowing. One can bend us, but never break us. One can force us to our knees, but we will never capitulate!

We young National Socialists know what is at stake. We are permeated with the conviction that, if we despair, Germany will sink into chaos. Hence we stand upright and firm, champion our cause, even if it appears hopeless, and we will thereby, in truth, do justice to the demand that Richard Wagner once tied to German existence: It means, doing something for its own sake.'

On October 29, 1927, it was clear to the doomsayer and skeptic as well that a new phase in the development of the movement in Berlin had begun. That SA man, who with veiled flag stepped, strong and defiant, in front of a moved community, and in enchanting and stirring verses let out his rage and wrath, had pronounced what in this great hour filled the passionately beating heart of the old guard to the point of overflowing:

"Hold together! Gathered around the banner
A wall of Teutonic heroes.
Keep the head down, maintain defiance!
Trumpeters! Blow to awake!
Hear the signals, you Germans in the Reich!
The party in Berlin banned!
You want a fight, we will give it to you.
And break the red terror.
We shake the foundation of power,
Until the Jewish thrones totter,
And we then, in our manner,
Thank you!

Berlin slowly awakens!

END

ENDNOTES

[1] **The civil state is coming to an end!**
Rightly! Because he is no longer able to make Germany free! A new Germany must be forged that is no longer a citizen and no longer a class state. A Germany of work and discipline! For this task history has chosen you, worker of the forehead and the fist! The fate of the German people is in your hands! Remember! Get up and act!
On Friday, February 11th, at 8 o'clock in the evening, he will speak in the Pharus-Sälen, Berlin N, Müllerstraße 142, Pg. Goebbels on:
The collapse of the bourgeois class state!

[2] **Murder! A 50,000 mark reward** is not offered because the murderers belong to fascist organizations. **3 dead and 20 injured** are the victims of mean, devious attacks by National Socialists and steel helmet hordes. **500 of these highwaymen attacked** 23 Red Front soldiers in Lichterfelde Ost and Spandau. **This is what these [picture of an SA man] murderers look like.**
With these steel helmets [illegible] he wants to keep his triumphal march in Berlin on May 7th and 8th and repeat the murder of workers. The workers must organize the defensive struggle!
Workers! Employees! **Into** the only **defense and protection organization of** the workers - in the **Red Front Fighter League!** Recordings will be accepted at [rest illegible]

[3] **Dr. Goebbels** speaks in public. Election meeting of the National Socialist MPs on Thursday, June 30, 1927, at 8:45 in the evening in the Hohenzollern Festival Halls, Charlottenburg, Berliner Str. 105 on the topic: **A life in beauty and dignity.**

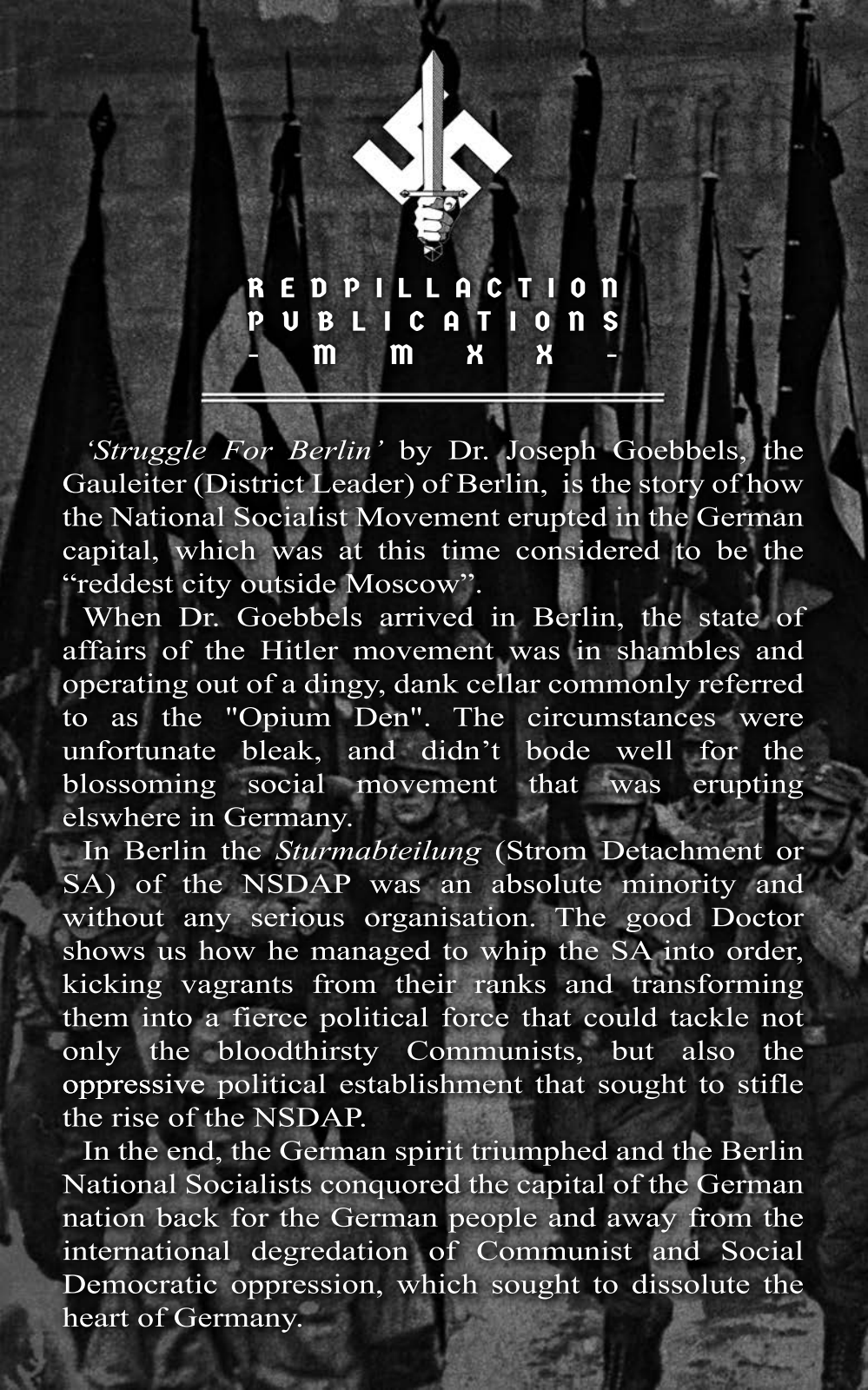
[4] **German national comrades! Out** to the big public electoral meeting on Thursday, September 1, 1927 at 8:45 a.m. in the Viktoria-Garten, Berlin-Wilmersdorf, Wilhelmsave. 114. The National Socialist member of the Reichstag, **Count Reventlow,** spoke on the subject: **External, internal and internal politics.**

[5] **The National Socialist** Reichstag Abg. Hans Dietrich (Franconia) speaks at a large public meeting of **voters** on Friday, September 30, at 8 a.m., in the Schwarz Festsäle, Lichtendorf, Möllendorfstr. 25-26, on the topic: **Wels, Thälmann or Hitler!**
Free pronunciation! / Entry 7:30 a.m. / contribution towards expenses 30

pfennigs / unemployed 10 pfennigs

[6] **German national comrades!**
Out to the big public meeting of voters on Friday, September 23, 1927, at 8 o'clock in the evening, in the Schöneberg Castle Brewery, Hauptstrasse 122-123.
The national socialist member of the state parliament Heinz Haake spoke on the topic: **Persecution of Germans in Berlin!**

[7] **Bolshevism or National Socialism?** that is the question of young Germany. Do you want German socialism or international Jewish communism? Should Trotsky-Braunstein, Zinoviev-Apfelbaum, Radek-Sobelson or *Adolf Hitler be* the liberator of the workers? The answer to this question depends on you too! **Come to our public meeting** on Friday, October 14th, at 8 o'clock in the evening, in the large hall of the "Deutsches Wirtshaus" in Teltow, Berliner Str. 16. The National Socialist **Dr. Goebbels** on the subject: **Lenin or Hitler?**
Hall opening 7:30 am / contribution towards expenses 20 Pfg. / Unemployed 10 Pfg.
NSDAP local group Teltow Free debate



REDPILLACTION
PUBLICATIONS
- MMXX -

'Struggle For Berlin' by Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the Gauleiter (District Leader) of Berlin, is the story of how the National Socialist Movement erupted in the German capital, which was at this time considered to be the "reddest city outside Moscow".

When Dr. Goebbels arrived in Berlin, the state of affairs of the Hitler movement was in shambles and operating out of a dingy, dank cellar commonly referred to as the "Opium Den". The circumstances were unfortunate bleak, and didn't bode well for the blossoming social movement that was erupting elswhere in Germany.

In Berlin the *Sturmabteilung* (Strom Detachment or SA) of the NSDAP was an absolute minority and without any serious organisation. The good Doctor shows us how he managed to whip the SA into order, kicking vagrants from their ranks and transforming them into a fierce political force that could tackle not only the bloodthirsty Communists, but also the oppressive political establishment that sought to stifle the rise of the NSDAP.

In the end, the German spirit triumphed and the Berlin National Socialists conquored the capital of the German nation back for the German people and away from the international degredation of Communist and Social Democratic oppression, which sought to dissolute the heart of Germany.